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VOLUME I

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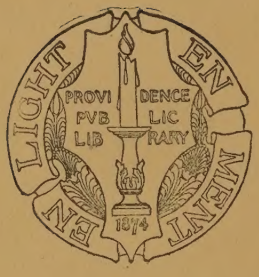

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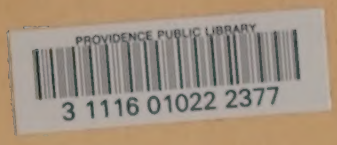

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ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS

VOLUME I

ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY

TEN MASTERS

EDITED BY HENRY T. FINCK

VOLUME I

SCHUBERT (1797-1828) : SCHUMANN (1810-1856)

FRANZ (1815-1892) : RUBINSTEIN (1830-1894)

JENSEN (1837-1879)

FOR LOW VOICE

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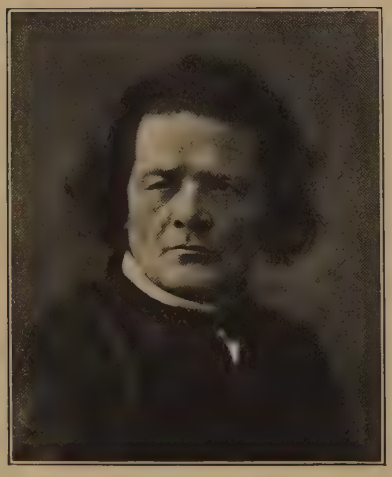


RUBINSTEIN

JENSEN

ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS

PREFACE

WHEN Ruskin, the most poetic of writers on art, declared that he did not believe his books would live because there were too many of them, he uttered a warning which, alas! too few of the world's greatest authors and composers have heeded. Of most of them one must say, "Less would have been more."

In the realm of song, in particular, there is a superabundance of good things which is appalling; and, as usual, the good is the enemy of the best. The time has come when we can preserve only the very best. The merely good is doomed to disappear, together with the mediocre.

No singer has either time or inclination to master all the songs of even the greatest of composers. Schubert alone produced five hundred and thirty-eight *Lieder;* and while he was the most recklessly prodigal of them all, there is hardly one composer who can be acquitted of the charge of having written so many songs that the best of them are in danger of being lost in the multitude.

Here is where an editor can make himself useful. As an expert in his field, familiar with all the songs of his chosen composers, he can discriminate, separating not only the wheat from the chaff (there is chaff among the songs of all composers, without exception), but the inferior wheat from that which is flawless.

The Musicians Library includes a dozen volumes of songs by great masters, each being represented by forty or fifty specimens. All of these are worth the attention of singers, professional as well as amateur; but these five hundred or more songs, though but a small fraction of the total number, are too much of a good thing for many persons. For this reason it has been deemed advisable to issue two special volumes, containing one hundred songs, the very *crême de la crême* of the dozen song collections, by ten favorite composers.

Most of these hundred songs have already been printed in the special volumes referred to; but their inclusion in these two volumes gives them a prominence as the very best which they did not have heretofore. To be sure, there might be some differences of opinion as to which of the forty or fifty songs of each composer previously selected deserve to be chosen as his best ten; but this difference of opinion can affect only a few in each group. In view of the prevalent belief that two heads are better than one, it may be added that the editor-in-chief of the Musicians Library, William Arms Fisher, shares with the editor of this collection the responsibility for the choice of songs. Concerning most of them there could be no dispute.

In the cases of Schubert, Franz, and Grieg, it would be possible to "duplicate the best ten," as an Irishman might say. Probably the same cannot be said of any of the other composers on our list; for which reason, taking into account the quantity as well as the quality of their masterworks, Schubert, Franz, and Grieg rank, in the editor's opinion, as the greatest of all song-writers.

Besides the ten composers represented in this collection there are more than that number who, as shown partially in *Fifty Mastersongs by Twenty Composers*, deserve to be represented in an *élite* anthology. Few of them, however, "struck twelve" in as many as ten of their songs. Liszt, who ranks higher as a song-writer than Rubinstein, Tchaïkovsky, Strauss, Wolf, or Brahms, is not included here chiefly because most of his superb songs are too difficult in both the voice and piano parts for amateurs, for whom this collection is intended quite as much as for professionals. Hugo Wolf, who, as the editor frankly confesses, is not, in his opinion, one of the ten greatest song-writers, is included here because he is the leader of a school of composition much in vogue to-day: the school which subordinates vocal melody to decla-

mation and makes the poet as important as the composer; often, indeed, much more so. He has his admirers among musicians and critics, including Ernest Newman, who, indeed, as we shall see later, places him at the head of all song-writers. *Quot homines tot sententiae.* Furthermore, *de gustibus non est disputandum.* But everybody has the right, in a free country, to express his opinions.

FRANZ SCHUBERT

TO this day, Schubert remains not only the most prolific but the greatest of all song-writers, the model from whom all the others have learned.

Strange to say, he was also in point of time the first of the great song-writers. For while some of the masters who came before him—among them Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber—wrote a considerable number of songs, they did not in them give of their very best. Their *Lieder* were mere chips from the workshops in which they created their admirable operas, oratorios, sonatas, and symphonies. For these they reserved their best airs, whereas Schubert lavished his melodic jewels even more freely on his songs than on his longer works.

He could afford to do this because he had so many of them. Fresh melodies and novel harmonic modulations gushed from his brain like water from a fountain. He wrote new immortal songs and instrumental melodies as easily as other persons write ordinary letters to their friends. Many of them came to him at night, and he slept with his spectacles on his nose, so that he might jump up and jot them down without losing time in hunting for his glasses. In this respect he was like Goethe, who sometimes rushed to his desk and wrote down a stanza diagonally on the paper, for fear that he might forget the exact wording of his lines if he stopped to place the sheet straight before him.

In 1815, at the age of eighteen, Schubert composed one hundred and forty-four songs, which fill up two large volumes of the ten in the Breitkopf & Härtel complete edition of his *Lieder*. In the following year he wrote one hundred and ten. Most of these early works do not reach his high-water mark; but it is astounding to find among them such mature, flawless, master-works as *Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel*, *Hedge-Roses*, *Wanderer's Night Song*, and *The Erlking*—four songs which created a new epoch in vocal music.

If genius were properly appreciated in this world, the youth who created these marvellous songs before he was nineteen years old would have received government aid to the extent at least of enabling him to have plenty of food, and leisure to compose more music—and plenty of ruled paper to write it on! But Schubert had none of these things.

He was the thirteenth child of a schoolmaster, whose annual income was $175! While that meant much more a century ago than it would to-day, it did not mean enough to support a large family properly. The poor little boy who was destined to do the world so great a service often went to bed hungry. He longed to write music every day, but had no pennies to buy the necessary paper until an older and richer boy named Spaun gave him what he needed.

From his twelfth year to his seventeenth he was an inmate of a school in which boys were trained for the Court-chapel; and here he learned much about singing, and playing in a small orchestra. After leaving the training-school he helped his father for three years in teaching. The rest of his life he had no regular employment. Thanks to the generosity of his friend Schober, who shared his room with him and supplied him with some money, he was thenceforth able to give most of his time to composing.

This, for the most part, was a labor of love, for the publishers accepted only a few of his pieces, and for these they paid him a mere pittance. For some of his last and best songs he received only twenty cents apiece. Even *The Erlking*—on which fortunes have since been made—was not wanted by the publishers, but had to be printed by subscription.

Through his friend Schober he became acquainted with the famous tenor Vogl, who soon grew enthusiastic over his songs and sang some of them at social gatherings. Schubert himself was at the piano and, as he wrote to his brother in 1825, "the manner in which Vogl sings and I accompany, so that we seem to be *one* on such occasions, is to these people something new and unheard of."

The singer was on these occasions overwhelmed with applause; but, as Spaun relates, "nobody took the least notice of the modest musician who had created these splendid melodies." Schubert, however, was so shy that he did not mind this neglect; indeed, one evening, when there was danger of his becoming the centre of attention, he made his escape by the back stairway! He was "one of the very few musicians who did not behave as if he thought himself the greatest man in the world," as Sir George Grove has remarked.

It would have been well if he had had more vanity and "push." Three years before his death Spaun wrote to him: "What you need is a few critics, with big drums, to proclaim your name incessantly." But the few critics who took any notice of him blundered woefully in censuring him for those very modulations and other original features which are now admired most.

Beethoven was one of the first to recognize his younger colleague's marvellous genius. His friend Schindler brought him one day sixty of Schubert's songs. Beethoven pored over them for several days, with growing amazement and delight. "Truly," he exclaimed over and over again, "Schubert has the divine spark!"

Unfortunately, this happened only a few months before Beethoven's death. Had he made his discovery sooner, his enthusiastic endorsement would have helped greatly to win general recognition for Schubert; but Schubert survived Beethoven only a year and a half, falling a victim to typhoid fever, which he might have escaped if he had had money enough to spend the summer in the country, as he was longing to do. Fifty dollars would have saved him!

It has been said in extenuation of the failure of the Viennese to discover Schubert's marvellous genius that he lived only thirty-one years, while Beethoven, who *was* appreciated, lived nearly twice as long. Nevertheless, the musicians and amateurs surely were singularly obtuse in not recognizing at once the superlative originality and charm of Schubert's music.

Ten years after his death, two of the greatest musicians, Schumann and Liszt, began to proclaim his genius to the world. Schumann discovered some of the priceless manuscripts, including that of the great symphony in C, which he took to Leipzig for Mendelssohn to produce, while Liszt made propaganda for the piano pieces and the songs. Most singers had neglected these songs in favor of all sorts of mediocre stuff; but Liszt, having heard Schubert's friend Schönstein sing some of them, was moved to tears; and presently he began to arrange a number of these *Lieder* for the piano. He played them at his recitals, to the amazement and delight of his hearers, who could not understand why the stupid singers had so long overlooked these gems.

From that time on Schubert—"the most poetic of all musicians," as Liszt called him—began to be acknowledged the king of song-writers; and as such he is still proclaimed by all competent judges. What makes him preëminent is, above all things, his fecundity and originality as a melodist. When he was a young man, Salieri advised him not to squander his melodic resources. He might as well have warned an artesian well not to waste its water. In this second decade of the twentieth century Schubert, the melodist *par excellence*, is of particular interest because he so vividly illustrates the difference between true inspiration and the calculation of those present day composers who, being unable to create melodies, try to persuade the public that melodies are no longer in fashion. These innovators, who would reduce all music to declamation and discord, remind one of the fox who, having lost his beautiful tail in a trap, tried to persuade all the other foxes that beautiful tails were no longer in style!

Indignant at the antics of these unmelodic cacophonists, Felix Weingartner has called upon all true lovers of music to rally under the cry of "Back to Mozart." In the editor's opinion, "Back to Schubert" would be an even better motto, for Schubert, while as melodious as Mozart, is so in a more modern way; and as a harmonist, also, he is far more modern and emotional than Mozart. Germany's greatest musical authority, Dr. Hugo Riemann, goes so far as to say in his *Musik-Lexikon*, that "the entire Schumann and the entire

Liszt are in their harmonies an outgrowth of Schubert." He does not, like his only peers as harmonists (Bach, Chopin, and Wagner), modulate habitually with the aid of chromatic progressions, but simply drops from one key into another in the most unexpected and delightful way. To him all keys are sisters or cousins. On this subject let me cite further what I remarked in the volume entitled *Songs and Song-Writers:*

"Modulation—unexpectedly passing from one key to another—is preëminently the emotional element in music, and Schubert's mastery of this element of expression explains the power of his songs, above all others, to evoke tears. Modulation, too, is the specifically *modern* element in music, and this is another reason why Schubert's songs seem of to-day and not of nearly a century ago. His modulation, furthermore, brings together not only keys but modes. With other composers, as a rule, a song is either in major or in minor; but with Schubert these two modes are twins that intertwine in nearly every song. And usually there is a poetic as well as a musical reason for the change from one mode or mood to another, showing how closely Schubert followed the spirit of his poems." As Sir George Grove has aptly said: "With Schubert the minor mode seems to be synonymous with trouble, and the major with relief; and the mere mention of the sun or a smile or any other emblem of gladness, is sure to make him modulate."

It is not the object of this foreword to call attention to all of the great achievements of Schubert. We cannot dwell on the new and ravishing orchestral colors of his symphonies; nor on his short pieces for piano, which Rubinstein considered even more astonishingly new than his songs; nor on his ecclesiastic and secular choral works, or his part songs, which Richard Heuberger considers the best ever composed; nor on his charming dance music, which he so loved to improvise, and which paved the way for the Waltz-king, Strauss, and all Viennese dances; nor on his four-hand piano pieces, which Grieg alone has equalled; nor on his introduction of fascinating Hungarian features into Austrian music; nor on many other phases of his art which made masters so antipodal in their ideals as Liszt and Brahms adore him equally. A few more words must, however, be said about his songs.

There is a prevalent impression that while Schubert was truly inspired, he was at the same time uncritical. Schumann once remarked that this "most modern of all composers" would probably have set to music all the literature of Germany had he lived. He did, as we have seen, compose more than five hundred songs in about sixteen years, and many of the earlier ones are unworthy to bear his name. He also did set to music some poems of personal friends which hardly deserved this compliment. But apart from this, "if we take the works of all the poets he utilized, it would be impossible to make better selections for musical purposes than those he made," as is attested by his editor, Mandyczewski, in his *Revisionsbericht* for the complete edition of Schubert's songs.

Eighty-five poets altogether are included in the list, and it is significant that Goethe leads with seventy-two songs, Schiller following with forty-six. That Heine is represented by only six is due to the fact that his poems did not begin to appear till shortly before Schubert's death. What the world lost through the unfortunate circumstance that Heine was not born sooner to inspire Schubert with his lyrics may be inferred from the fact that five of the six Heine-Schubert *Lieder* are among the mastersongs, and as such are included in the volume of *Fifty Songs by Schubert* in the Musicians Library.

These five songs are *Atlas*, *Her Portrait*, *The Town*, *By the Sea*, and *My Phantom Double*. In analyzing these songs, particularly *Der Doppelgänger*, no one can fail to be struck by the fidelity with which Schubert's music mirrors not only the spirit of each poem and each stanza and line, but the peculiar essence of Heine's genius. And the same may be said of the settings of Goethe's poems — think of *The Erlking*, *Hedge-Roses*, *Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel*—and those of the other bards favored by Schubert.

Let us now briefly describe the ten Schubert

songs selected for this volume. The choice has been extremely difficult; in fact, it has to be more or less arbitrary, for while these ten are among Schubert's very best songs, ten — nay, twenty or thirty — others equally great might have been selected. It seems absurd or almost criminal to leave out *Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel*, *Hedge-Roses*, *In Praise of Tears*, *The Trout*, *Faith in Spring*, *Wanderer's Night Song*, *To be Sung on the Water*, *The Almighty*, *The Linden Tree*, *The Hurdy-Gurdy Man*, *The Raven*, *Serenade*, *By the Sea*, *The Inn* (which Mendelssohn, by the way, arranged for wind instruments), and a dozen others, especially from the three great cycles; but it cannot be helped. After a good deal of reflection the editor and the editor-in-chief agreed on the following ten; but it may as well be frankly admitted that Mr. Fisher finally wrote: "Perhaps you will have to shut your eyes, go down the list with a pin, and take those you puncture. I shall be interested to know your decision." The *Fifty Songs by Schubert* includes those necessarily omitted in this volume.

1. *The Erlking* (*Der Erlkönig*). Although Schubert was only eighteen years old when he composed *The Erlking*, which many judges consider the greatest *Lied* in existence, it was the one hundred and seventy-eighth of his songs, this number including several others which together with *The Erlking* created a new epoch in the history of the art song. Regarding its origin Spaun relates that one afternoon he went with a friend to call on Schubert. They found him all aglow reading Goethe's ballad about the spectral Erlking aloud. He walked up and down the room several times, book in hand, then suddenly sat down and, fast as pen could travel, put the superb composition on paper nearly in its present form. This ballad by the boy Schubert is as realistic and dramatic as anything Wagner wrote in his most mature years. The incessant galloping triplets in the piano part not only impersonate the horse but conjure up the storm. The coaxing Erlking, the terrified child, the soothing yet alarmed father, have all a language of their own, different from the narrative, and the singer must modify his tone and style accordingly. The dissonance of the child's shriek — the agonized, shrill G flat clashing with the F and E flat in the piano part — was something new, thrilling, terrible, epoch-making in music. It was "music of the future" and dismayed even his friends. For further details regarding this not only artistically but historically important work, I must refer to the four pages devoted to it in my *Songs and Song-Writers*.

2. *The Wanderer* (*Der Wanderer*). This is another of the early songs that reveal Schubert's genius full-fledged. Were it not for the *Erlking* miracle of the preceding year, it would seem almost impossible that such a *Lied* should have been composed by a youth of nineteen in a paroxysm of inspiration in one evening. It is, and has been for nearly a century, one of the most popular of all songs, both in the parlor and the concert hall. Its publishers made 27,000 florins (equal to as many dollars in our day) with it in the years 1822–61, and to-day more copies are sold than ever; but poor Schubert, when he died, left possessions valued at only twelve dollars. The passage in *The Wanderer* beginning with the words, "Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt," was used by Schubert in 1820 as the theme of the adagio in his C major Fantasia for piano. He knew as well as anybody when he had written anything particularly good; and, contrary to a stupid tradition, he was otherwise very critical (see *Songs and Song-Writers*, p. 103).

3. *Death and the Maiden* (*Der Tod und das Mädchen*). When the remains of Schubert were transferred, in September, 1888, from the old cemetery to the Zentralfriedhof, all the musical societies of Vienna participated in the ceremonies, which were attended by a huge concourse. A version of *Death and the Maiden* was played by the Hofkapelle, and it would have been difficult to find anything more appropriate. Not only is it one of Schubert's mastersongs, but there is perhaps no other piece of music which conjures up a sombre mood with such simple means. Organists would find it most suitable at funeral services, playing not only the song but some of the sublime variations on it which Schubert included in

his wonderful D minor string quartet. As a song it moves one to tears when sung by an artist like Madame Schumann-Heink or Clara Butt. After the poor girl has begged the "skeleton man" to pass her by because she is so young, how full of gloomy foreboding are the two measures leading over to the second speaker—Death! And while he asks her in soothing words not to dread him, since he has come not to punish but to let her sleep gently in his arms, his monotonous, cavernous tones and the strange modulations tell us his real intentions. Note the simple but wonderful modulations from the words "bin nicht wild" to "schlafen." To Sir George Grove these modulations seemed, as they have seemed to many others, "like an escape into heaven." When the Mendelssohn Quintet was the principal chamber music organization in America, it was sent for once from a great distance by a wealthy music lover who knew his death was near, but who used all the strength of his will to keep alive till he had once more heard the celestial strains of the variations on *Death and the Maiden*.

4. *My Peace thou art* (*Du bist die Ruh'*). This song belongs to the same year as the famous cycle of *Miller-Maid* songs. It is simple, melodious, soothing—"one of the most spiritual flights in all song literature," as William Arms Fisher has aptly characterized it. The interludes add much to the charm of the song.

5. *Ave Maria*. Three religious *Lieder* are in *Fifty Songs by Schubert*, and any or all of them might be included also among his best ten. *The Young Nun*, though written in 1825, is as modern in declamation and general spirit as Wagner's *Parsifal*. *The Almighty* was never surpassed by the greatest of all religious composers—Palestrina, Bach, Handel, or Liszt, who made an arrangement of it (which cannot be too highly commended) for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra, in order to bring out all the sublime effects of which it is capable. *Ave Maria* is probably, next to *The Erlking* and the *Serenade*, the most widely known of Schubert's songs—simple as it is soulful. The poem is from Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and the music makes an instant appeal to all, not only as music but because of its sentiment. It was composed in 1825, during the one vacation in the mountains poor Schubert ever had. Everybody was delighted with this ravishing song. As Schubert wrote, "People were greatly astonished at the devotion which I have thrown into the Hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and it seems to have seized and impressed everybody. I think that the reason for this is that I never force myself into devotion or compose hymns or prayers unless I am really overpowered by the feeling; that alone is real, true devotion."

6. *Hark! hark! the lark* (*Horch, horch, die Lerch'*). Like *The Erlking*, this number is equally popular as a piano piece, in Liszt's version, and as a song; to hear Paderewski play it is a revelation, especially in regard to the ineffable charm of flexible tempo (miscalled *tempo rubato*). While generally known as a serenade, it is really an *aubade*, or morning song. Heuberger, whose book on Schubert cannot be too highly commended, casts doubt on the story that this mastersong was written by Schubert as an impromptu—in a summer restaurant on the back of a bill of fare; for the manuscript is in a notebook containing three other songs, and all of these are written not on regular music paper, but on ordinary paper on which staves had been drawn with a lead pencil.

7. *Who is Sylvia?* (*Was ist Sylvia?*) This is one of the other three songs written in the notebook referred to in the comments on *Hark! hark! the lark*, and is equally spontaneous and buoyant, always sure of its effect. It is from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, while *Hark! hark!* is from *Cymbeline*. Less interesting than these two is the third of Schubert's Shaksperian productions, the drinking-song from *Antony and Cleopatra*.

8. *My Abode* (*Aufenthalt*). This is one of the compositions which made Rubinstein exclaim rapturously: "Once more, and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert are the highest pinnacles in music!" Schubert was accused of not knowing much about counterpoint, but if counterpoint is the art of making every voice or part in a composition melodious, where is there a better specimen of it than *My Abode*,

with its glorious melodious bass, and melody in every note of the harmony? Among other remarkable things in this thrilling mastersong note the high G, eighteen measures before the end—as grand a climax as can be found in vocal music. The most delightful interlude in all music is the eight measures following the words "bleibt mein Schmerz." The A sharp in the sixth of these measures is one of those strokes of genius which make the study of the Schubert songs a source of ever-increasing delight. Only in the white heat of inspiration could that A sharp have been written.

9. *Her Portrait* (*Ihr Bild*). While Schubert's brain was so overflowing with melody that he could compose good songs even to mediocre verses, good poems stimulated his creative fancy to its supreme efforts. For this reason it is to be regretted eternally that Heine's poems appeared only shortly before Schubert's death. He had a chance to set only six of them, and five of these are mastersongs. One of them is *Her Portrait*, in which a youth gazes at his beloved's picture as in a dream, and cannot believe that he has lost her.

10. *My Phantom Double* (*Der Doppelgänger*). Just as Wagner created not only one epoch but two new epochs in the history of the opera, so Schubert created an epoch in the history of the *Lied* with his *Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel* and *The Erlking*, and another with *My Phantom Double* and the songs of the *Winter Journey*. Heine's poem of *Der Doppelgänger* brings before our eyes a man who goes at night to gaze at the house where his beloved used to dwell. In front of it, to his dismay, he beholds a pale man gazing at the window, wringing his hands in agony; and the moonlight shows him that this other man is his own self—his phantom double. Schubert's music is as gruesome as this vision, fitting the poem measure by measure, so that we have here an anticipation of Liszt and all the later song-writers. "The voice part is not melodic, but freely declamatory," as Daniel Gregory Mason has remarked. "The steady musical pulse is supplied, not by it, but by the sombre chords in the lower register of the piano, succeeding each other with the relentlessness of fate and rising to harsh clangor or sinking to mournful undertone in obedience to an art that must be studied to be duly admired. The last eight measures, after the voice has stopped entirely, are particularly fine." Verily, this is the most thrilling, the most dramatic, of all lyrics; and in penning it Schubert helped to originate the music of the future.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

A STRIKING difference between Schubert and his great successor, Schumann, lies in this, that whereas Schubert began to scribble songs in his school days, Schumann wrote only for the piano during the first ten years of his activity as a composer. Moreover, he had no great respect for songs. To his friend Hirschbach he wrote, in 1839: "You ought to write more songs; or are you perhaps like myself, who have all my life placed vocal music beneath instrumental and never considered it a great art? But do not speak of this to any one."

Only a year later and what a change! In 1840 he wrote to Keferstein: "I am now writing only vocal compositions, long and short; also, male choruses. I can hardly tell you what a delight it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it."

What caused this surprising reversal of his attitude toward the *Lied* is not known. Perhaps the story of his courtship, which has been called the most romantic of all love stories, throws some light on the question, suggesting that when his infatuation reached its climax, in the year of his marriage, he felt the need of poetry as well as music to express all the depth and ardor of his feelings.

His mother wanted him to study law, and to please her he attended university lectures; but his heart was in his musical studies, and after three years of fruitless endeavors to take his juristic studies seriously he gained her consent (in 1830) to devote himself entirely to music. Whereupon he went to Leipzig, a youth of twenty, and took lessons of Friedrich Wieck. This eminent piano teacher had a daughter named Clara, who, although at that time only eleven years old, was already known as an accomplished pianist through recitals given by her in various German cities, as well as in Paris. Robert and Clara soon became attached to each other, as an older brother is to a sister; and this feeling gradually changed to passionate love on both sides. Wieck, however, would not hear of their marriage, partly because Robert's income was small, but chiefly because he wanted his Clara to have a great career as a virtuoso, instead of assuming the responsibilities of family life. It did not occur to him that she might be able — as she subsequently proved — to be both a great artist and a devoted wife and mother.

Wieck's opposition to the marriage was so stubborn that finally the courts were invoked and, Clara being of age, the decision was in favor of the happy couple. The marriage took place on September 12, 1840. It was in February of the same year that Schumann had written to Keferstein about his newly discovered delight in composing songs. For some years Clara had been ever in his mind when he wrote his groups of pieces for the piano, among them his *Phantasiestücke*, the *Davidsbündlertänze*, the *Noveletten*, *Kreisleriana*, *Kinderscenen*, and *Faschingsschwank*. These and other early works are largely autobiographic, and they are the best he ever wrote for the piano, because love inspired them.

For the same reasons his first songs are great. On February 22, 1839, he wrote to Clara: "Since yesterday morning I have written twenty-seven pages of music (something new), of which I can tell you nothing more than that I laughed and wept for joy in composing it." It was the great song cycle, *Die Myrthen*. The following month he sent her his first printed songs, the *Liederkreis*, with this message: "When I composed them my soul was within yours. Without such a bride, indeed, no one could write such music." Again, on May 15: "Once more I have composed so much that it seems almost uncanny. Alas! I cannot help it; I could sing myself to death, like a nightingale."

Throughout the year 1840 this was his state of mind, and the result was the enormous output of one hundred and thirty-eight songs. With a few exceptions this includes all of his master-songs, although the total number of his *Lieder* is two hundred and forty-eight. The reason for

the later falling off of the inspiration is not far to seek. For nine years after composing the "love songs" he did not, with a few unimportant exceptions, write any *Lieder;* and when he resumed his activity in this field his inspiration was already impaired by the brain disease which gradually undermined his genius and reduced it to mere talent and technic.

The "Clara songs," as those of 1840 might be called, suffice, however, to place Schumann in the front rank of song-writers. They were published in cycles, of which the following summary is here reprinted from the editor's *Songs and Song-Writers*, with mention of the best song in each cycle: (1) *Liederkreis*, opus 24. Nine of these—*Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen* and *Mit Myrthen und Rosen*—are gems; (2) *Die Myrthen.* Twenty-six songs, the best of which are *Die Lotosblume*, *Widmung*, *Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen*, *Du bist wie eine Blume*, and *Der Nussbaum;* (3) *Liederkreis*, including the superb *Waldesgespräch* and *Frühlingsnacht;* (4) Kerner cycle, opus 35, which, in the opinion of Robert Franz, includes Schumann's best songs. Among them are *Wanderlust*, *Frage*, and *Stille Thränen;* (5) *Frauenliebe und Leben*, including the superb *Er der Herrlichste von Allen*, and *Seit ich ihn gesehen;* (6) *Dichterliebe*, a cycle containing the best song Schumann ever penned: *Ich grolle nicht*, besides the admirable *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*, *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*, and *Ich hab' im Traum geweinet;* (7) *Liebesfrühling*. The best two numbers in this cycle: *Warum willst du And're fragen?* and *Liebst du um Schönheit?* as well as *Er ist gekommen*, were written by Clara, who therewith placed herself at the head of all song-writers of her sex. Oddly enough, they suggest the influence of Mendelssohn rather than that of her own Robert.

After Schumann's death his widow edited his songs, and they were published in four volumes; but the third and fourth volumes include among their one hundred and nineteen songs only one: *Er ist's*, that rises above mediocrity. The reason has already been given. Schumann seemed to have a presentiment of this, for when a friend stupidly referred to his songs of the year 1840 as "promising," he retorted: "I am satisfied with what I have done." He had reason to be.

That Schumann was as modest as Schubert is indicated by a line he wrote to a critic who had named him among song-writers of the second rank: "I do not ask to stand in the first, but I think I have some pretensions to a place of my own." He certainly does hold a place all his own, and among his *Lieder* there are at least twenty which belong in the first rank. He worshipped Schubert as his model and chief source of inspiration, and would have been the first to repudiate the notion, promulgated by some of his admirers, that he excelled Schubert in entering more deeply into the spirit of the poems he set, and in making the piano part more eloquent and more subtle in details. One need but sing and play Schubert's last and greatest song cycle, the *Winter Journey*, to see the futility of such a claim. Schubert unites in his songs almost all possible excellences. Schumann's chief title to glory lies in this, that he was one of the two or three composers who came nearest in this respect to Schubert, who is as far above all other song-writers as is Beethoven above all other symphonists.

Schumann was a man of letters as well as a composer. His musical criticisms are the best and most poetic ever written, and he had a fine taste in poetry, with an aversion to mediocrity. He had one advantage over Schubert in that he could avail himself more fully of Heine's poems. Only a few of these lyrics had been printed before the death of Schubert, who would have set them all to music had he lived. Schumann selected forty of them and set them to music, intensifying their pathos, while ignoring the touch of irony with which the poet himself spiced some of them. Yet Schumann had a decided vein of humor, which he allows to bubble up in some of his songs. Humor was the one thing that Schubert lacked. On the other hand, he had the Shaksperian faculty of entering so deeply into the feelings and characteristics of others that one forgets his own personality, whereas Schumann's songs are mostly autobiographic, revealing his feelings and experiences. He was one of those creators

who are most universal when they are most personal.

1. *With Myrtle and Roses* (*Mit Myrthen und Rosen*). Just as Schumann, during the first epoch of his creative activity, arranged his short pieces into groups, under poetic titles like *Papillons* (Butterflies), *Kreisleriana*, or *Carnaval;* so, when he took to writing songs, he issued them in cycles. The first of these he called *Liederkreis;* its best number is *With Myrtle and Roses*, a song popular throughout the world, noteworthy for its energetic rhythmic movement as well as its spontaneous melody, and its reflection of the spirit of Heine's poem.

2. *Dedication* (*Widmung*). This has the same entrancing rhythmic swing and melodic charm as the preceding song. The ecstasy of modern romantic love, in which all egotism disappears and the lover values himself only because *she* loves him, is expressed in the music as ardently as in Rückert's glowing verses.

3. *The Almond Tree* (*Der Nussbaum*), A murmur of delight always arises from the audience when the pianist proclaims the opening measures of this favorite song at the recital of a famous artist, especially when it comes unexpectedly, as an "encore." There are two ways of singing it: Marcella Sembrich's lyric way, which emphasizes the beauty of the music and the whispering of the leaves and blossoms; and Lillian Nordica's way, which slightly dramatizes the poem, giving prominence to the maiden who dreams of love and marriage. Which of these two conceptions would Schumann have preferred? Probably both of them!

4. *The Lotus Flower* (*Die Lotosblume*). More than a quarter of a century ago poems by Heine had already been set to music at least three thousand times. There is no other poet, of any country, whose verses, while charming in themselves, so easily amalgamate with music. His *Lotosblume* has inspired three of the greatest song-writers to three of their most inspired productions: Schumann, Franz (whose second Lotus song, opus 25, is particularly beautiful), and Rubinstein, who based one of his exquisite duets on this famous poem of the flower which dreads the scorching sun and reserves her loveliness and fragrance for her lover, the pale moon—the moon being, in German poetry, of the masculine gender. So exquisitely perfect is this poem that adding music to it seems like painting the lily and gilding refined gold. But when you hear Schumann's setting, or Franz's, or Rubinstein's, you realize that Wagner was right in maintaining that poetry and music are more potent in combination than singly.

5. *In the Forest* (*Waldesgespräch*). The legend of the lovely sorceress, Loreley (which was invented in 1840 by Brentano), is known to most persons through Heine's poem, wherein she is represented as a golden-haired maiden sitting on a rock overhanging the Rhine and luring the fisherman to destruction (see Liszt's superbly dramatic setting of this scene in *Fifty Mastersongs*). Schumann uses Eichendorff's poem, in which Loreley haunts the forest on horseback and informs the knight who wooes her, before he recognizes her as the witch, that he shall nevermore get out of the forest alive. The mystic and gruesome suggestiveness of such a scene appealed irresistibly to the romantic temperament of Schumann, who reproduced its spirit in his music most admirably. As sung by a great artist like Lilli Lehmann or Lillian Nordica, this song never failed to send the cold shivers down one's back. At private gatherings it is advisable to read these elucidations and the poem before singing it.

6. *Moonlight* (*Mondnacht*). The moon is a great favorite not only of lovers and poets, but of composers. Eichendorff's poem could not fail to inspire Schumann to one of his most characteristic, successful, and popular songs. It is Schumann through and through; no other could possibly have written it. But it must be sung and played with the utmost tenderness. The atmosphere of the song is indicated by the words and the composer's directions, *zart, heimlich* (mysterious).

7. *Spring Night* (*Frühlingsnacht*). Another of those mastersongs of Schumann in which it is absolutely necessary that the person who participates at the piano be a real pianist, and not merely an

"accompanist." Without such a pianist, this famous song may fall flat, however good the singer; with one, it never fails to arouse enthusiasm. It forms part of the same cycle as the *Waldesgespräch* — the Eichendorff *Liederkreis*.

8. *He, the noblest of the noble* (*Er, der Herrlichste von Allen*). The eight songs of opus 42, to which this belongs, are a poetic exposition of the life and love of women, *Frauenliebe und Leben* is the title of the poems, by Chamisso. What has just been said about the pianist applies also to this song—in fact, it applies to all of them. There are, indeed, not a few in which the piano part is more important than the vocal; but that is not true of any of those included in this collection.

9. *I 'll not complain* (*Ich grolle nicht*). Hans von Bülow said that the best works of Schumann are those included in the opus numbers up to 50. This is true; and as we near opus 50 we are thrilled by the beauty of many of his songs. Opus 48 includes at least four gems, among them what is the greatest, because the most emotional, of all his songs. Heine is the poet who inspired it. The editor may be permitted to quote what he said about this impassioned outburst of despair in his *Songs and Song-Writers* and *Fifty Mastersongs:* "All the best traits of Schumann's genius are united in *Ich grolle nicht.* I am aware that some have affected to sneer at this song because it is so popular. But popularity in the case of a composer like Schumann, who never stoops to conquer, is a sign of merit, not of demerit. Indeed, Schumann has been more lucky than some other song-writers in winning the widest popularity for his best effusions." *Ich grolle nicht* "proves once more that the best in art is the ineffably sad."

10. *The Two Grenadiers* (*Die beiden Grenadiere*). Though one of the leading operatic basses of his time, Pol Plançon celebrated the greatest triumphs of his life singing this song of soldierly patriotism and devotion to his sovereign at concerts. It was with the aid of such fighters, who forget even family ties in their eagerness to die for their country, that Napoleon had won so many battles before his defeat in Russia. With that defeat this spirited song is concerned; yet it ends with the strains of the *Marseillaise*, for reasons which Heine's poem makes obvious. Wagner also set this poem to music, without, however, rising to the level of Schumann. His field was the opera.

ROBERT FRANZ

ROMANTIC love made a song-writer of Robert Franz as well as of Robert Schumann. When Franz was eighteeen years old he became enamored of one of his pupils. She reciprocated his feelings, but their marriage plans were frustrated. While under the spell of love he composed a group of songs containing the effusions of his heart. A friend subsequently suggested that he should have them printed. Doubting their worth, he sent them to Schumann. Now, one of Schumann's most marked traits was a happy faculty for discovering great composers. He was the first to proclaim loudly the genius of Chopin, of Berlioz, and of Brahms. When he read over the songs Franz had sent him, he saw at once that they meant the appearance on the horizon of a new star of the first magnitude. Without waiting for Franz's consent, he sent them to a publisher, and then wrote a critical review of them for the periodical he had founded, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, in which he declared that these twelve songs of Robert Franz illustrated the progress the *Lied* had made since Beethoven. "Were I," he concluded his notice, "to dwell on all the exquisite details, I should never come to an end."

Mendelssohn was no less enthusiastic. "May you give us many, many more works like this, as beautiful in conception, as refined in style, and as original and euphonious," he wrote to Franz. Here was encouragement such as a young composer has seldom enjoyed. Under its inspiring influence he continued to add song to song. Ere long Liszt became interested in his *Lieder*, some of which he transcribed for piano. He also wrote a pamphlet in which he gave a masterful analysis of Franz's genius and characteristics.

Still another composer of the first rank who was enraptured by Franz's music was Richard Wagner. When Franz visited him in Zurich, in 1857, Wagner showed him his musical library, which contained, besides the works of Bach and Beethoven, nothing but Franz's songs. "He sang and played a couple of my songs for me," Franz relates, "*Widmung*, and *Ja, du bist elend*—the latter being his favorite song. And how he did sing, declaiming them with the greatest pathos, quite dramatically."

One would suppose that a composer who could thus stir to enthusiasm masters so diverse in their likes and ideals as Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and Liszt, must have been acclaimed at once throughout the musical world. Nothing of the sort. The stupid German singers made the same mistake in regard to the *Lieder* of Franz that their predecessors had made in regard to those of Schubert, and for that matter those of Schumann; for these also had to bide their day. Mendelssohn's alone, shallow and ephemeral for the most part, were in favor.

Franz practically made a present to the world of one half of his songs. To support himself he played the organ in one of the churches in Halle, and gave music lessons at the university, which also appointed him its musical director in 1857. This would have sufficed had his health remained good; but when he was thirty-three years of age his hearing was impaired through the shrill whistle of a locomotive sounding close to him, and thenceforth his ability to hear tones, one after another, from the highest to the lowest, vanished gradually. From 1876 to the year of his death, 1892, he was totally deaf, while for nearly a quarter of a century his right arm was paralyzed.

These calamities compelled him to give up his positions as organist and conductor in 1867. Luckily, at this time a pension of $150 a year was granted him for having so ably edited the works of Bach; but ten years later, when he was totally deaf, this pension was cruelly taken away from him. He might have ended his life in a poor-house had not Baron Senfft von Pilsach, Liszt, Joachim, Niemann, Vogl, Gura, and other eminent artists arranged a series of benefit performances in various cities which netted nearly $25,000, on the interest of which Franz was able to spend his last years in comfort. America contributed a good part of this gift, which was made available to him in 1870, on his fifty-eighth

birthday. Boston was at that time a hot-bed for Franz's art, thanks to Otto Dresel, S. B. Schlesinger, George Osgood, B. J. Lang, and Oliver Ditson, who brought out an admirable edition of his songs in two volumes, which greatly pleased the composer.

Lilli Lehmann has won some of her greatest successes in the concert hall by her singing of the songs of Franz, and the same is true of Johanna Gadski. But on recital programmes, generally, Franz is not as yet represented as fully as he will be in the future. The attitude of some of the singers is peculiar. To cite again from *Songs and Song-Writers:* "One eminent singer [David Bispham], whom I had censured for always singing Brahms and never Franz, begged leave to come to my residence and have me point out some of my favorites. I did so; he sang them and was much applauded. Then he went back to Brahms. Another famous singer, Plunkett Greene, once condescended to put a Franz song on his programme. It received more applause than anything else he sang, and had to be repeated. But he never sang any more Franz, at least in New York!"

In view of the fact that Manuel Garcia, the greatest teacher of the Italian *bel canto* in the nineteenth century, declared that of all German songs those of Franz are the best suited to the voice, it may seem strange that so many of the recital givers have not favored them. But there are reasons. Schumann called attention to the foremost of these when he wrote that "genuine singers, endowed with poetic taste, are required for their interpretation." Another weighty reason is adduced by the late W. F. Apthorp, in his valuable introduction to the volume of fifty Franz songs included in the Musicians Library. The intimate relation between voice part and accompaniment everywhere to be found in Franz's songs "allows the singer less freedom of personal initiative than he is accustomed to claim. Singing such songs comes properly under the head of concerted performances; it is not quite solo singing. And the old-fashioned style of accompanying, which aimed merely at supporting the voice and following the singer through all sorts of rhythmic vagaries, works utter ruin with Franz."

Mr. Apthorp also calls attention to the fact that "Franz's broad modern treatment of the pianoforte, and the essentially polyphonic structure of his accompaniments, present tasks to which the ordinary professional accompanist is hardly grown; they require a finished pianist and musician." Since he wrote that there has been a decided improvement in the ability of the pianists heard at vocal recitals. Men like Coenraad V. Bos, Victor Harris, Romaine Simmons, Isidore Luckstone, Ossip Gabrilòwitsch, Frank La Forge, H. B. Turpin, and others have established an entirely new standard; and, with their assistance, singers can now venture to put the most poetic Franz songs on their programmes without fear of shipwreck.

Franz wrote two hundred and seventy-nine songs, and among them are fewer mediocre ones than among those of Schubert, Schumann, or Brahms. He himself destroyed those of his efforts which seemed to him to fall short of a high standard, and all of the others he subjected to repeated revision till they had the highest polish he could impart.

One of the principal charms of his songs is the melodious character of the "accompaniment." The piano part is usually polyphonic, that is, it is melodious in every voice — in the bass and the middle parts as well as in the treble. Such melodic miniature work can be found elsewhere only in the scores of Bach and Wagner; and it is owing to it that, as Schumann said, we never cease discovering exquisite details in these songs.

The influence of Bach is shown not only in this polyphonic miniature work but in the prominence, in the Franz songs, of stately, majestic chords, like those of the German church *Choral.* His piano parts are at the same time anything but old-fashioned, being, in truth, as modern as Chopin, who is still the greatest poet of the piano, and from whom Franz learned as many secrets of genius as he did from Bach and Schubert. These three were his idols, and his songs add the fascinating reflection of their art to the splendors

of his own individual genius. The editor cordially endorses Mr. Apthorp's words: "In the domain of the purely lyrical *Lied* no greater songs than his can be written."

Mendelssohn's objection to some of the Franz songs, that in them "the melody could not be separated from the accompaniment," emphasizes what, from the modern (Wagnerian) point of view, is one of their greatest merits. Voice, piano, and poem must be one and inseparable according to this view; and it is important that whoever undertakes to sing Franz's songs should bear that in mind every moment. As Franz himself said: "It is easy to sing my songs if the vocalist saturates himself with the poem and thus endeavors to reproduce the musical content." Wagner gave the same directions to the interpreters of his music dramas, and the most successful of these have followed his advice.

An impression prevails that many of the Franz songs are too short and *intime* to be effective at recitals. One might as well say that pansies are out of place in gardens because their stems are shorter and their blossoms smaller than those of peonies and sunflowers. Many of these songs are indeed like the modern improved pansies with their soft velvety backgrounds on which are painted wondrously varied markings, brilliant, yet so delicate that one almost needs a microscope to see them all.

Franz's songs are an inexhaustible topic of discussion, but we must content ourselves with one more remark. To Franz applies what Brahms once said of Dvořák: "Dem fällt immer etwas ein"—"he always has something to say." His variety of new ideas in melody and modulation is astounding, and they vary not only like different shades of pansies, violas, and violets, but like entirely different flowers, according to the poet who happens to be the partner.

1. *His Coming* (*Er ist gekommen*). The rhythmic swing of this *allegro agitato* suggests Schumann, yet it is a genuine Franz, though without the Bach-like polyphony of the more mature products. Easy and effective—an excellent song for recitals as well as the home.

2. *Out of my soul's great sadness* (*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen*). A perusal of the poem to which this melody is wedded shows at a glance why Heine is the favorite poet of most German song-writers. While his verses are complete in themselves, they nevertheless seem to call for the sympathetic coöperation of the sister art by their fanciful sentimental atmosphere. Another reason why Franz, in particular, set more of Heine's poems than of any other writer is that both were strongly influenced by folksong, and loved the brief, lyric poems. Few of the Franz songs are "through-composed;" that is, varying in their music from verse to verse. Most of them are strophic, with an occasional change in harmony from stanza to stanza.

3. *Lassie with the lips so rosy* (*Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen*). This tender yet fervent song illustrates one of the chief characteristics of Franz. Like Bach, he was not content with having a melody for the voice alone, but, as already said, made his songs melodious in every part, in the pianoforte's bass and middle parts no less than in the treble. Trace the melodic curves in the piano part of this song and you will be surprised how literally this is true. Therefore the pianist must know how to make the keys sing. Franz, like Schubert, did this when he played, and the quality of his tone resembled Chopin's.

4. *Tempest and storm-furies shrieking* (*Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen*). Franz Liszt had an unbounded admiration for the genius of Robert Franz, whom he proclaimed "a fixed star" in the realm of song-writers. Not only did he write an enthusiastic pamphlet about his *Lieder* at a time when few had heard of them, but he made arrangements of a number of them for the piano, which cannot be too highly commended. They are included in a volume of Liszt's transcriptions of various songs published by Breitkopf & Härtel. The agitated and impassioned *Das ist ein Brausen und Heulen* is among them. The opening measures are more stormy in Liszt's version, and there is no reason why an accompanist should not use or adapt it. But the original is splendid, too. The whole song attests Franz's rare gift

of translating the mood of a poem into music. Note how the music calms down when the poet presents the picture of the weeping maiden at the window gazing into the night and rain.

5. *Request* (*Bitte*). Lenau's poem is quite in the Heine style in its expression of the ecstasy of romantic love. Ambros called Franz's famous setting of it "the prayer of a deep soul." It must be sung rather slowly, but with the religious fervor of a hymn—for it is a hymn to Love, to a woman's dreamy, soulful black eyes.

> "*For where is any author in the world*
> *Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?*"

An American woman, to whom Franz showed a picture of the wife he had just lost, while the tears were rolling down his cheeks, whispered to her companion: "Now I understand why his black-eyed song is so beautiful."

6. *Dedication* (*Widmung*). Another love song, inspired, like *Bitte*, by a pair of eyes. "Oh, thank me not for these songs. They are yours, not mine. I read them in your eyes and simply copied them." This was one of Wagner's two favorites among Franz's songs.

7. *Now welcome, my wood* (*Willkommen, mein Wald*). Most of Franz's songs are rather slow and pensive, if not sad, *andantino* and *larghetto* being his favorite tempi. Of the lively and energetic ones *Willkommen, mein Wald* is a stirring example, with the exhilarating atmosphere of the forest. It is sure of a cordial welcome at a recital.

8. *The Lotus Flower* (*Die Lotosblume*). Franz composed two lotus flower songs: the first, to verses by Geibel; the second, to Heine's famous poem. This is the one included in the present collection. In beauty it equals the lotus songs of Schumann and Rubinstein. Why not try a group of lotus songs at a recital? Franz's first lotus *Lied* is also of great interest, partly because it is not written (except in the last verse) in the modern major or minor modes, but in one of the mediaeval church modes with which Franz's mind was saturated, and which are now coming into vogue again. Thus do extremes meet in Franz; he is both classical and romantic, both mediaeval and ultra modern. Some of his songs, among them the extremely quaint *Der alte Eborus* (op. 43, No. 5), are strikingly odd in their modal effect and at the same time delightfully melodious. Franz himself made a list of some of his worldly songs in church modes. Among them are *Zu Strassburg auf der Schanz* (Dorian), *Es klingt in der Luft* (Phrygian), *Meine Mutter hat gewollt* (Peri-Phrygian). These songs also betray, like many others, the influence of the old German chorals which are so impressive an element in Franz's music.

9. *In the dreamy wood I wander* (*Wandl'ich in dem Wald des Abends*). Like *Marie* and so many other Franz songs, this gem is melodious in all its voices, instrumental as well as vocal—a duo, or rather, a quintet, every part of which is equally important. The artist who sings such a song shares the honors with the pianist. Why not? Why be selfish when more applause can be won by being unselfish and intent only on enabling the audience to enjoy thoroughly a master-work? In Franz's songs singing is not an end in itself, but only a means, like an actor's voice.

10. *The rose complained* (*Es hat die Rose sich beklagt*). This is probably the most popular of all the Franz songs, and fully deserves its vogue. If sung—and played—with tenderness and poetic appreciation, the music is as fragrant as the rose it immortalizes. Notice the exquisitely plaintive effect, in the pianoforte part, of the two C's following the word *beklagt*. A pianist who knows how to play poetically will slightly accent those two tones and linger over them. The tremendous popularity of this song, notwithstanding the fact that the pianist leads off with the melody and has quite as much to say as the singer, is a rebuke to those singers who think only of parading their own accomplishments. A pleasant illustration of the popularity of this "Song of the Rose" was given a few years before Franz's death, when a number of Russian ladies sent it to him embroidered in gold. Many of the Franz songs deserve to be thus embroidered.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

WHILE Rubinstein was born with a gold spoon in his mouth, he labored under the disadvantage that, as he himself used to say half humorously, half regretfully, the Russians looked on him as a German and the Germans as a Russian, while the Jews treated him as a Christian and the Christians as a Jew.

His father was a Russian Jew who had gone over to the Orthodox Church; his mother, a Prussian Jewess, whose maiden name was Löwenstein. From her he inherited his musical gifts, and she it was who gave him his first lessons. In truth, there was not much to give; like Schubert and Liszt, he seemed to know everything by instinct. In a short time he knew more than his mother, who therefore put him in charge of a Moscow teacher named Villoing, who instructed him from his eighth to his thirteenth year. After that he taught himself, like Chopin and Liszt, both of whom, by an odd coincidence, had also reached the end of their piano lessons with their thirteenth year. Chopin and Liszt were among those who heard him play in Paris in 1840, and they predicted a brilliant career for him. He, on his part, was impressed deeply by the music of Chopin and the playing of Liszt. As he himself subsequently related: "At that time I was a devoted imitator of Liszt, of his manners and movements, his trick of tossing back his hair, his way of holding his hands, of all the peculiar movements of his playing."

Ere long, Rubinstein came to be looked upon as being, next to Liszt, the greatest of pianists then living. Yet his success was not everywhere immediate. In a reminiscent mood he once remarked: "When I first went to England and was young and could play, I used to perform to empty halls. Now that I am old and cannot play, they all go wild over me and cannot find a hall big enough for me to perform in."

One of his most brilliant concert tours was in 1872–73, when he visited America and gave, with the great violinist Wieniawski, two hundred and fifteen concerts. This involved much hardship of travel, besides mental torture because at that time musical culture was rare in the United States. But he earned a large sum of money, which enabled him to devote more of his time thereafter to composing. The laurels and the encomiums that were heaped on him as a player soon ceased to satisfy his soaring ambition. Unfortunately, he spent a vast amount of time in composing operas. No fewer than nineteen, some to Russian, others to German texts, were launched by him in rapid succession; but most of them had only a short life, partly because the librettos were poor, partly because Rubinstein was not a born dramatist. He might have succeeded had he been willing to swim with the Wagnerian current, which was becoming more powerful every year; but he hated Wagner, tried to swim against the current, and was swept away.

Yet there are many beautiful pages in his operas that are worth saving. Of his instrumental works, many have given delight to hundreds of thousands of music lovers. His "Ocean" and "Dramatic" symphonies are master-works of impassioned melody; his piano concerto in D minor has only three or four equals in sustained interest of ideas and tonal charm. Among his pieces for piano solos are many gems, some of which are still music of the future. Every now and then Paderewski, Josef Hofmann, Slivinsky, or Lhévinne plays an unfamiliar Rubinstein piece which makes one wonder why it was so long ignored by concert pianists.

It was a wonderful experience to hear him play his own music or that of the other masters, as the editor of this volume can attest. It must have been still more wonderful to hear him improvise in his own music room. One of his pupils, Adele Hippius, relates how she heard this pianistic lion in one of his roaring moods. "He grew excited, heated, hair fell over his forehead; he and the piano seemed to make but one. Then appeared an exquisite melody, accompanied by chords in the bass and strengthened by the surging of powerful arpeggios over the entire instrument.

He increased the difficulties, he stormed like full orchestra, the piano almost gave way under his hands. The impression was so overwhelming, my nerves were so wrought up, that I felt stifled. I glanced at my neighbor—she had left the room weeping. We all had a feeling of involuntary terror, as if in presence of some elementary power of nature. Yes, Rubinstein was in truth awe-inspiring."

Only a genius can produce such an effect on educated listeners. And Rubinstein evinced his genius in his composing, even more than in his playing. Much of his music is mediocre—but of what composer cannot the same be said? He spoiled many of his loveliest ideas by hasty and careless workmanship. This cannot be denied, but it has been too much emphasized to the detriment of his really inspired and finished works. Men of genius must not be judged by their faults, but by their merits. As Saint-Saëns has put it: "*Ce n'est pas l'absence de défauts, c'est la présence des qualités qui fait les grandes œuvres et les grands hommes.*"

What Rubinstein himself wrote in regard to Schubert, "his melodies atone for all blemishes, if there really are any," applies to his own compositions, in which beautiful—sometimes thrillingly beautiful—melodies abound. After a period of theoretical interest, among musicians, in discord and declamation, there is at present a decided reaction in favor of melody; and this reaction will bring back Rubinstein on the crest of a wave of popularity.

It is especially in regard to his songs that this prediction may be safely made. While his operas were never sung much outside of Russia (although there is more good music in *The Demon*, *The Maccabees*, *Nero*, and *Feramors* than in most of the works that have been produced in Italy, Germany, and France since the days of Verdi, Wagner, and Bizet, or in any of the operas written by Rubinstein's rivals in Russia), his songs have enjoyed immense popularity for several decades, all over Europe and America, and their day is far from being over, as any one who will sing the ten chosen for this volume will admit. These are, indeed, among the most popular songs in the world, and will remain so because of their melodic originality and charm.

1. *The Dream* (*Der Traum*). The publishers who were constantly urging Schubert to write easier accompaniments would have been pleased with Rubinstein, who, though almost as brilliant a virtuoso as Liszt, differed from him, among other things, in usually composing simple piano parts for his songs. But while simple they are none the less charming, as witness *The Dream*, a melodious song to which Schubert would have been proud to sign his name.

2. *Yearnings* (*Sehnsucht*). *Appassionato* is the appropriate expression mark for this song which, in successive verses, expresses the poet's eager desire for a sweetheart; for a black-maned steed on which to career madly o'er the plains; for a boat to ride the stormy billows. The last verse subsides through a *ritardando* of twelve measures into the longing for a dream.

3. *There was an aged monarch* (*Es war ein alter König*). Rubinstein's opus 32 is a notable collection of six songs, no fewer than three of which are included among his ten best, chosen for this volume: *Es war ein alter König*, *Du bist wie eine Blume*, and *Der Asra*. Heine, favorite of the song-writers, inspired them, it is almost needless to say. Who but he could so tersely have told the tragedy of the old monarch's young wife who had to die with the young page who loved her too well?

4. *Thou 'rt lovely as a flower* (*Du bist wie eine Blume*). One of the world's greatest mastersongs; few have been sung so frequently, or given pleasure to so many; and while many other composers set this great poem of Heine to music, none have surpassed Rubinstein in melodic charm. A simple but exquisitely inspired song like this comes under the head of what some one has happily called "tremendous trifles."

5. *The Asra* (*Der Asra*). This is the greatest of all the Rubinstein songs, and also the most popular; a song that will be sung as long as any of Schubert's, Franz's, or Grieg's. Vocal, spontaneous, charming in every measure, it is a product

of pure genius. What a swing to the melody! and how quaint and exotic are its Oriental intervals at the words "Welche sterben wenn sie lieben" — so appropriate to the romantic story of the Arabian slave who grows pale every time he sees the princess, because he belongs to the tribe of the Asra, who die when they love.

6. *Golden at my feet* (*Gelb rollt mir zu Füssen*). The quaint Oriental intervals referred to in the comments on *The Asra* characterize also the whole group of Persian songs which Rubinstein composed to twelve of Bodenstedt's *Songs* of Mirza Schaffy. The most spontaneous, buoyant, and popular of them is this love song, sung on the banks of the river Kura. Hans von Bülow thought it strange that Rubinstein should have been able to conceive in his own mind such "Persian" coloring; but, as I pointed out in *Songs and Song-Writers*, "Rubinstein did not originate these quaint intervals and turns; they are characteristic of Oriental music in general, the song of the priestess in Verdi's *Aida* being a charming instance. Rubinstein's Hebrew blood made it the more easy for him to assimilate such Orientalism."

7. *Be not so coy* (*Thu' nicht so spröde*). Another love song, belonging to the same set (opus 34) as the preceding. Simple and brief though it be, it can be made effective at recitals, as Geraldine Farrar has shown. Though the music is sufficient unto itself, as in most of Rubinstein's songs, the effective delivery of the text is in this case of importance.

8. *Heard ye his voice* (*Vernahmet ihr*). Friedrich von Bodenstedt provided the poem for this interesting song also. His verses naturally appeal to composers, almost as much so as Heine's.

9. *Now shines the dew* (*Es blinkt der Thau*). It cannot be said that all, or even the majority, of Rubinstein's one hundred and fifty-five songs are worthy of his genius. Not a few are trivial in theme or careless in workmanship. Some, after starting well, fizzle out lamentably; indeed, it was a characteristic of Rubinstein to be too much in a hurry — to end a good piece in a slovenly fashion. *Es blinkt der Thau*, quite the contrary, ends with half-a-dozen measures that are among the most beautiful of his inspirations. They fall chiefly to the part of the pianist. But the vocalist has his full share in the beauties of this famous song. Bernhard Vogel liked particularly "the song of the nightingale" in the accompaniment.

10. *Good Night* (*Gut' Nacht*). A Thomas Moore song: "Good night, good night, and is it so;" the ninth of the ten songs from the French, Italian, and English included in opus 83.

ADOLF JENSEN

REGRETS are often expressed that English vocalists, unless they use a foreign language unintelligible to most of their audiences, are obliged to sing the songs of the great masters in translations, which, however good they may be, can never quite take the place of the originals. Fortunately, one of the greatest of the song-writers has proved an exception to this rule. Some of Jensen's very best songs were composed to English words. This alone ought to commend them to the attention of American and English singers, professional as well as amateur; but their claim to distinguished consideration is quadrupled by their great musical value and their idiomatic vocal qualities, which, in combination with the other merits referred to, always ensure the joyous applause and often the demand for a repetition which so pleases the singers. But before commenting on the songs referred to, let us cast a glance at their composer and his career.

Adolf Jensen was one of the few great German composers belonging to Prussia; he was born at Königsberg, in 1837. For the most part he was self-taught, although he had some lessons of Liszt, Ehlert, and Marburg. His chief sources of musical inspiration were Schubert, Schumann, and Wagner, whom he worshipped. His life was uneventful. He composed, he conducted, he taught, in Russia, in Copenhagen (where he came under the influence of Gade), in Königsberg, in Dresden, and finally in Graz, where he died at the early age of forty-two. His life had been a perpetual struggle against pulmonary disease and poverty. Although his piano pieces were almost as good as Mendelssohn's and his songs much better, he failed to win much popularity except with some of his songs, which became favorites.

Like all the other masters, he wrote too many songs,—about one hundred and sixty altogether,—the result being that the best are in danger of falling into oblivion in company with the mediocre ones, of which there are not a few. But, as Dr. Riemann remarks, the Jensen *Lieder* include "a treasure of poetico-musical sentiment;" to ignore these is an aesthetic blunder—nay, a crime, of which no singer should be guilty. Original melody, stirring harmonies, flowing rhythms, and enchanting tone-colors abound in them, and cannot fail to arouse the enthusiasm of singers and listeners alike.

Jensen knew Schumann personally and corresponded with him; and his first thirty-five songs were composed under Schumann's influence. Later in life he was completely overwhelmed by the grandeur and the dramatic power of Wagner's music dramas. In 1870, after securing a copy of the score of *Tristan and Isolde*, he wrote to a friend that for a week he had revelled in ecstasy over it without getting to the end of the first act. Harmonically he learned from Wagner, as Wagner had learned from Liszt, and Liszt from Schubert; and his later songs are favorably influenced thereby without being in the least imitative.

Among the *Lieder* which benefitted by his Wagnerian studies and enthusiasm—the first German mastersongs which betray the alluring influence of the Bayreuth master—are the English songs to which reference was made in the opening paragraph, the songs included in opus 49-53. Some of them are characterized by a dramatic swing which, here and there, suggests both Wagner and Schubert; yet they are thoroughly and adorably Jensenish. No one but Jensen could have composed them; they have an individuality, an originality, which betrays genius of the first order. These English songs are settings of seven poems by Burns, seven by Moore, four by Cunningham, six by Scott, and six by Tennyson and Felicia Hemans—thirty in all. Arnold Niggli, who has written an interesting book on Jensen (in German), writes that when Jensen composed these songs he consulted four translations besides the originals, lest he miss some of the more subtle details. He himself was particularly proud of these songs, which he referred to, two years before his death, as his "last and grandest excursions in songland."

For a few more reflections the editor may be allowed to cite a paragraph from his *Songs and Song-Writers:* "It was the dramatic impulse in Jensen that made him usually avoid strophic repetition and compose his verses in detail. Another respect in which he differed from his contemporary, Franz, was that, as he confessed in one of his letters, he had not much belief in the special characteristics of the keys; and, therefore, did not seriously object to transpositions of his songs, for a lower voice. He preferred, however, to do the transposing himself, altering the chords so as to make them sound well in the lower position."

1. *Press thy cheek against mine own* (*Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'*). This is the first of his songs which Jensen considered good enough to print. Music lovers throughout the world found it so very good that it promptly made him famous, and the enormous sales would have made him rich, too, if the relations between composers and publishers in Germany had been at that time what they should have been; but he remained poor all his life. The late W. F. Apthorp, in the book of *Forty Songs by Jensen* which he edited for the Musicians Library, was, indeed, scandalized by what he considered the excessive popularity of *Lehn' deine Wang'*. He admits that it is "a condensed epitome of what is most characteristic of his genius," but adds that "there is also in it a something which was not characteristic of its composer at all: a streak of triviality and vulgarity. No song," he further asserts, "ever got to be as popular as this without a touch of vulgarity." Here we have an amusing instance of professional "high-brow" contempt for mere music lovers (though it is a historic fact that the music lovers have always "won out" when they differed from the professionals). The editor of the present volume always disagreed most emphatically with Mr. Apthorp, both as regards popular songs in general and *Lehn' deine Wang'* in particular. After submitting it to the litmus paper and all known microbial and bacterial tests, he has been unable to find in it a single vulgar or trivial measure. He has found it—as all the world considers it—a splendid, luscious setting of Heine's famous poem, bubbling over with emotion, with a passionate melody and voluptuous harmonies—can any one fail to be thrilled by the B natural for the thumb (which should emphasize it) in the lines beginning "And when in the glowing flames." A delicate poetic touch is the pianissimo echo of the last six measures, marked "like a sweet memory."

2. *A breath of spring* (*Wie Lenzeshauch*). "In moderate time, with much feeling," this song must be sung in order to produce its proper effect. Niggli finds its melody like "a gentle kiss from maiden lips." It was published as opus 9, with seven other songs for mezzo soprano or baritone.

3. *From slumber awaken* (*Und schläfst du, mein Mädchen*). It is worth noting that, besides this song, two others of Jensen's best ten are in his opus 21. Some judges even add a third: the *Pandero* song, with its suggestion of Spanish sounds for which this composer had a special predilection. In *From slumber awaken* there is no Andalusian local color, although it is across the Guadalquivir River that the sleeping maiden is called to escape. In its simple structure and its polyphony this song comes nearer to Franz than perhaps any other of Jensen's.

4. *Murmuring breezes* (*Murmelndes Lüftchen*). This favorite slumber song also belongs to opus 21. The words are by an unknown Spanish poet, translated into German by Paul Heyse. "The arabesques of the piano seem to be woven with the beams of the southern full moon," as Niggli remarks. Note the *una corde al fine* and the direction "with gentle motion, as delicately as possible." Commenting on this song and its composer, W. F. Apthorp says: "If there is one word which describes his habitual vein better than another, that word is 'luscious'! The song *Murmelndes Lüftchen* . . . is probably the most thoroughly characteristic thing he ever wrote."

5. *Where flows the bright river* (*Am Ufer des Flusses, des Manzanares*). Opus 21 once more. While Julia Culp and Elena Gerhardt include this famous song among their favorites (of which special collections have been printed), it depends

for much of its effect on the pianist, who must be able to imitate the mandolin in the accompaniment, playing with extreme lightness of touch, and careful pedalling. Again the words are by an anonymous Spanish bard, who shows that there is a poetic side even to so prosaic an act as washing linen and hanging it up to dry in the wind.

6. *O stay thy passing, golden moments* (*O lass dich halten, gold'ne Stunde*). An exquisite melody, tender and expressive, a perfect picture in tones of a peaceful summer night. The epilogue, says Niggli, is "like the fading light of the moon in the bushes."

7. *My heart's in the Highlands* (*Mein Herz ist im Hochland*). With this number we reach the climax of Jensen's creative activity—the splendid English songs referred to in the introduction. He himself considered them the best of his songs, and good judges like Brahms and Lassen agreed with him. Niggli finds them a string of pearls. "They are," he says, "sublimated art-songs, which require of the singer, the player, and the hearer loving absorption, but which, if that is given, doubly enchant the mind and the senses with their beauty and fragrance." All the countless settings of Robert Burns's *My heart's in the Highlands* fade into insignificance compared with Jensen's mastersong, with its rapturous, breezy melody. And what exultation in the piano part! Hugo Wolf could never have said of Jensen what he said of Brahms: that he did not know how to exult in his music. At the same time there is a touch of homesickness.

8. *When through the piazzetta* (*Wenn durch die Piazzetta*). Seven poems by Burns, seven by Moore, four by Cunningham, six by Scott, and six by Tennyson are included in Jensen's cycle of songs from the British Isles. Somewhat oddly, they are the first of his songs which betray the influence of Richard Wagner, especially in the dramatic settings of ballads by Scott and Cunningham. It is in two of the Moore songs, *When through the piazzetta* and *Row gently here, my gondolier!* that the music is most inspired. In his excellent book on Jensen (in which all his important songs are briefly described), Arnold Niggli writes regarding these two songs that in the first-named, "in which the guitar-like accompaniment emphasizes its character as a serenade, the singer's love ardor is touched by a breath of melancholy; while the second serenade, *Row gently here*, floats dreamily on the waters like the soft light of the moon."

9. *Row gently here, my gondolier!* (*Leis' rudern hier, mein Gondolier!*). "Floats dreamily on the waters like the soft light of the moon" is, indeed, a good description of this quasi-Venetian music to the exhortations of the youth who goes a-serenading. It would be better if the high G at the end climax were on "angels" (as it is in the German text) instead of on "we," but that is a minor blemish in a mastersong.

10. *Lullaby of an Infant Chief* (*Wiegenlied*). Two slumber songs are included among the English settings of Jensen: one, from Tennyson's *The Princess*, charmingly Chopinesque in its harmonies; the other, from the Scott selections. If the latter—the *Lullaby of an Infant Chief*—is more sombre and less conventional in its rhythmic flow than the other, there are good reasons therefor, which a perusal of the poem with its references to bugles and future battles makes clear.

Henry T. Finck

ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS

VOLUME I

THE ERLKING

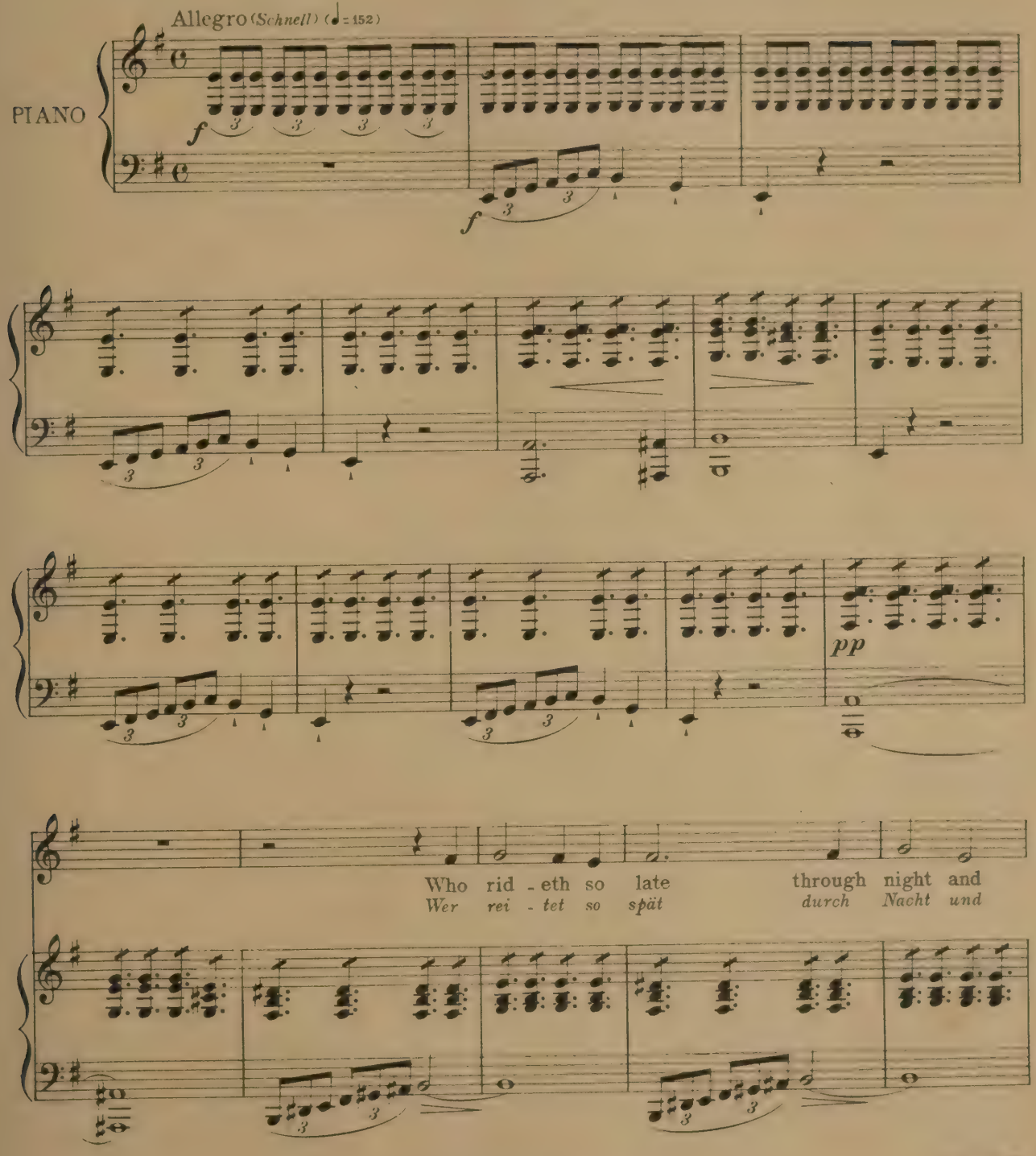
(DER ERLKÖNIG)

(Composed in 1815)

(Original Key, G minor)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 1



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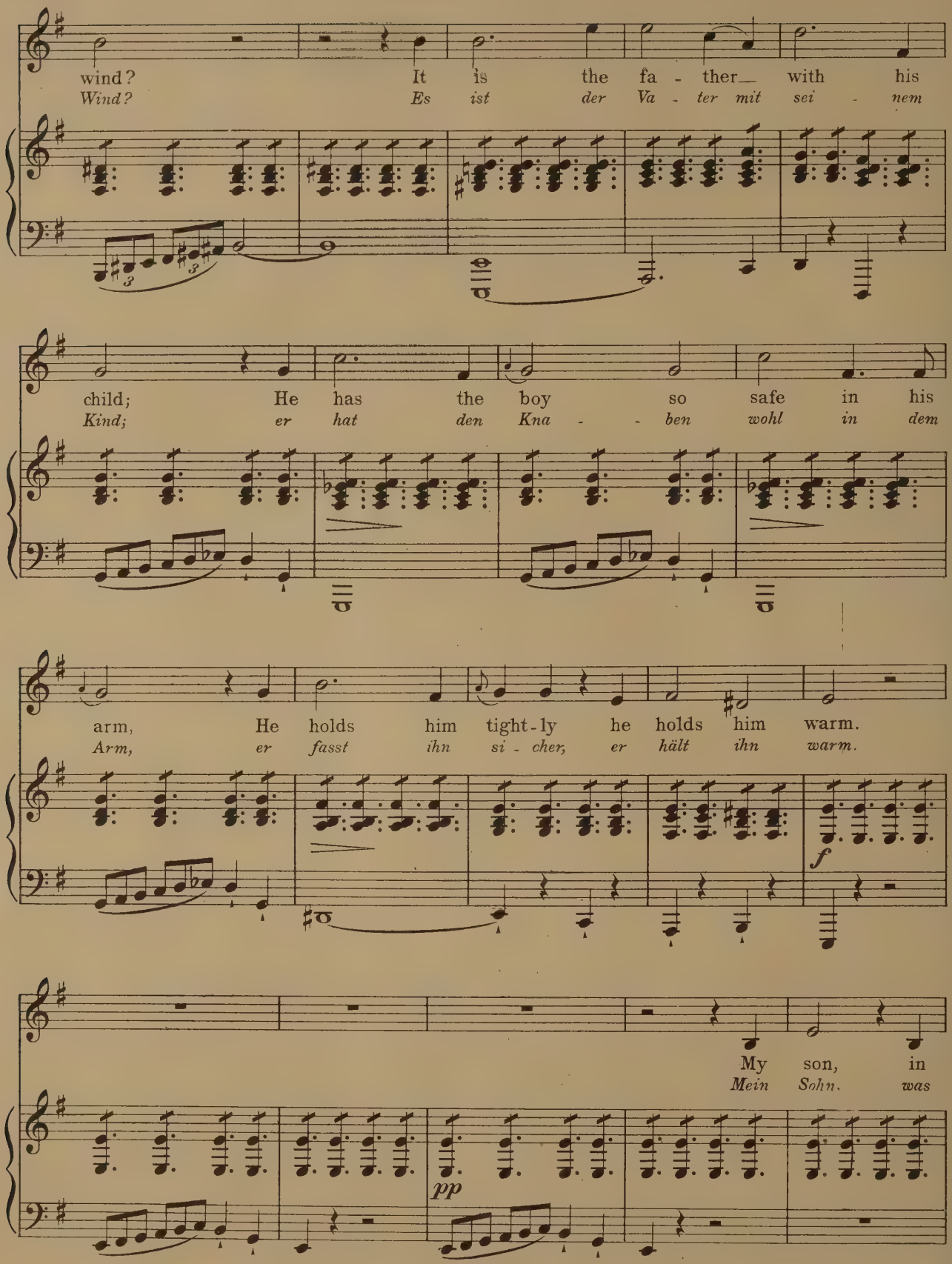
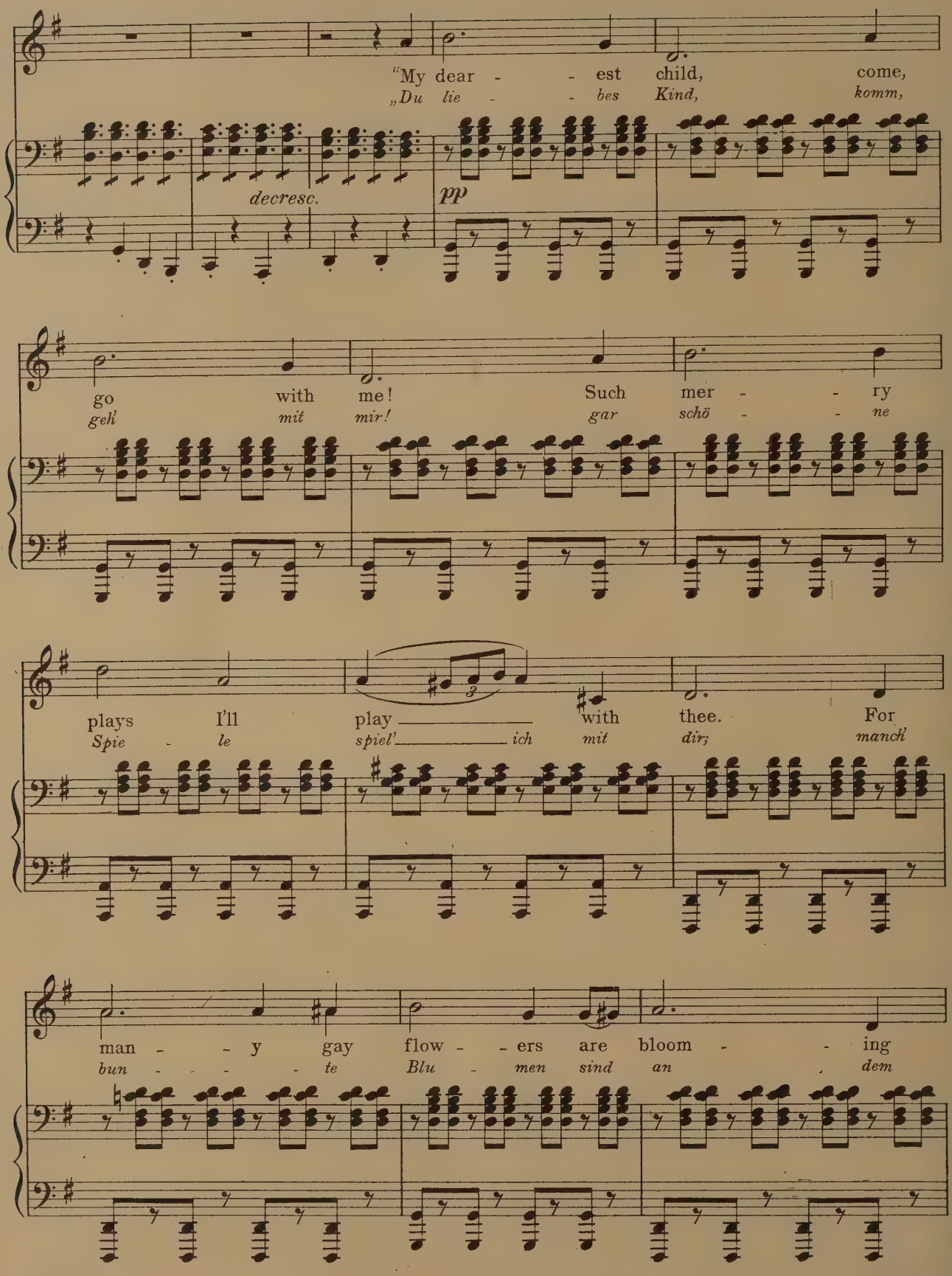
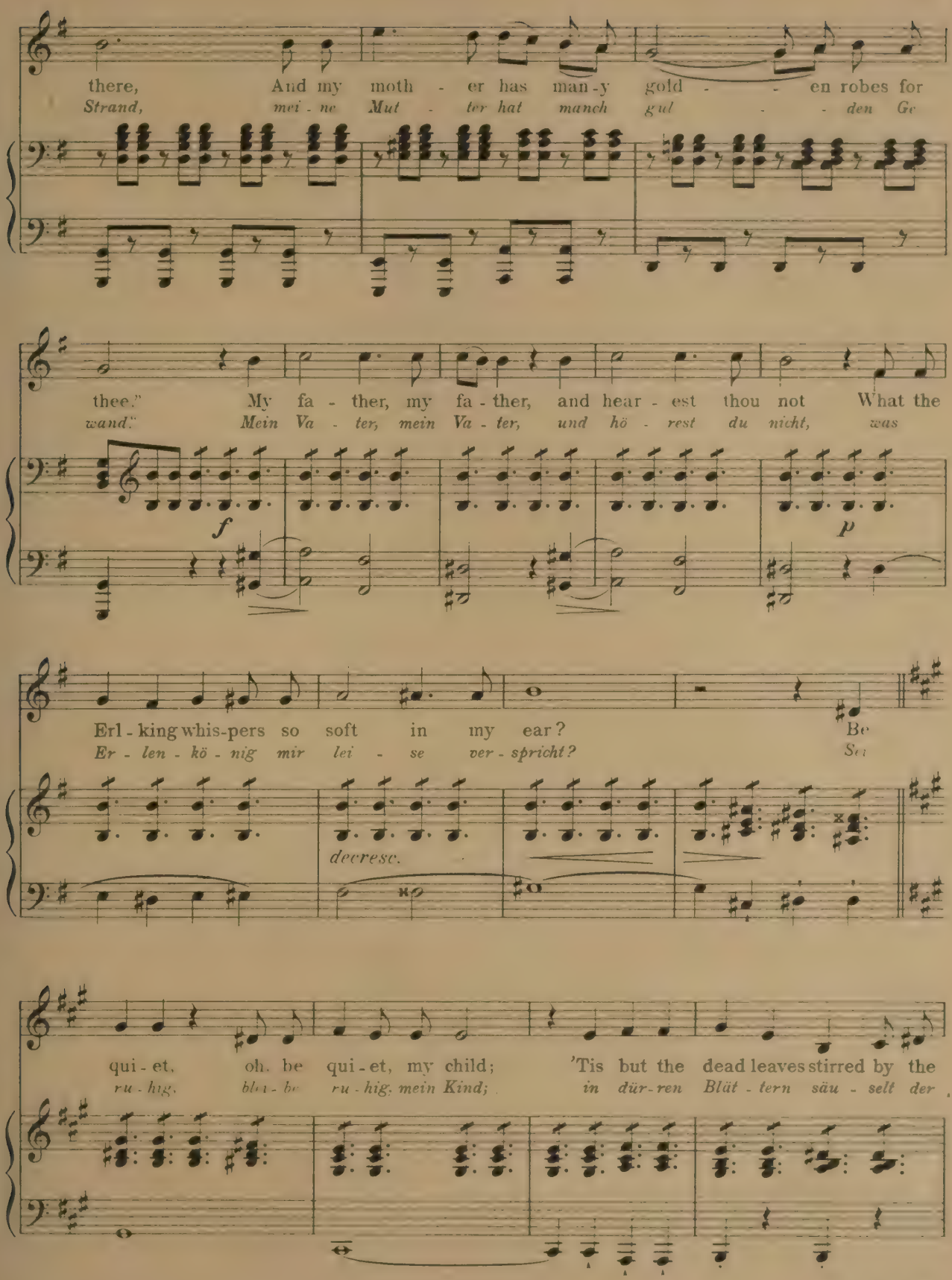
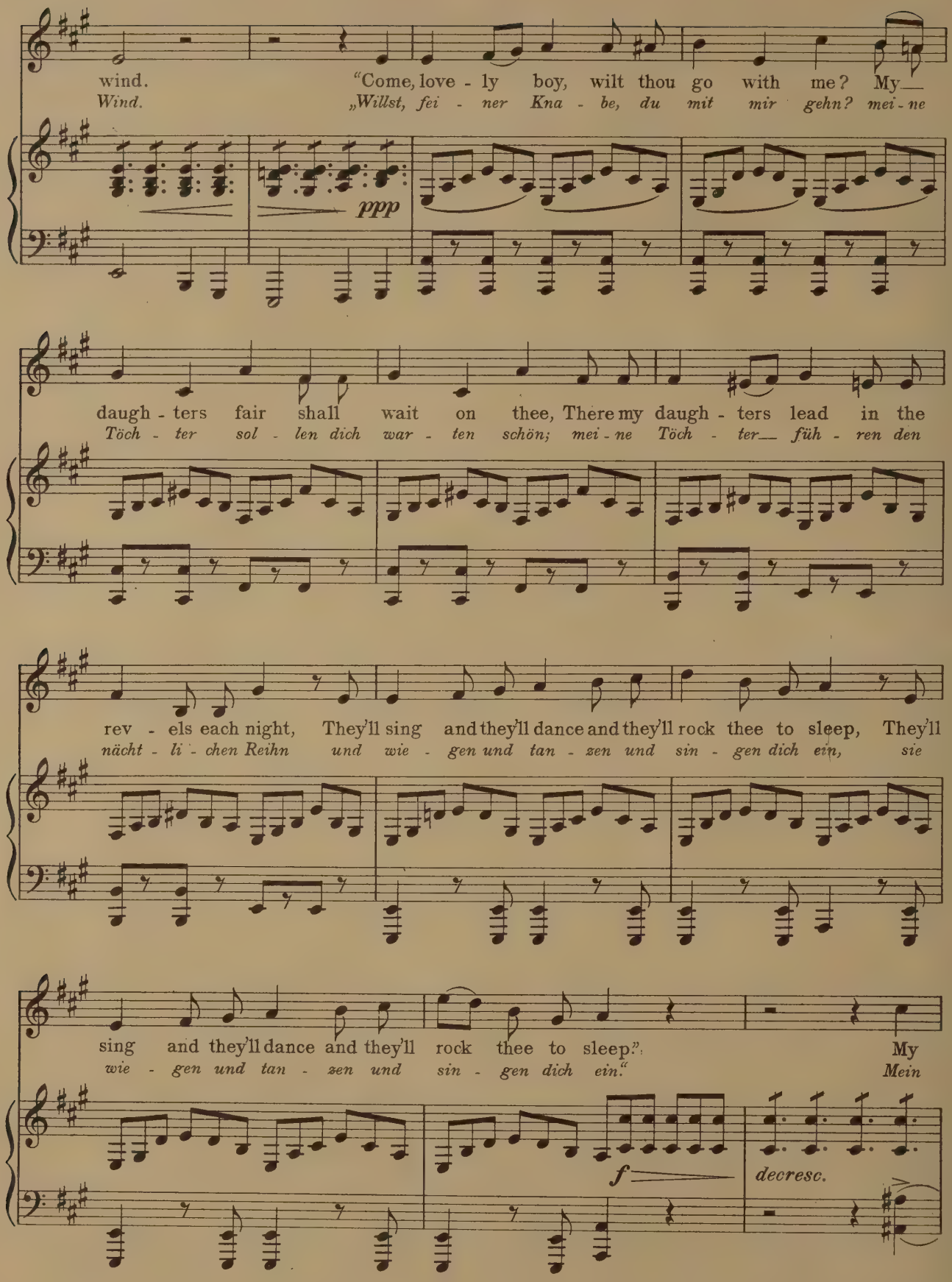
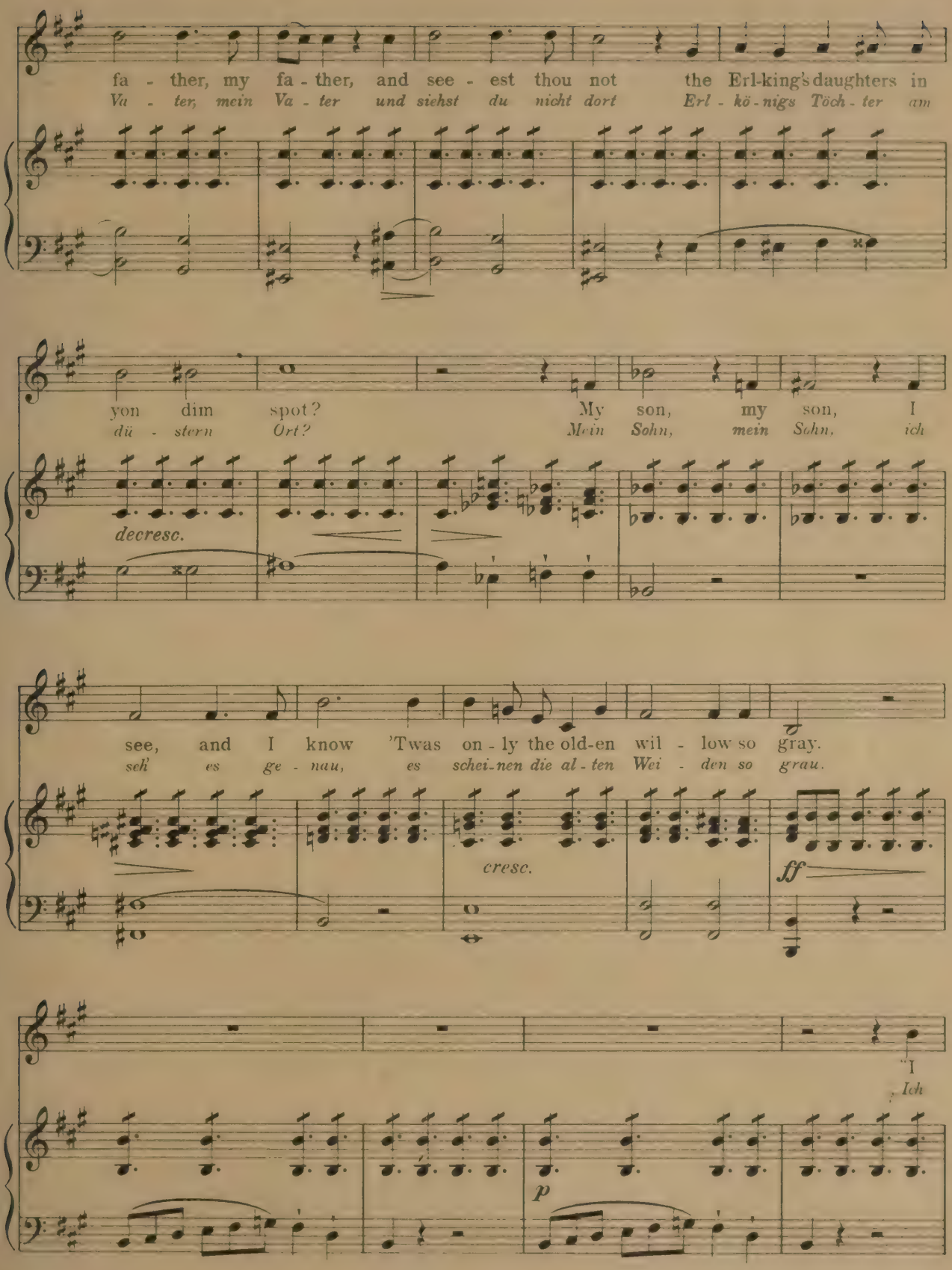

wind? It is the fa - ther_ with his
Wind? Es ist der Va - ter mit sei - nem
child; He has the boy so safe in his
Kind; er hat den Kna - - ben wohl in dem
arm, He holds him tight-ly he holds him warm.
Arm, er fasst ihn si - cher, er hält ihn warm.
f
My son, in
Mein Sohn, was
pp

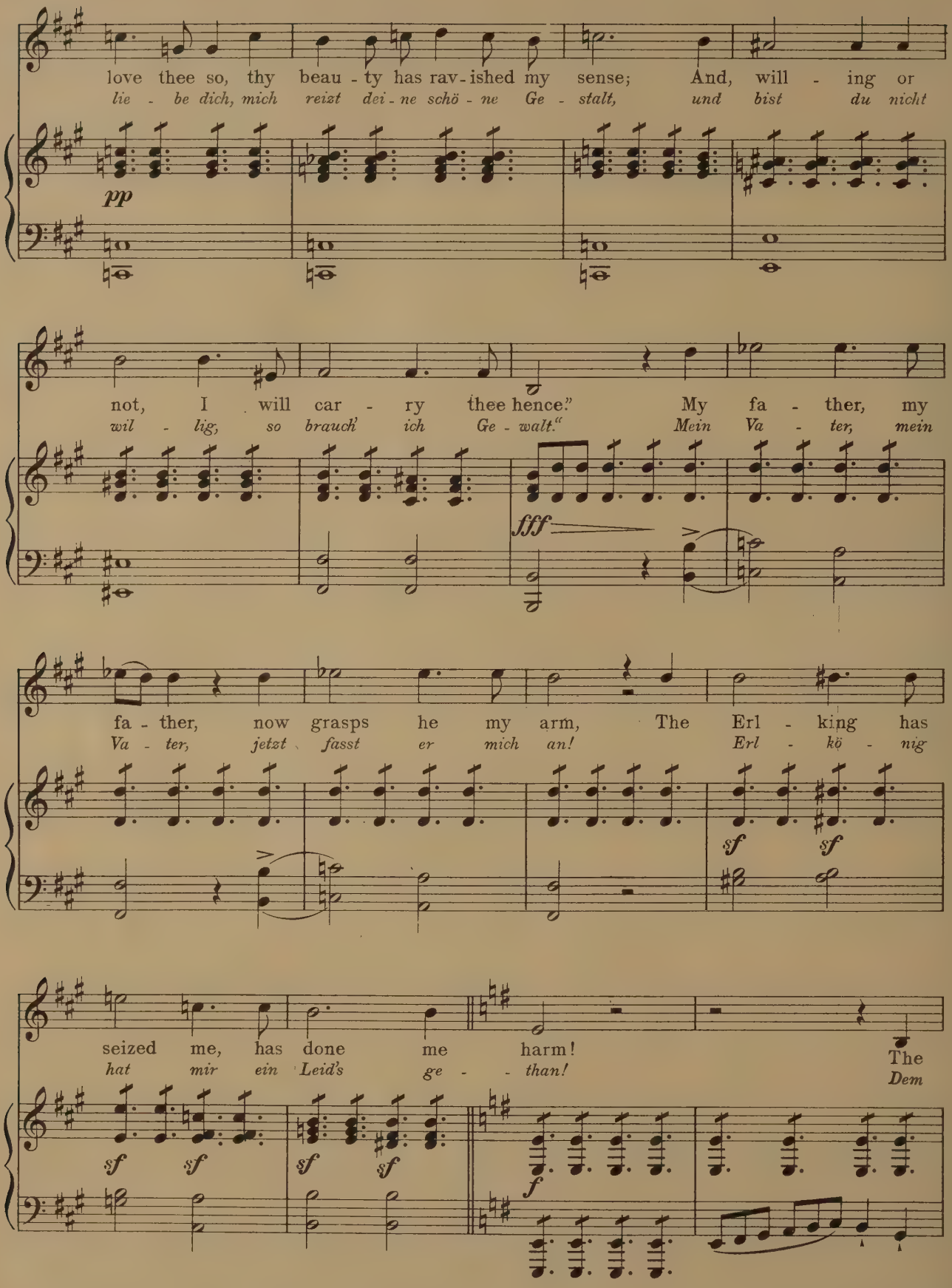
ter - ror why hid - est thy face? Oh,
birgst du so bang dein Ge - sicht? Siehst.
cresc.
f
(pp)
fa - - ther, see, the Erl - king is nigh!
Va - - ter, du den Erl - kö - nig nicht?
mf
The Erl - king dread - ed, with crown, and
den Er - len - kö - nig mit Kron' und
p
mf
robe! My son, 'tis but a streak of mist.
Schweif? Mein Sohn, es ist ein Ne - bel - streif.

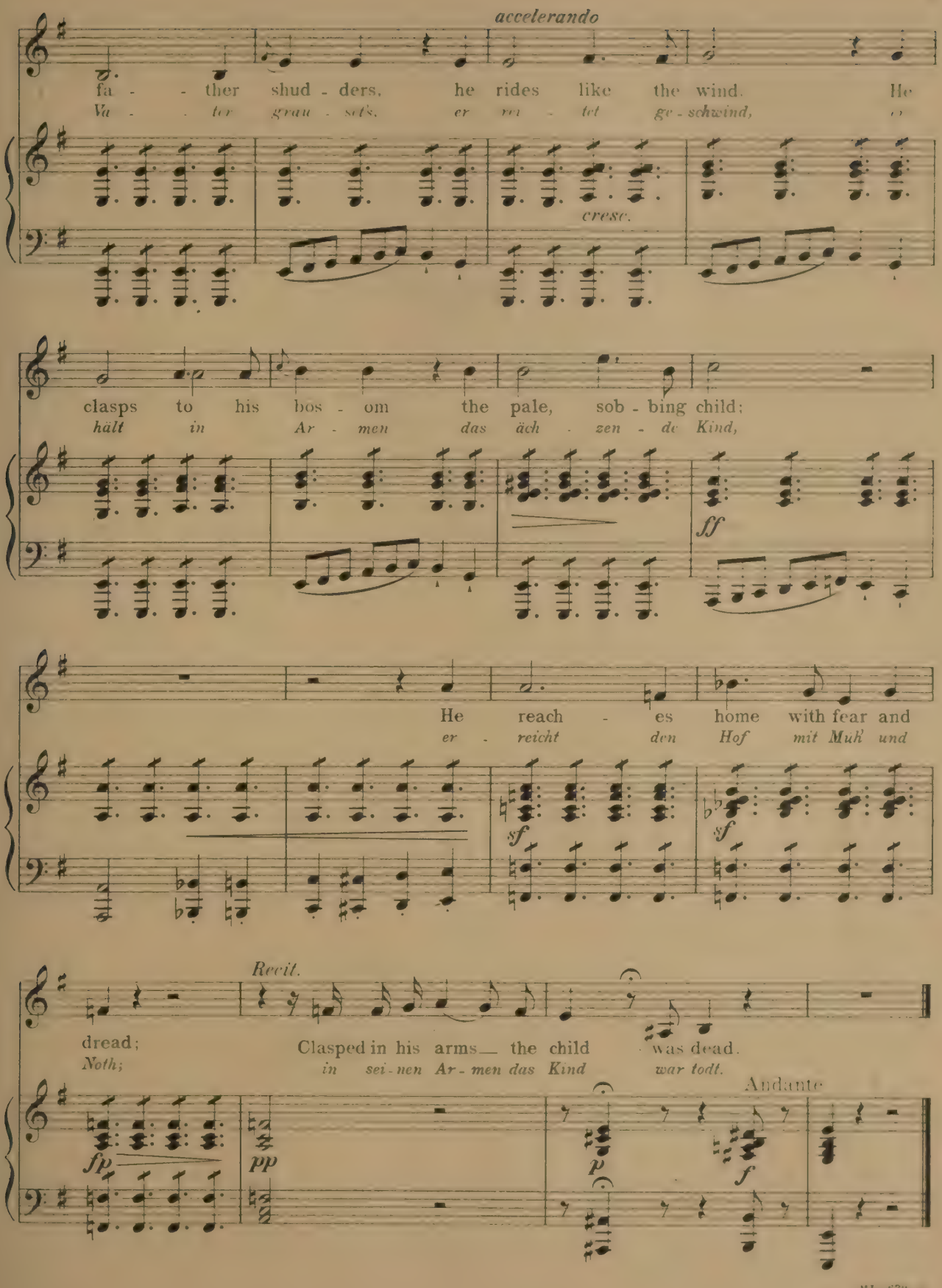

"My dear - - est child, come,
„Du lie - - bes Kind, komm,
decresc.
pp
go with me! Such mer - - ry
geh' mit mir! gar schö - - ne
plays I'll play with thee. For
Spie - le spiel' ich mit dir; manch'
man - - y gay flow - - ers are bloom - - ing
bun - - - te Blu - men sind an dem


there, And my moth - er has man - y gold - - - en robes for
Strand, mei - ne Mut - ter hat manch gul - - - den Ge
thee." My fa - ther, my fa - ther, and hear - est thou not What the
wand." Mein Va - ter, mein Va - ter, und hö - rest du nicht, was
f
p
Erl - king whis-pers so soft in my ear? Be
Er - len - kö - nig mir lei - se ver - spricht? Sei
decresc.
qui - et, oh. be qui - et, my child; 'Tis but the dead leaves stirred by the
ru - hig, blei - be ru - hig, mein Kind; in dür - ren Blät - tern säu - selt der


wind. "Come, love - ly boy, wilt thou go with me? My—
Wind. „Willst, fei - ner Kna - be, du mit mir gehn? mei - ne
ppp
daugh - ters fair shall wait on thee, There my daugh - ters lead in the
Töch - ter sol - len dich war - ten schön; mei - ne Töch - ter— füh - ren den
rev - els each night, They'll sing and they'll dance and they'll rock thee to sleep, They'll
nächt - li - chen Reihn und wie - gen und tan - zen und sin - gen dich ein, sie
sing and they'll dance and they'll rock thee to sleep.". My
wie - gen und tan - zen und sin - gen dich ein." Mein
f
decresc.


fa - ther, my fa - ther, and see - est thou not the Erl-king's daughters in
Va - ter, mein Va - ter und siehst du nicht dort Erl - kö - nigs Töch - ter am
yon dim spot? My son, my son, I
dü - stern Ort? Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich
decresc.
see, and I know 'Twas on - ly the old-en wil - low so gray.
seh' es ge - nau, es schei-nen die al - ten Wei - den so grau.
cresc.
ff
"I
Ich
p


love thee so, thy beau - ty has rav - ished my sense; And, will - ing or
lie - be dich, mich reizt dei - ne schö - ne Ge - stalt, und bist du nicht
pp
not, I will car - ry thee hence." My fa - ther, my
wil - lig, so brauch' ich Ge - walt." Mein Va - ter, mein
fff
fa - ther, now grasps he my arm, The Erl - king has
Va - ter, jetzt fasst er mich an! Erl - kö - nig
sf sf
seized me, has done me harm! The
hat mir ein Leid's ge - than! Dem
sf sf sf sf
f


accelerando
fa - - ther shud - ders, he rides like the wind. He
Va - - ter grau - set's, er ren - tet ge - schwind, er
cresc.
clasps to his bos - om the pale, sob - bing child;
hält in Ar - men das äch - zen - de Kind,
sff
He reach - es home with fear and
er - reicht den Hof mit Müh' und
sf
sf
Recit.
dread;
Noth;
Clasped in his arms— the child was dead.
in sei - nen Ar - men das Kind war todt.
Andante
fp
pp
p
f

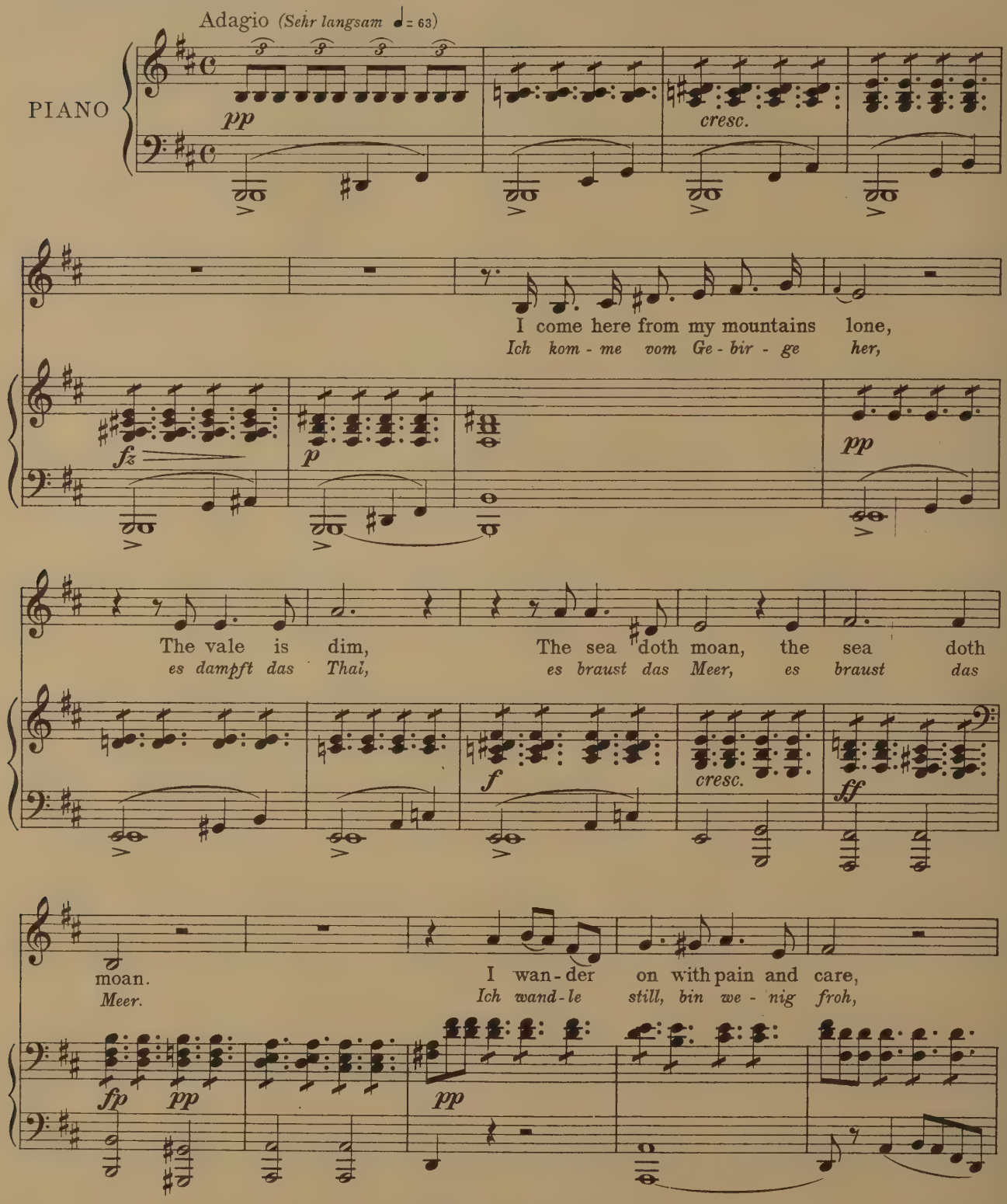
THE WANDERER
(DER WANDERER)

(Composed in 1816)

GEORG FILIPP SCHMIDT (1766-1849)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E)

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 4, No 1



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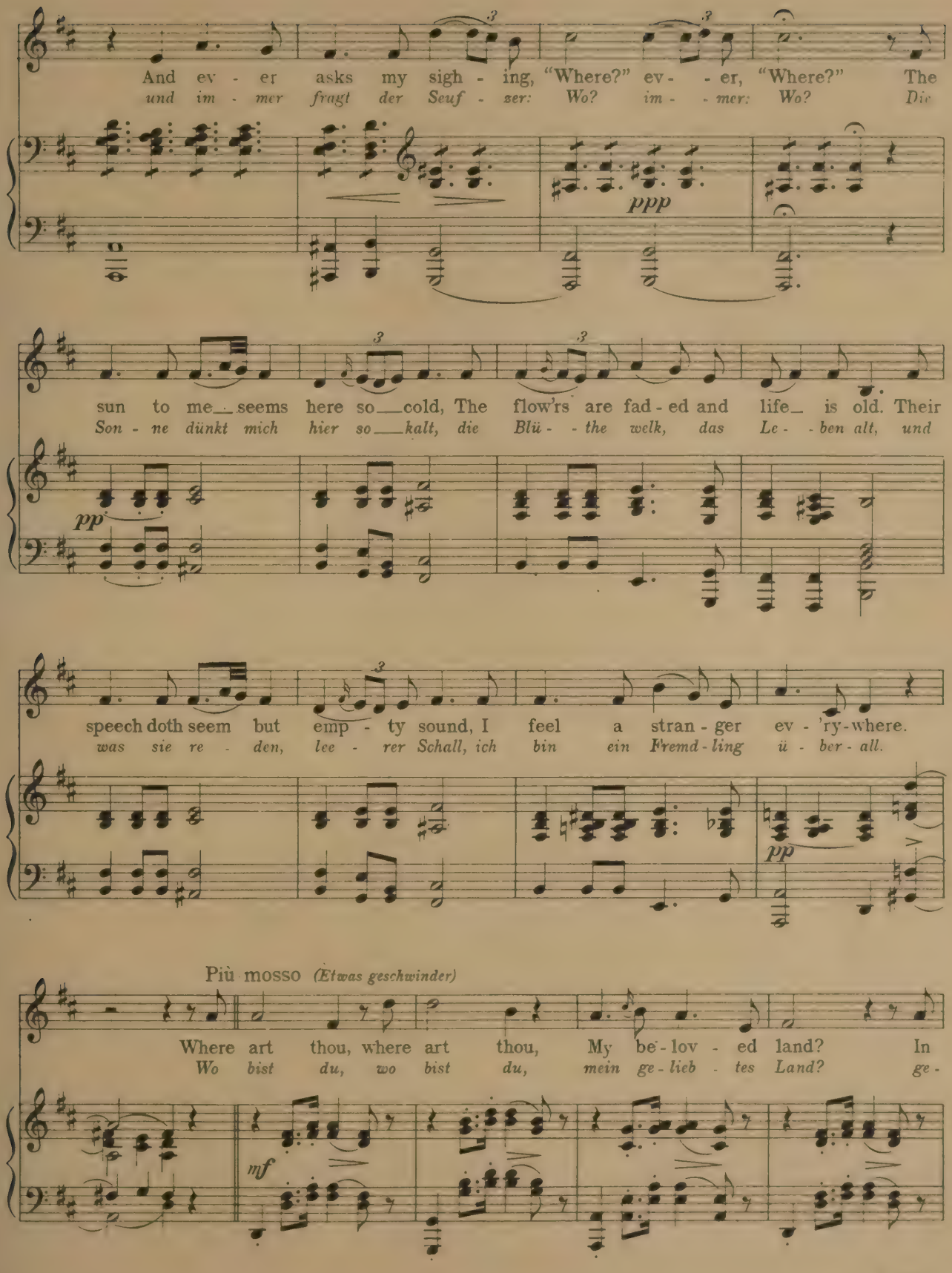
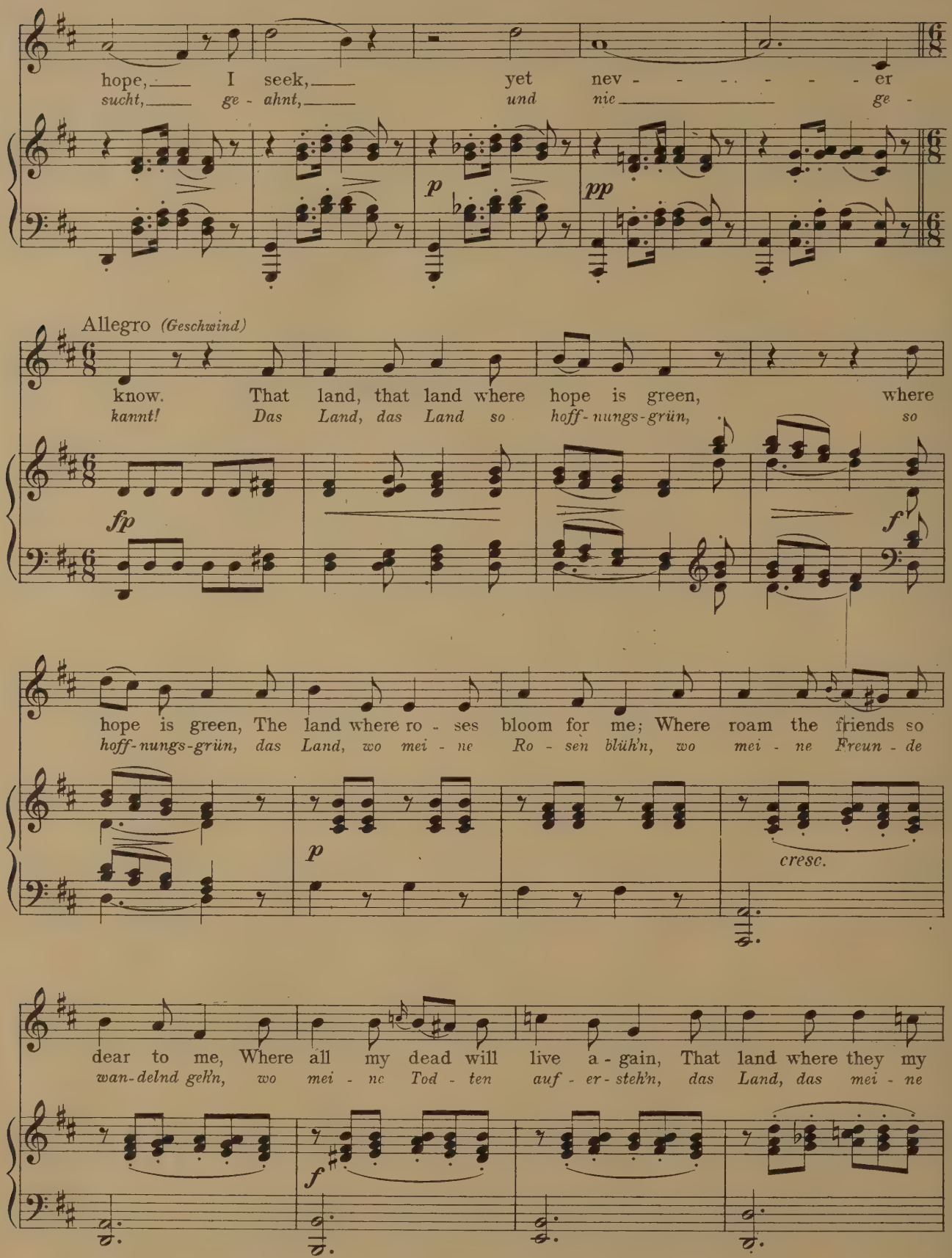
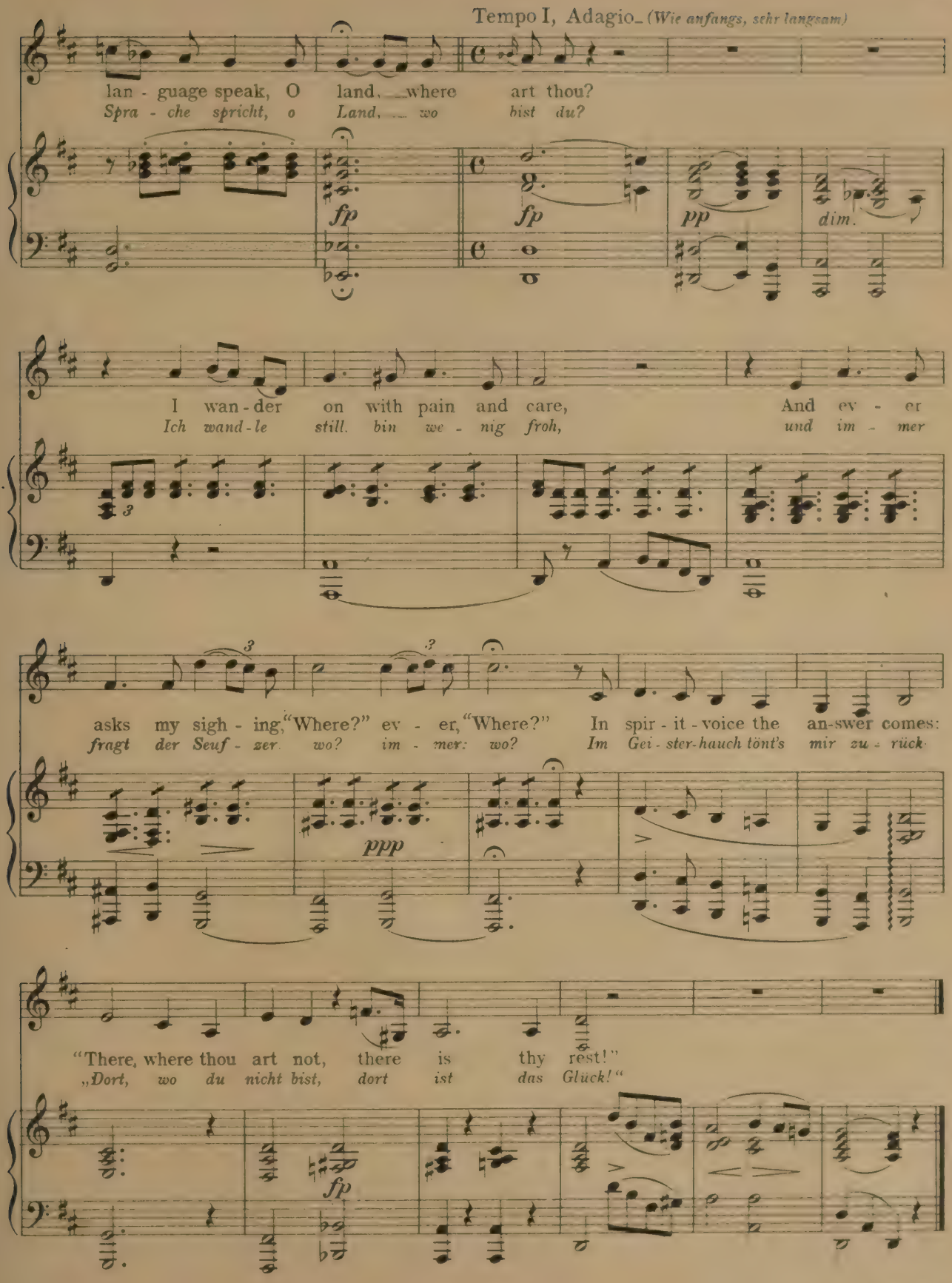

And ev - er asks my sigh - ing, "Where?" ev - - er, "Where?" The
und im - mer fragt der Seuf - zer: Wo? im - - mer: Wo? Die
ppp
sun to me seems here so cold, The flow'rs are fad - ed and life is old. Their
Son - ne dünkt mich hier so kalt, die Blü - the welk, das Le - ben alt, und
pp
speech doth seem but emp - ty sound, I feel a stran - ger ev - 'ry - where.
was sie re - den, lee - rer Schall, ich bin ein Fremd - ling ü - ber - all.
pp
Più mosso (Etwas geschwinder)
Where art thou, where art thou, My be - lov - ed land? In
Wo bist du, wo bist du, mein ge - lieb - tes Land? ge -
mf


hope, I seek, yet nev - - - - - - er
sucht, ge - ahnt, und nie ge -
p
pp
Allegro (Geschwind)
know. That land, that land where hope is green, where
kannt! Das Land, das Land so hoff-nungs-grün, so
fp
f
hope is green, The land where ro - ses bloom for me; Where roam the friends so
hoff-nungs-grün, das Land, wo mei - ne Ro - sen blüh'n, wo mei - ne Freun - de
p
cresc.
dear to me, Where all my dead will live a - gain, That land where they my
wan-delnd geh'n, wo mei - ne Tod - ten auf - er - steh'n, das Land, das mei - ne
f


Tempo I, Adagio_ (Wie anfangs, sehr langsam)
lan - guage speak, O land, _ where art thou?
Spra - che spricht, o Land, _ wo bist du?
fp
fp
pp
dim.
I wan - der on with pain and care, And ev - er
Ich wand - le still, bin we - nig froh, und im - mer
asks my sigh - ing, "Where?" ev - er, "Where?" In spir - it - voice the an-swer comes:
fragt der Seuf - zer wo? im - mer: wo? Im Gei - ster-hauch tönt's mir zu - rück
ppp
"There, where thou art not, there is thy rest!"
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!"
fp

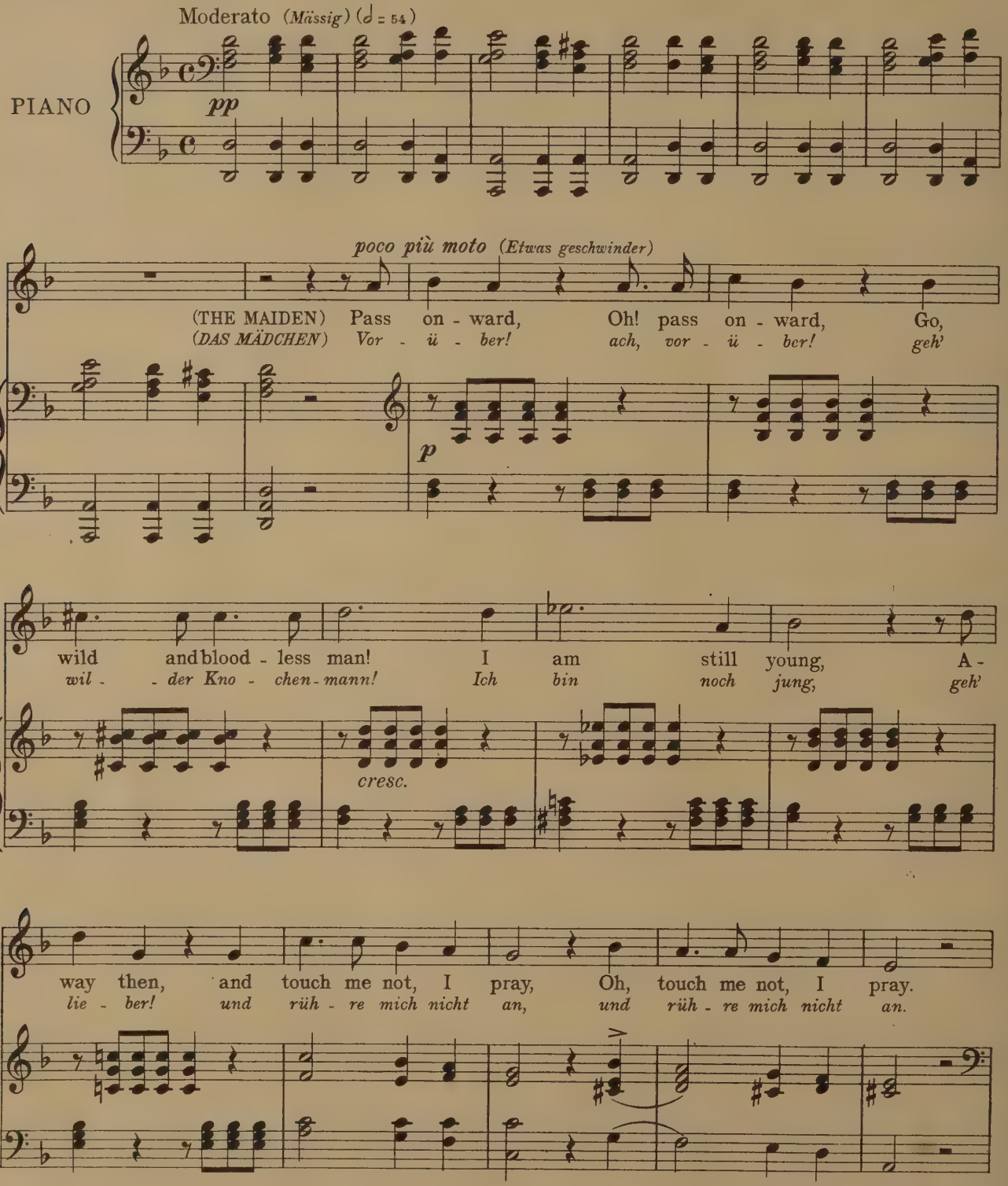
DEATH AND THE MAIDEN
(DER TOD UND DAS MÄDCHEN)

(Composed in 1817)

(Original Key)

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS (1743-1815)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 7, No 3


Moderato (Mässig) (♩ = 54)
PIANO
pp
poco più moto (Etwas geschwinder)
(THE MAIDEN) Pass on - ward, Oh! pass on - ward, Go,
(DAS MÄDCHEN) Vor - ü - ber! ach, vor - ü - ber! geh'
p
wild and blood - less man! I am still young, A -
wil - der Kno - chen - mann! Ich bin noch jung, geh'
cresc.
way then, and touch me not, I pray, Oh, touch me not, I pray.
lie - ber! und rüh - re mich nicht an, und rüh - re mich nicht an.

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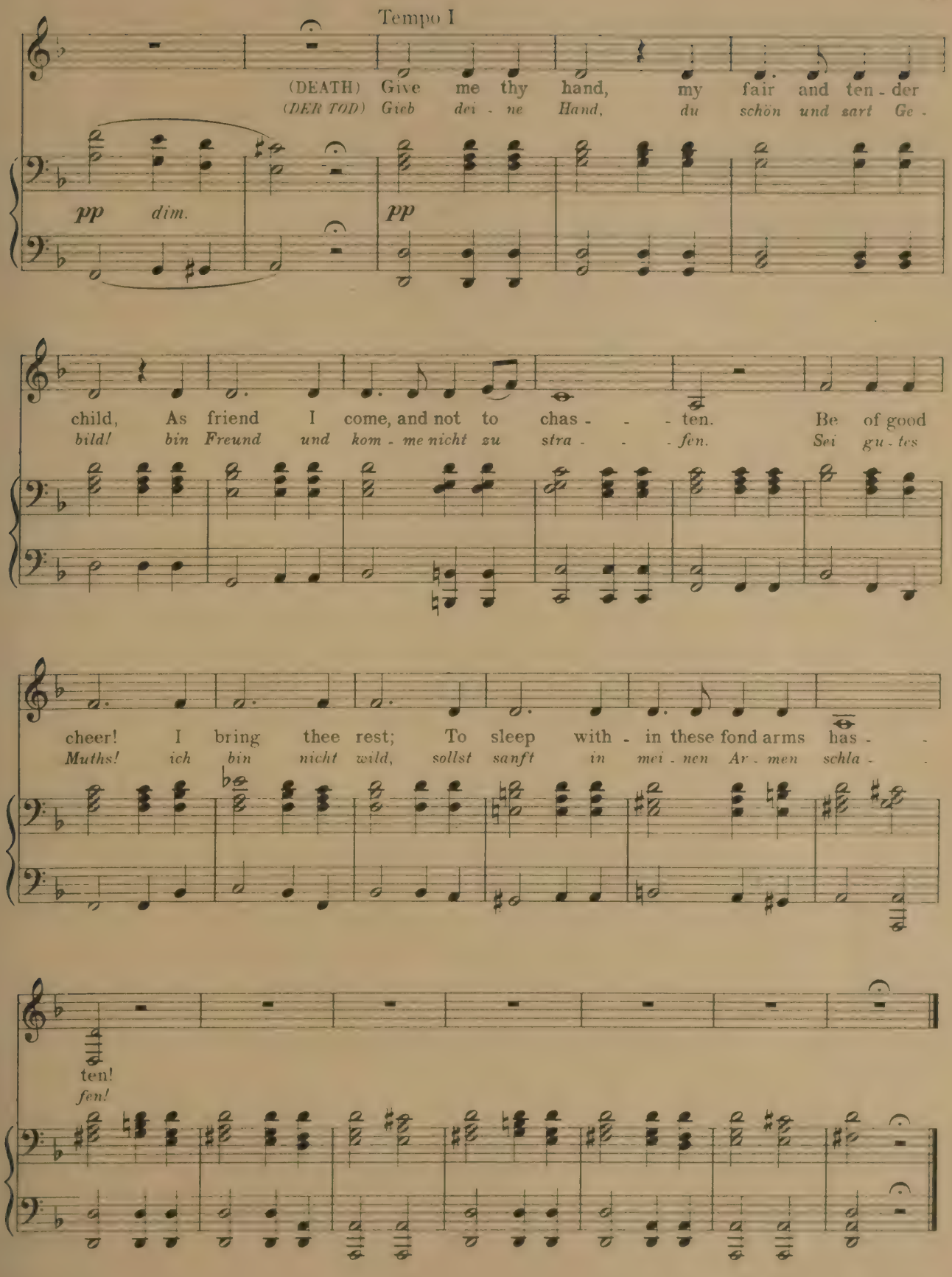

Tempo I
(DEATH) Give me thy hand, my fair and ten - der
(DER TOD) Gieb dei - ne Hand, du schön und zart Ge -
pp dim.
pp
child, As friend I come, and not to chas - - - ten. Be of good
bild! bin Freund und kom - me nicht zu stra - - - fen. Sei gu - tes
cheer! I bring thee rest; To sleep with - in these fond arms has - -
Muths! ich bin nicht wild, sollst sanft in mei - nen Ar - men schla - -
ten!
fen!

MY PEACE THOU ART

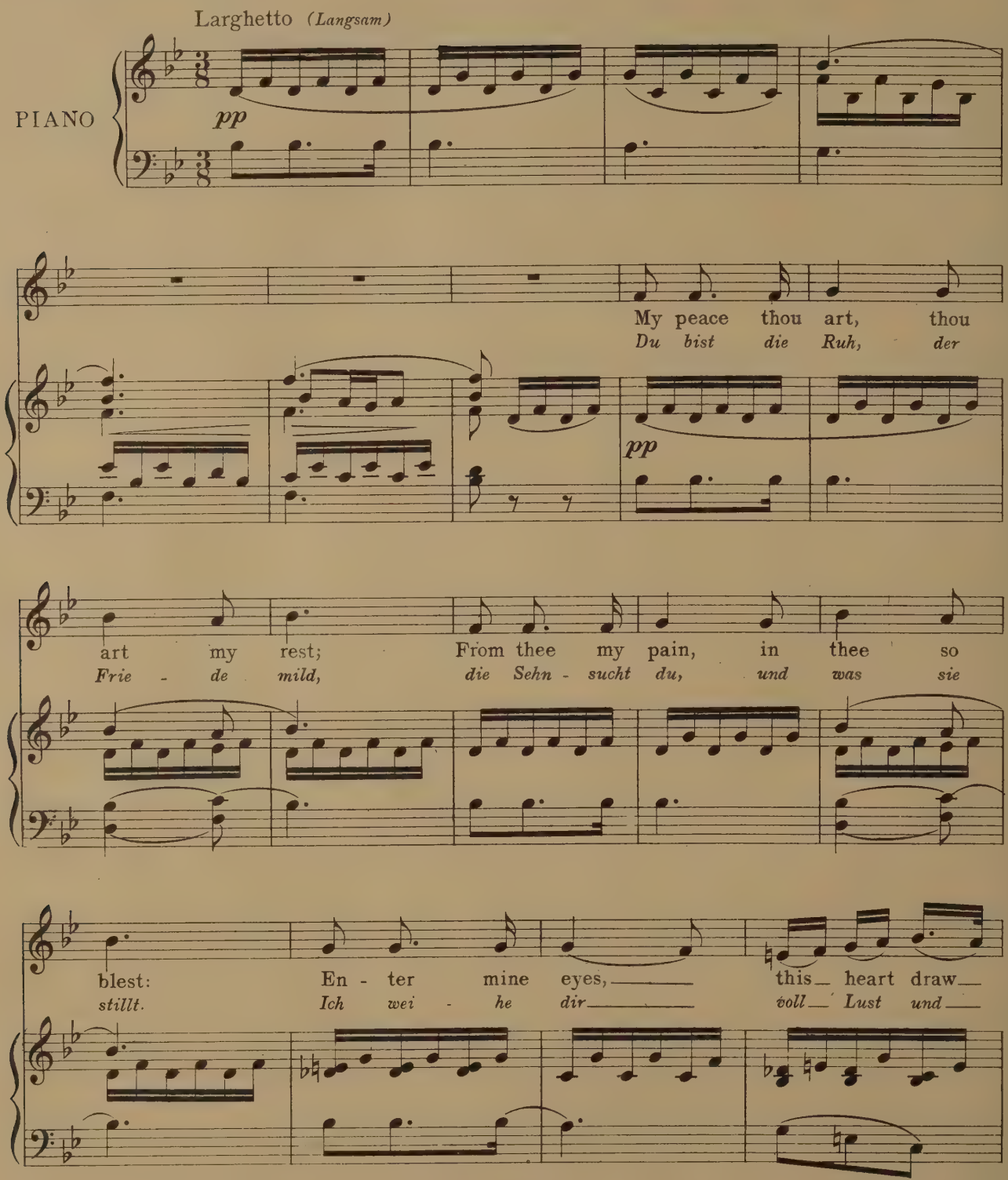
(DU BIST DIE RUH)

(Composed in 1823)

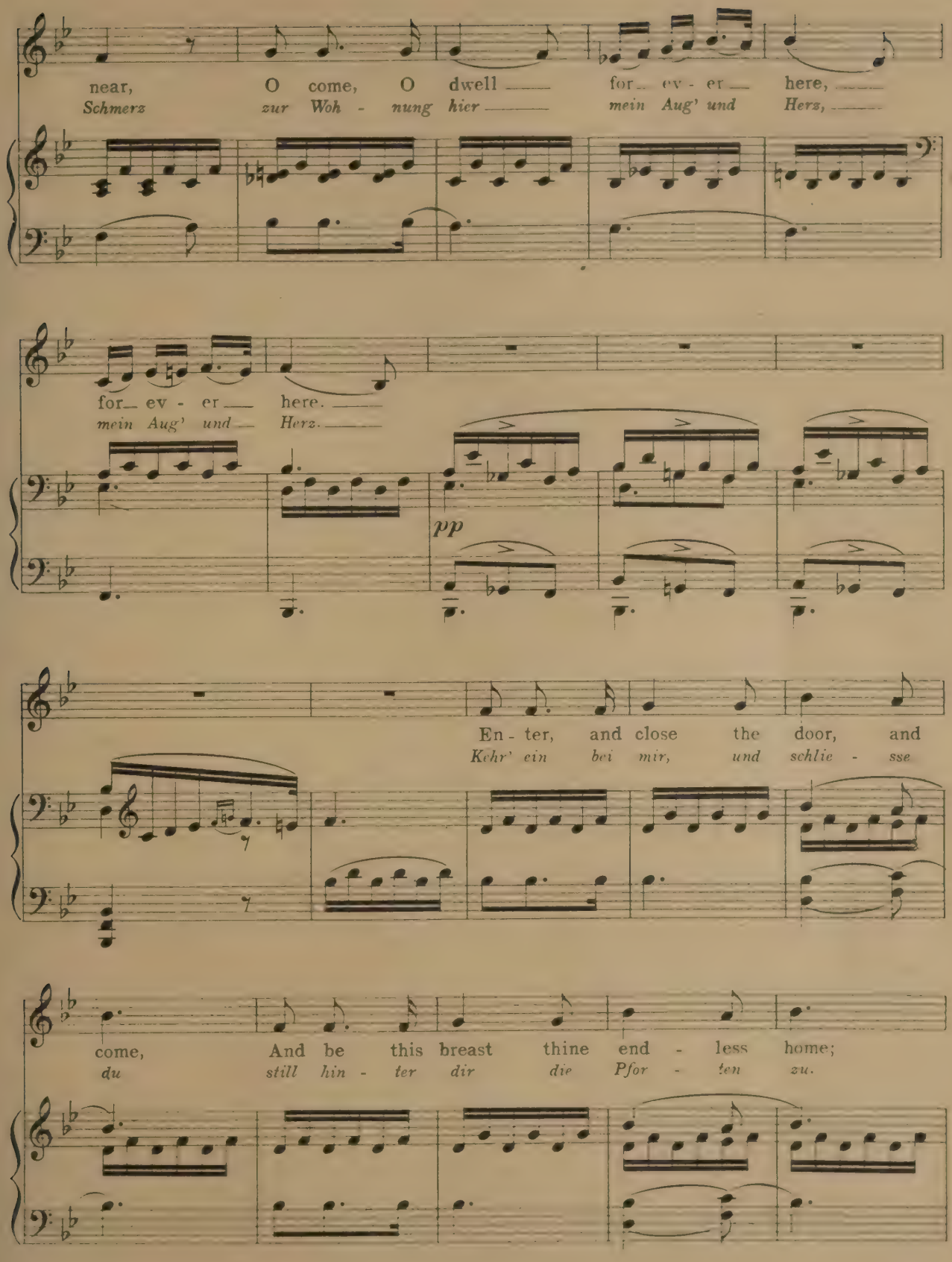
(Original Key, E♭)

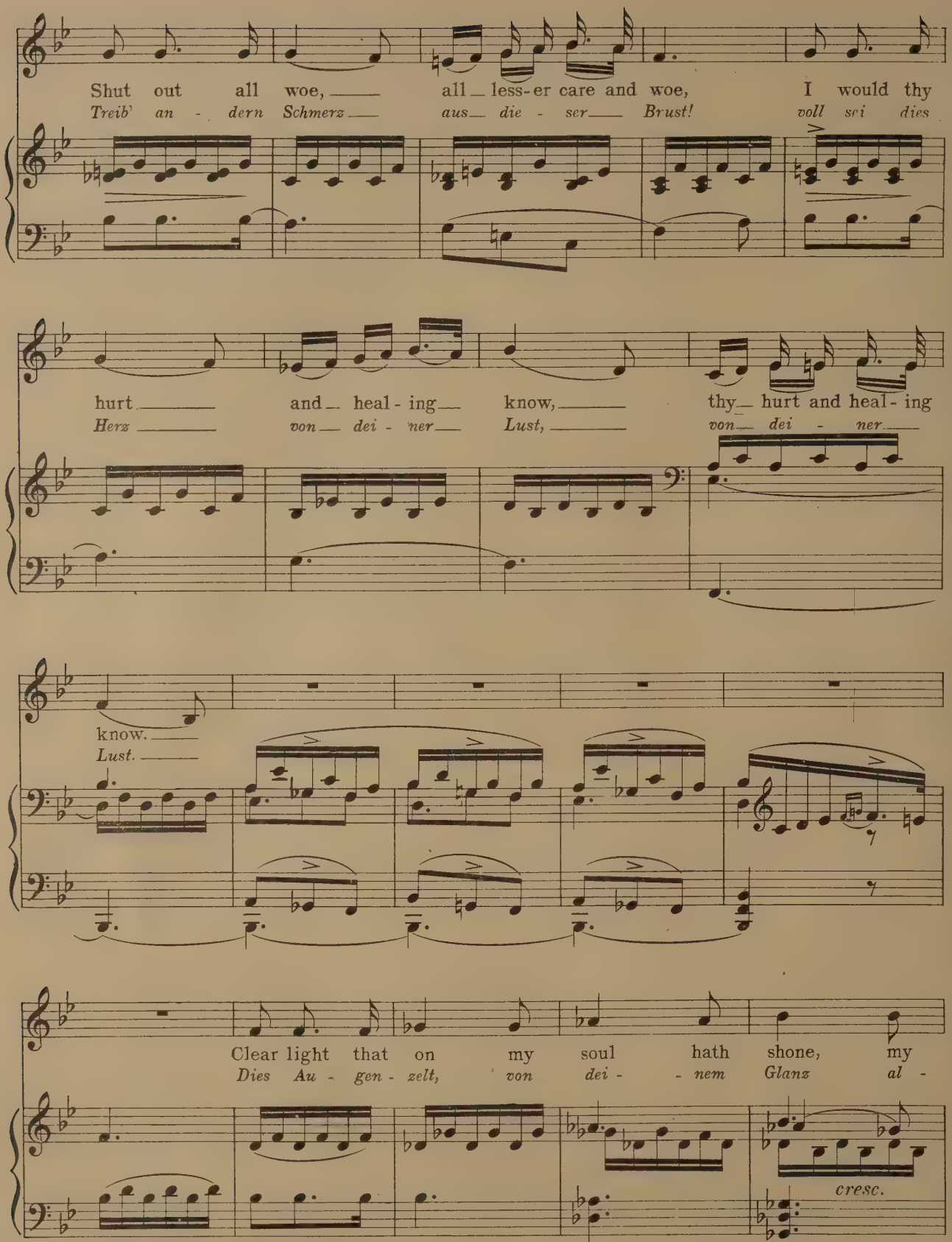
FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by Edward Rowland Sill

FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 59, No 3


Larghetto (Langsam)
PIANO
pp
My peace thou art, thou
Du bist die Ruh, der
pp
art my rest; From thee my pain, in thee so
Frie - de mild, die Sehn - sucht du, und was sie
blest: En - ter mine eyes, this heart draw
stillt. Ich wei - he dir voll Lust und

English words used by permission


near, O come, O dwell for- ev - er here,
Schmerz zur Woh - nung hier mein Aug' und Herz,
for- ev - er here.
mein Aug' und Herz.
pp
En - ter, and close the door, and
Kehr' ein bei mir, und schlie - sse
come, And be this breast thine end - less home;
du still hin - ter dir die Pfor - ten zu.


Shut out all woe, all less-er care and woe, I would thy
Treib' an - dern Schmerz aus die - ser Brust! voll sei dies
hurt and heal - ing know, thy hurt and heal - ing
Herz von dei - ner Lust, von dei - ner
know.
Lust.
Clear light that on my soul hath shone, my
Dies Au - gen - zelt, von dei - nem Glanz al -
cresc.

soul hath shone, Still let it shine from thee a -
lein er - hellt, o füll' es ganz, o füll' es

f pp

lone, Clear light that on my
ganz! Dies Au - gen - zelt, von

pp

soul hath shone, my soul hath shone, Still let it
dei - nem Glanz al - lein er - hellt, o füll' es

cresc. f pp

shine from thee a - lone.
ganz, o füll' es ganz!

* According to the original edition The original MS. has not been found.

AVE MARIA

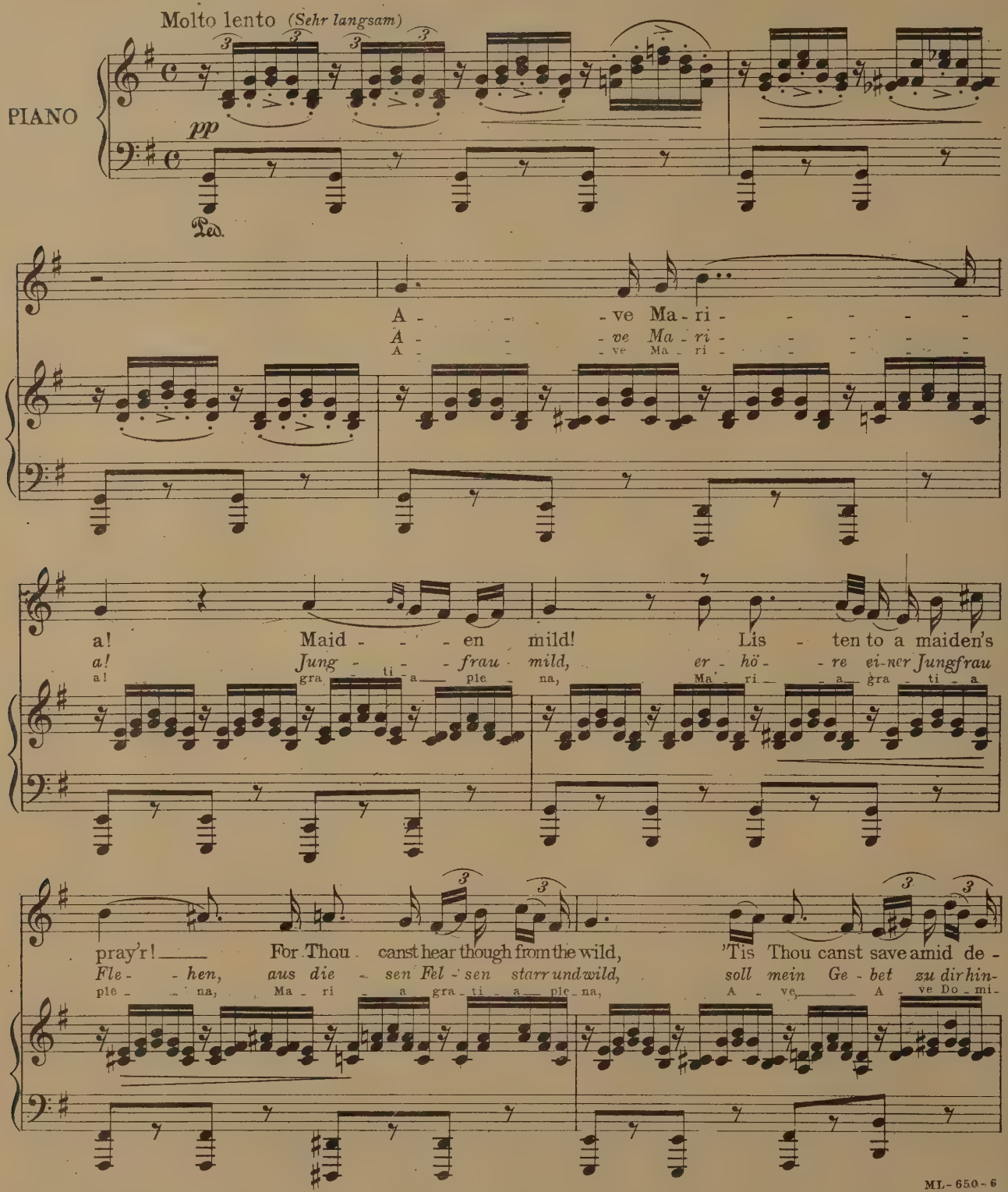
(HYMNE AN DIE JUNGFRAU)

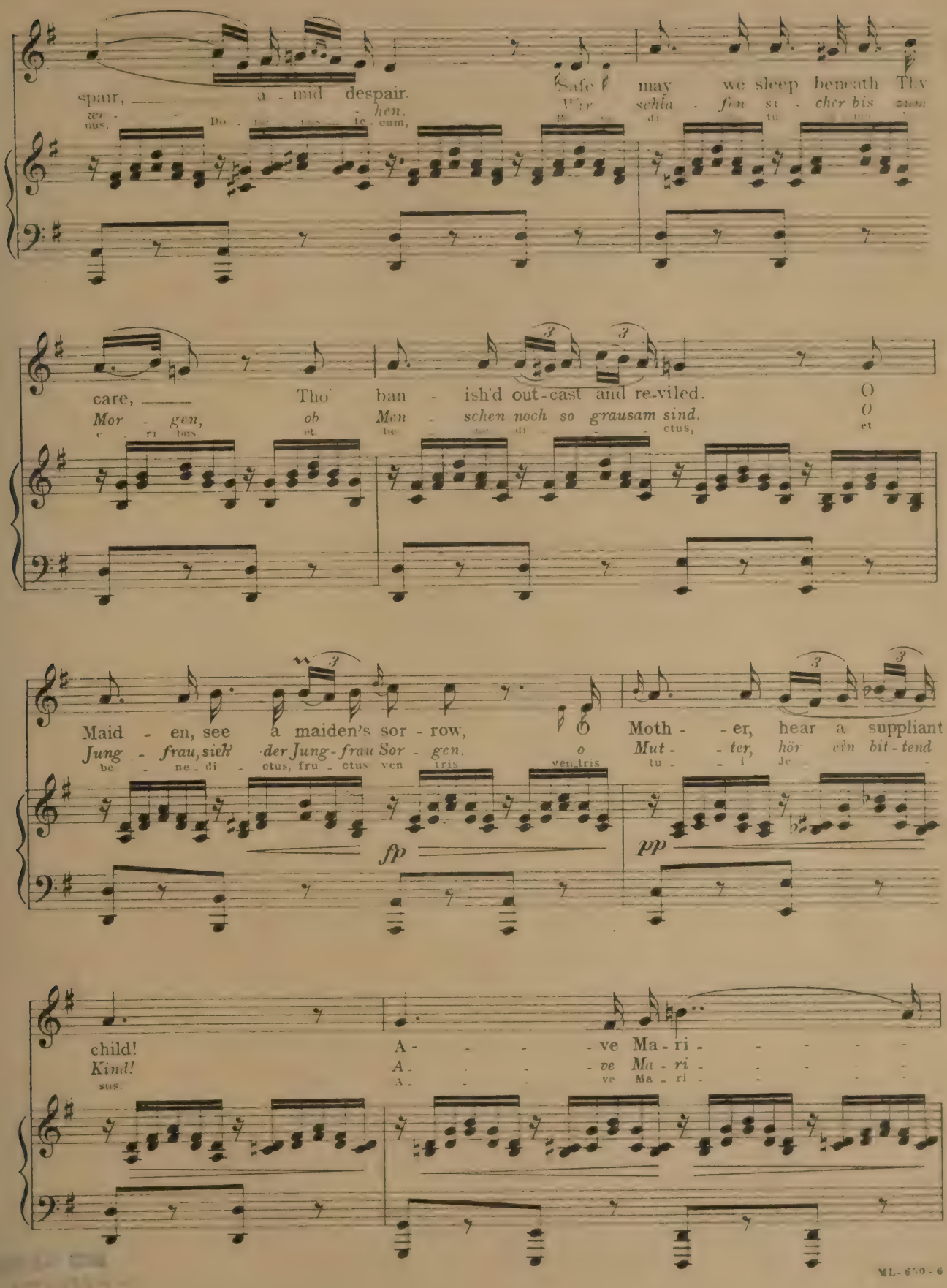
(Composed in 1825)

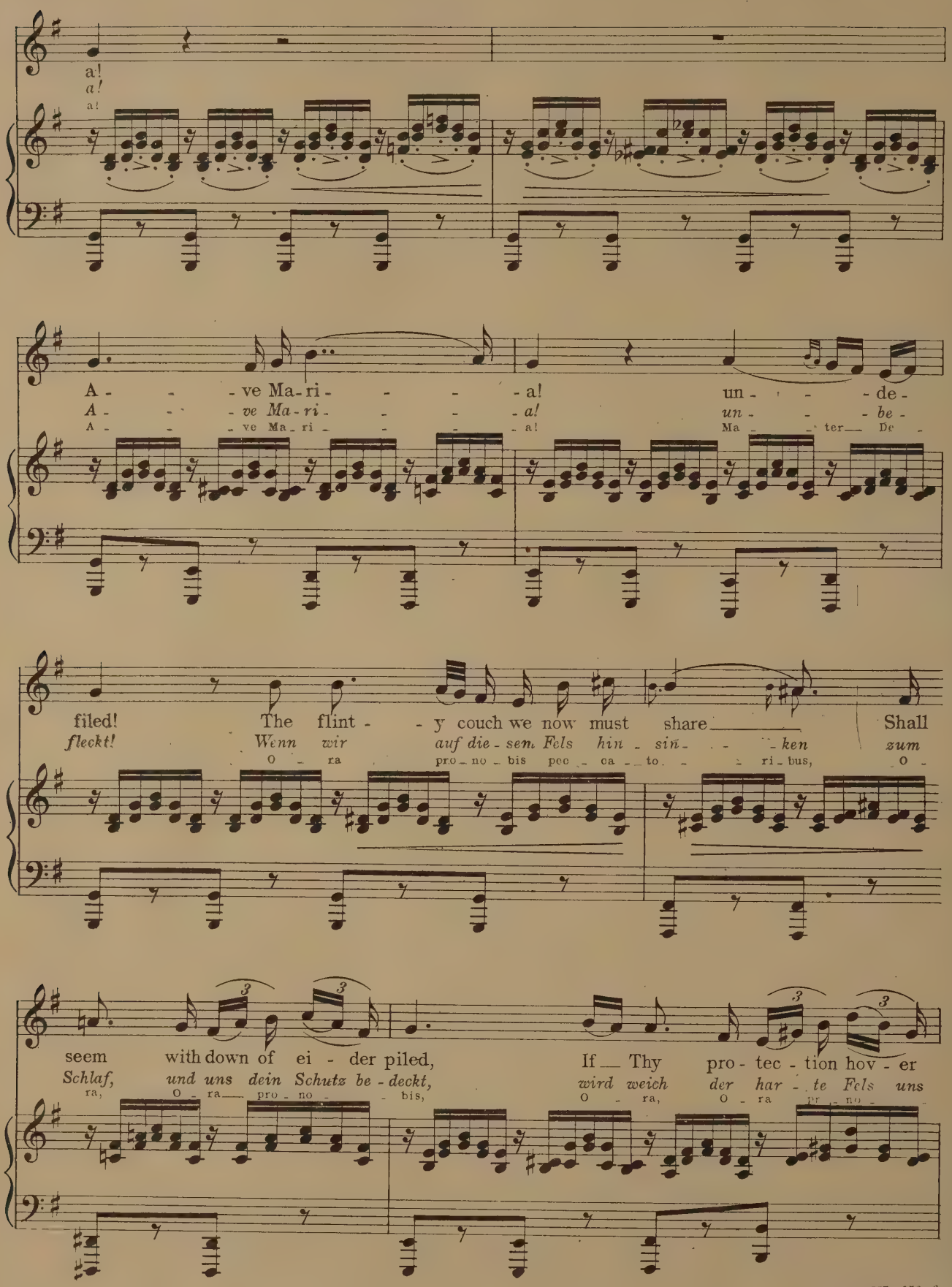
(Original Key, B♭)

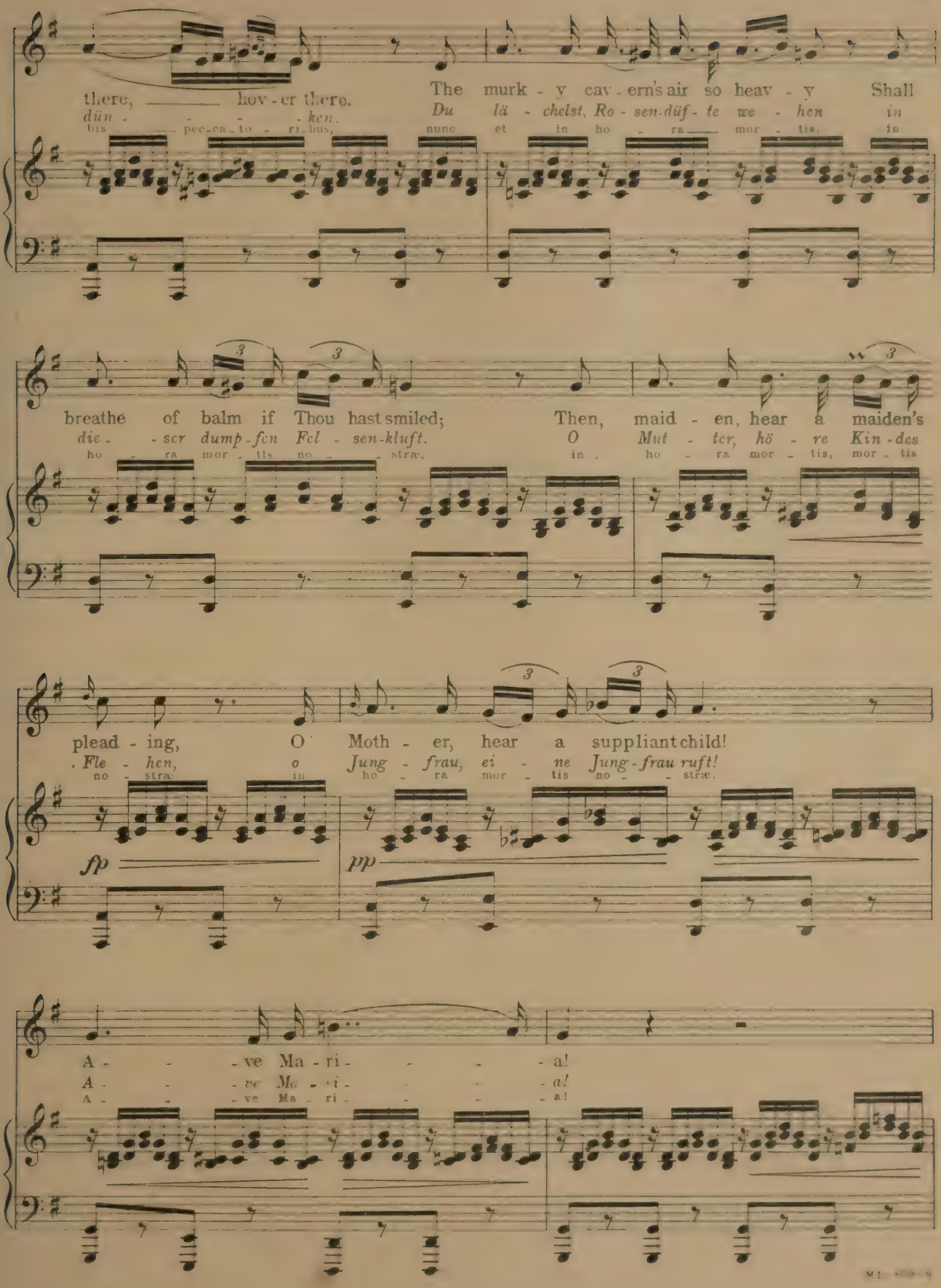
"The Lady of the Lake"
SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)
German text by Dr. Adam Storck

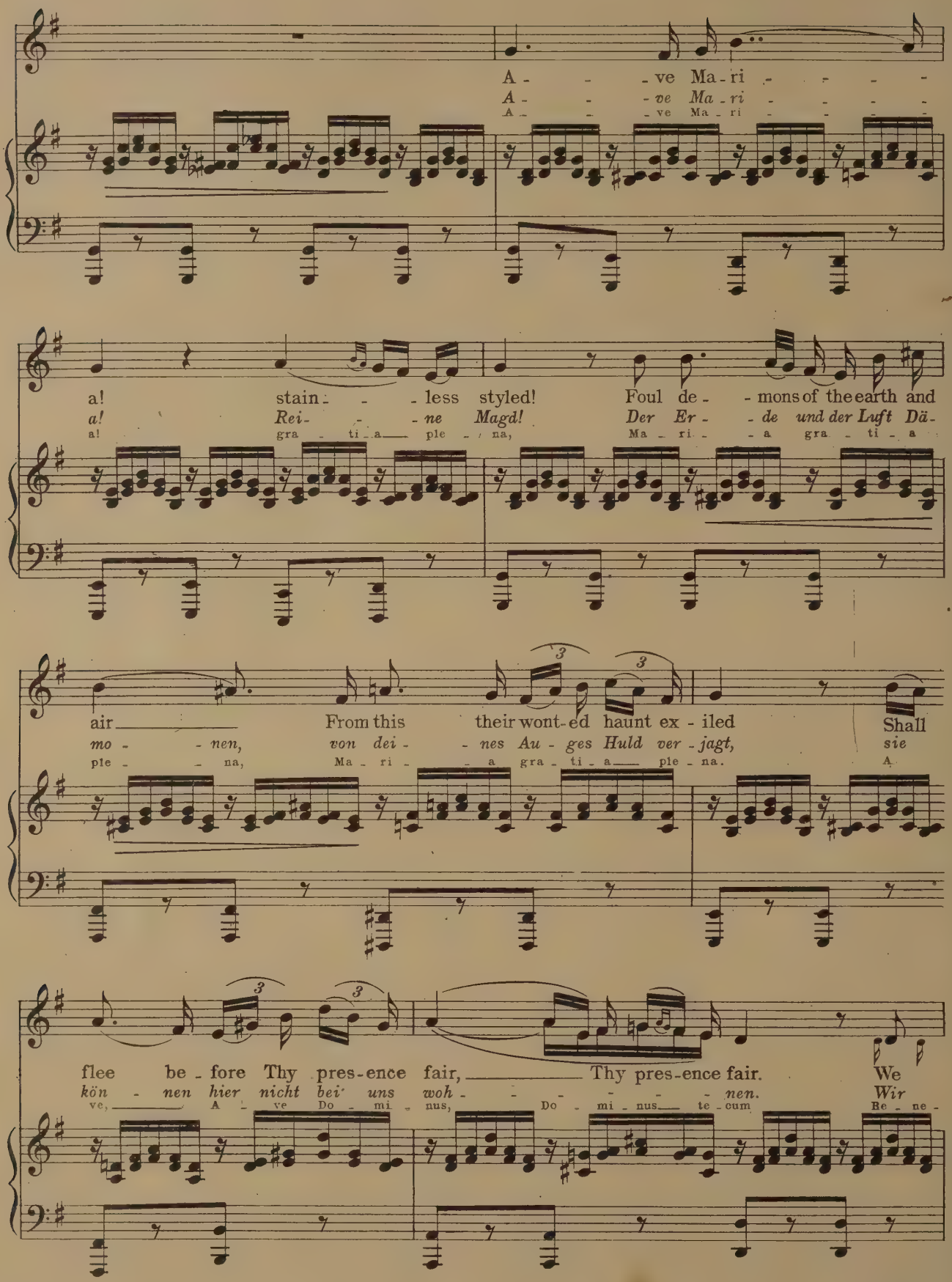
FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 52, № 6

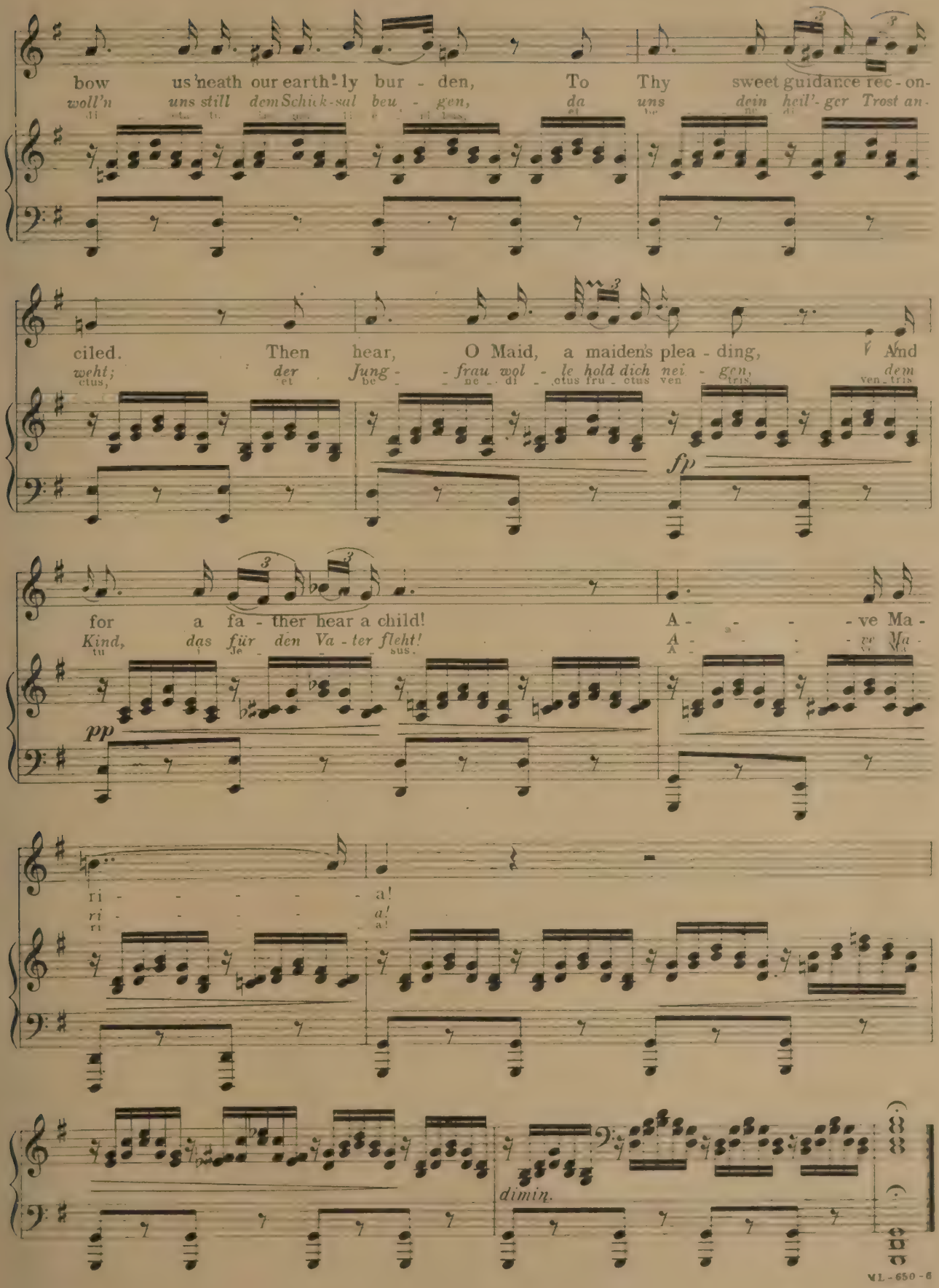

Molto lento (Sehr langsam)
PIANO
pp
Ped.
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - - -
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - - -
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - - -
a! Maid - - - en mild! Lis - ten to a maiden's
a! Jung - - - frau mild, er - hö - re ei-ner Jungfrau
a! gra - ti - a ple - na, Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a
pray'r! For Thou - canst hear though from the wild, 'Tis Thou canst save amid de -
Fle - - hen, aus die - sen Fel - sen starr und wild, soll mein Ge - bet zu dir hin-
ple - na, Ma - ri - a gra - ti - a ple - na, A - ve, A - ve Do - mi-


spair, a - mid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath Thy
Do - mi - ne, ne - cum,
Wir schla - fen si - cher bis zum
care, Tho' ban - ish'd out-cast and re-viled.
O
Mor - gen, ob Men - schen noch so grausam sind.
et
Maid - en, see a maiden's sor - row,
Moth - - er, hear a suppliant
Jung - frau, sieh' der Jung-frau Sor - gen,
Mut - - ter, hör ein bit-tend
be - ne - di - ctus, fru - ctus ven - tris
o ven-tris
tu - - i Je -
fp
pp
child!
A - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - -
Kind!
A - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - -
A - - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - -


a!
a!
a!
A - - - ve Ma-ri - - - - a! un - - - - de -
A - - - ve Ma-ri - - - - a! un - - - be -
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - a! Ma - - - ter De -
filed! The flint - - y couch we now must share Shall
fleckt! Wenn wir auf die - sem Fels hin - sin - - - ken zum
O - ra pro - no - bis pec - ca - to - - - ri - bus, O -
seem with down of ei - der piled, If Thy pro - tec - tion hov - er
Schlaf, und uns dein Schutz be - deckt, wird weich der har - te Fels uns
ra, O - ra pro - no - - - bis, O - ra, O - ra pr - no -


there, hov - er there.
dün - - - - ken.
bus pec-ca-to - ri-bus,
The murk - y cav - ern's air so heav - y Shall
Du lä - chelst, Ro - sen-düf - te we - hen in
nunc et in ho - ra mor - tis, in
breathe of balm if Thou hast smiled;
die - ser dump-fen Fel - sen-kluft.
ho - ra mor - tis no - - stræ,
Then, maid - en, hear a maiden's
O Mut - ter, hö - re Kin - des
in ho - ra mor - tis, mor - tis
plead - ing, O Moth - er, hear a suppliant child!
Fle - hen, o Jung - frau, ei - ne Jung-frau ruft!
no - stræ in ho - ra mor - tis no - - stræ.
fp
pp
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - a!
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - a!
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - - a!


A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - -
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - -
A - - - ve Ma - ri - - - -
a! stain - - - less styled! Foul de - - mons of the earth and
a! Rei - - - ne Magd! Der Er - - de und der Luft Dä -
a! gra - ti - a ple - na, Ma - ri - - a gra - ti - a
air From this their wont-ed haunt ex - iled Shall
mo - - nen, von dei - - nes Au - ges Huld ver - jagt, sie
ple - - na, Ma - ri - - a gra - ti - a ple - na. A
flee be - fore Thy pres-ence fair, Thy pres-ence fair. We
kön - nen hier nicht bei' uns woh - - - - - nen. Wir
ve, A - ve Do - mi - nus, Do - mi - nus te - cum Be - ne -


bow us 'neath our earth-ly bur - den, To Thy sweet guidance rec - on-
woll'n uns still dem Schick-sal beu - gen, da uns dein heil'-ger Trost an-
ciled. Then hear, O Maid, a maiden's plea - ding, And
weht; der Jung - frau wol - le hold dich nei - gen, dem
fp
for a fa - ther hear a child! A - - - ve Ma -
Kind, das für den Va - ter fleht! A - - - ve Ma -
pp
ri - - - - - a!
ri - - - - - a!
dimin.

HARK! HARK! THE LARK

(HORCH, HORCH, DIE LERCH!)

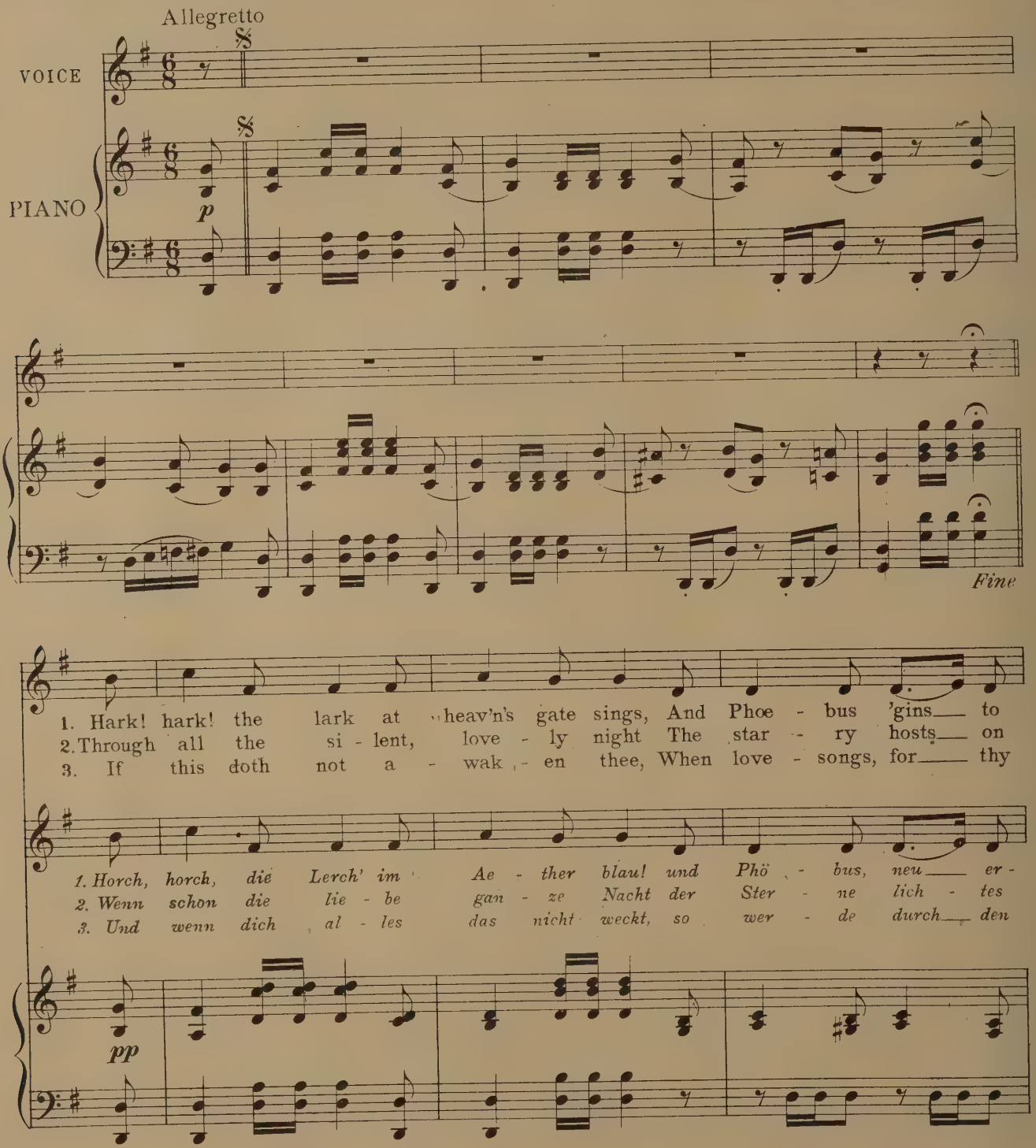
(Serenade from "Cymbeline")

(Composed in 1826)

(*Original Key, C*)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564 - 1616)
German of first verse by A. W. Schlegel
Second and third German verses added by Fr. Reil, and
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

FRANZ SCHUBERT (Posthumous)
(1797 - 1828)


Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
p
Fine
1. Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ - bus 'gins to
2. Through all the si - lent, love - ly night The star - ry hosts on
3. If this doth not a - wak - en thee, When love - songs, for thy
1. Horch, horch, die Lerch' im Ae - ther blau! und Phö - bus, neu er -
2. Wenn schon die lie - be gan - ze Nacht der Ster - ne lich - tes
3. Und wenn dich al - les das nicht weckt, so wer - de durch den
pp

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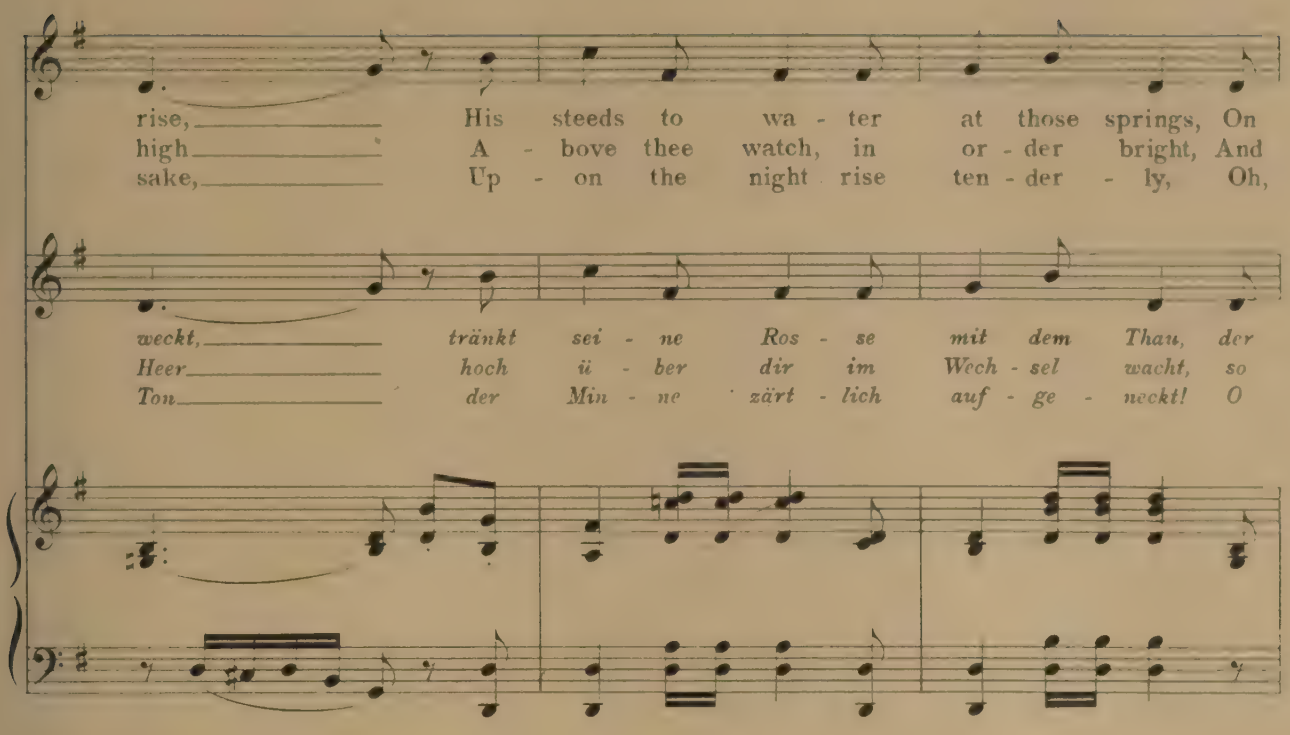
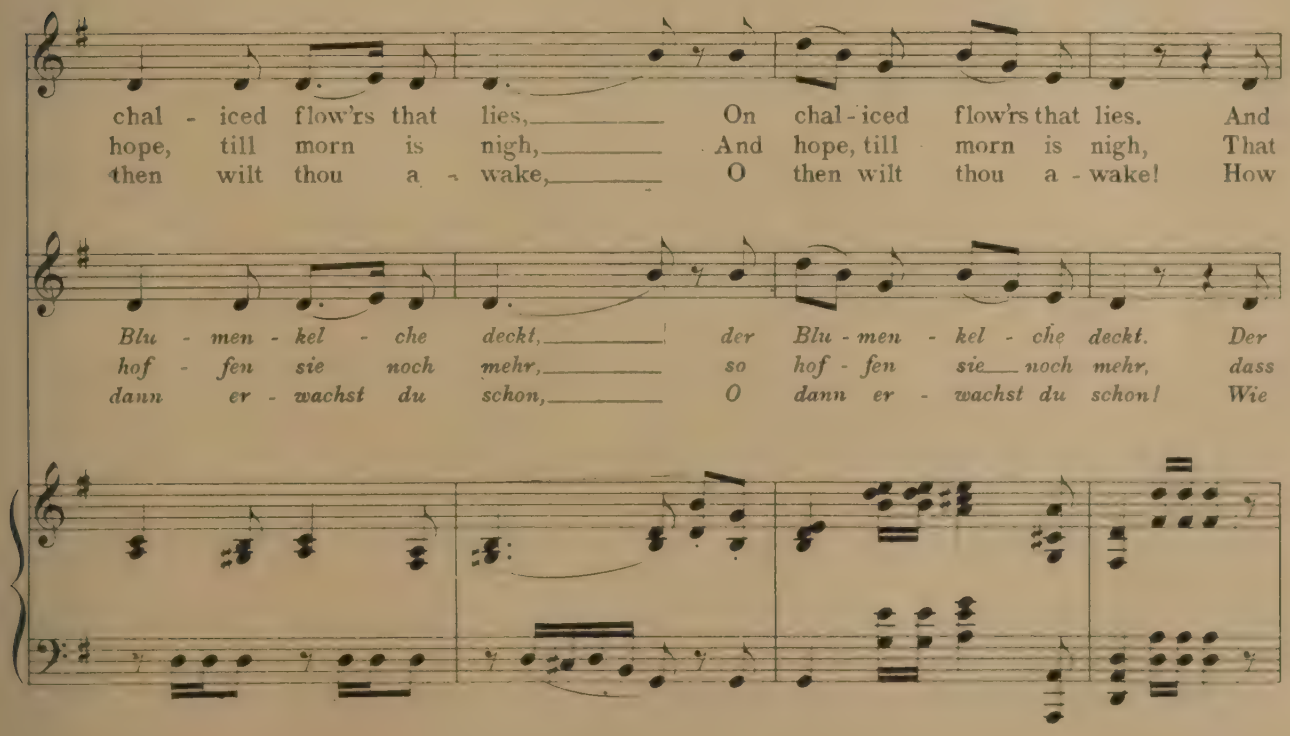
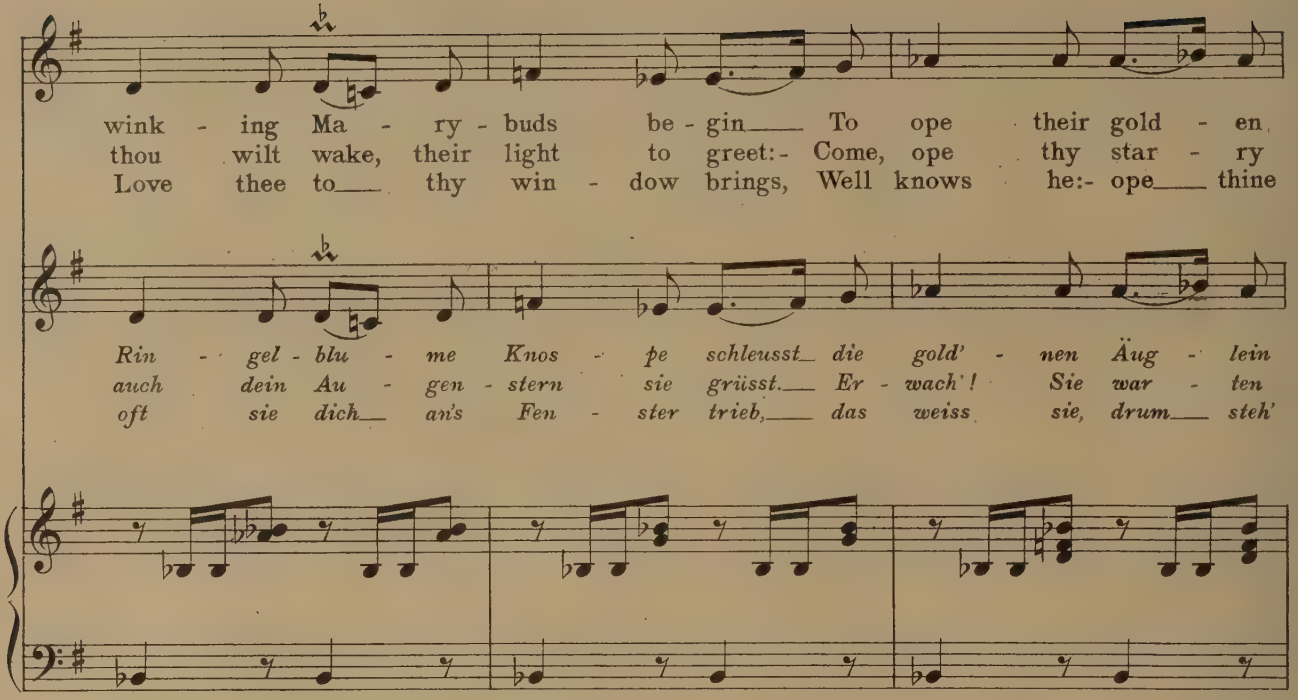
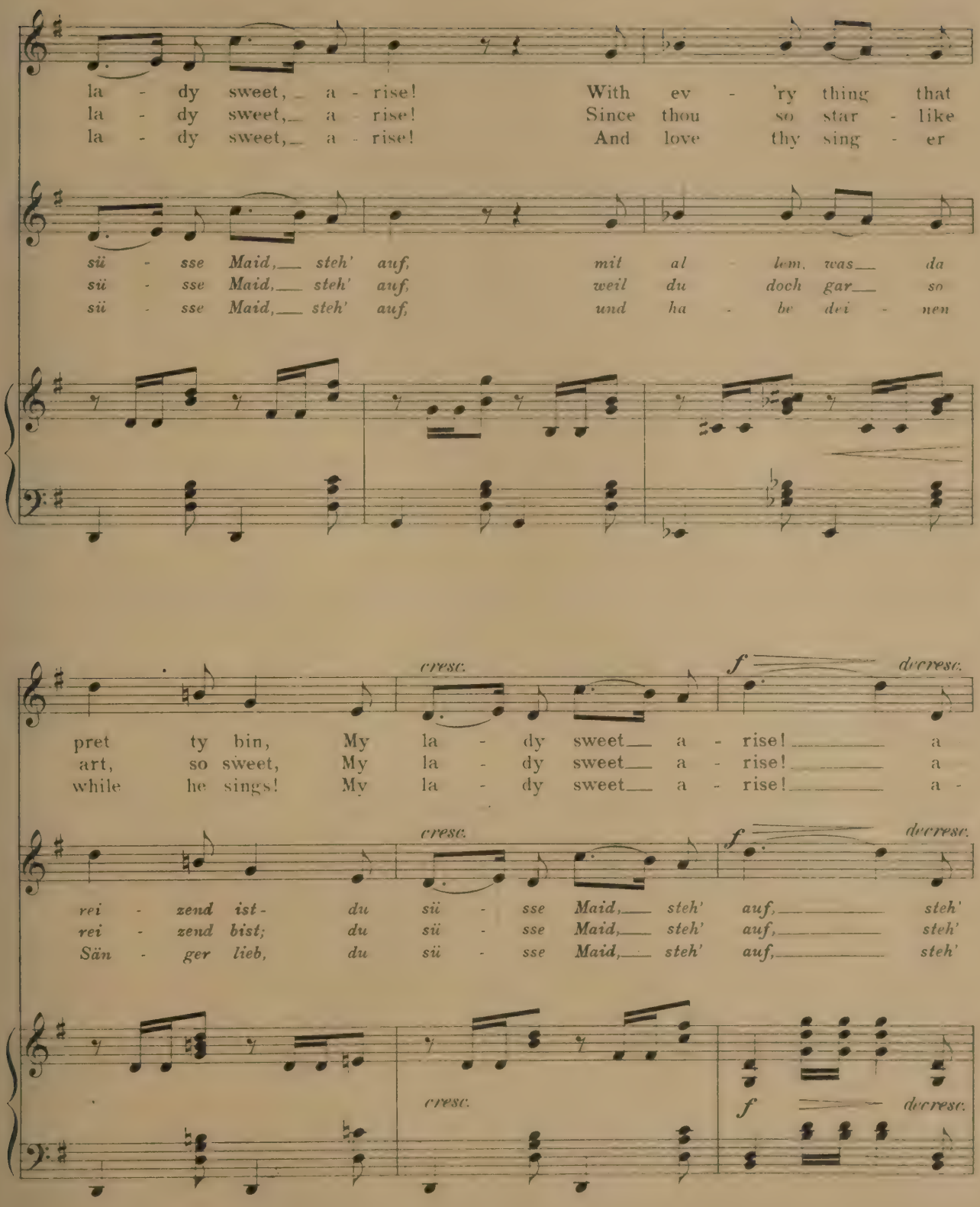
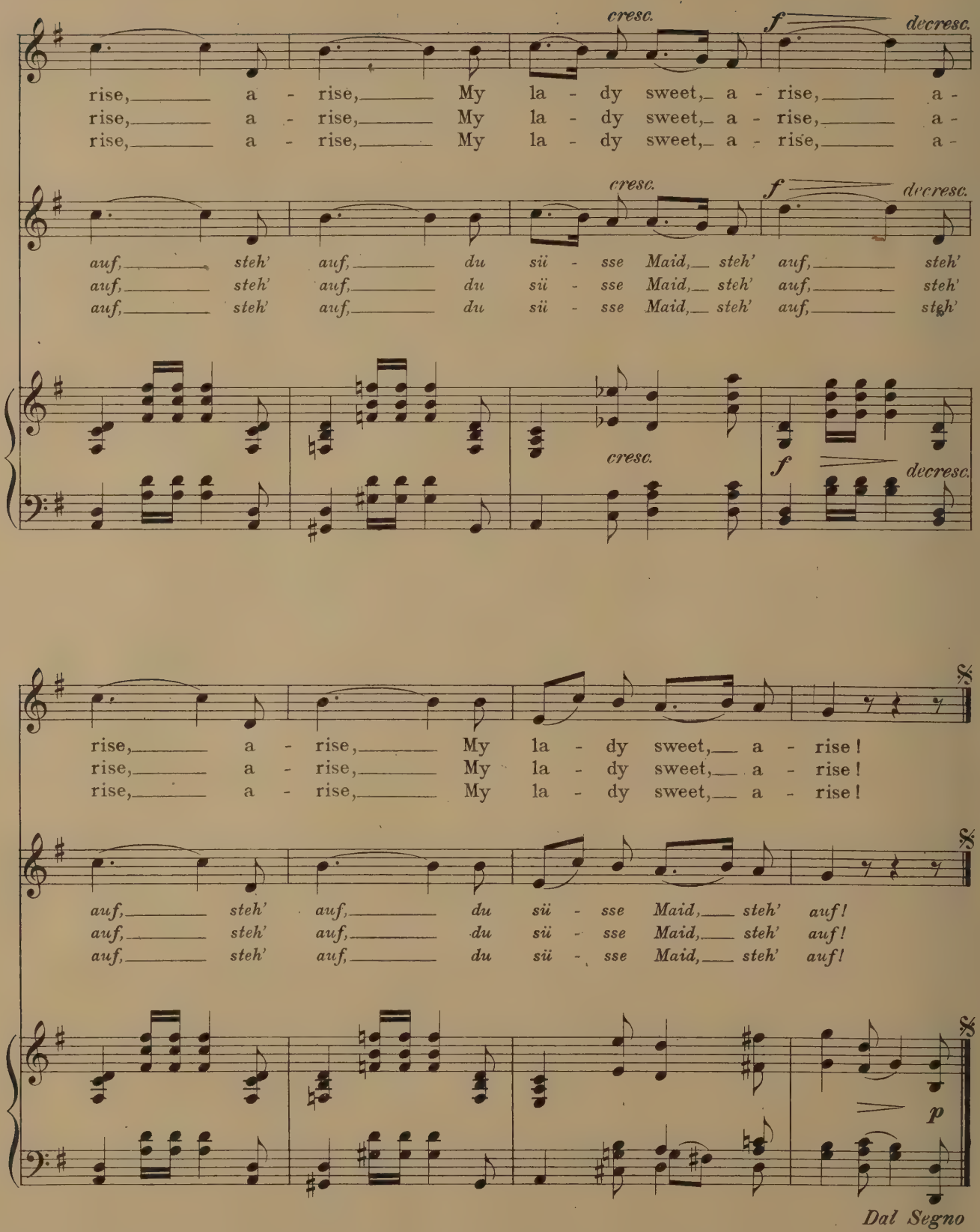

rise, His steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On
high A - bove thee watch, in or - der bright, And
sake, Up - on the night rise ten - der - ly, Oh,
weckt, tränkt sei - ne Ros - se mit dem Thau, der
Heer hoch ü - ber dir im Wech - sel wacht, so
Ton der Min - ne zärt - lich auf - ge - weckt! O


chal - iced flow'rs that lies, On chal - iced flow'rs that lies. And
hope, till morn is nigh, And hope, till morn is nigh, That
then wilt thou a - wake, O then wilt thou a - wake! How
Blu - men - kel - che deckt, der Blu - men - kel - che deckt. Der
hof - fen sie noch mehr, so hof - fen sie noch mehr, dass
dann er - wachst du schon, O dann er - wachst du schon! Wie


wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold - en
thou wilt wake, their light to greet:- Come, ope thy star - ry
Love thee to thy win - dow brings, Well knows he:- ope thine
Rin - gel - blu - me Knos - pe schleusst die gold' - nen Äug - lein
auch dein Au - gen - stern sie grüsst. Er - wach'! Sie war - ten
oft sie dich an's Fen - ster trieb, das weiss sie, drum steh'

eyes, With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty bin, My
eyes! Since thou so star - like art, so sweet, My
eyes, And love thy sing - er while he sings! My
auf; mit al - lem, was da rei - zend ist- du
drauf, weil du doch gar so rei - zend bist; du
auf, und ha - be dei - nen Sän - ger lieb, du


la - dy sweet, a - rise! With ev - 'ry thing that
la - dy sweet, a - rise! Since thou so star - like
la - dy sweet, a - rise! And love thy sing - er
sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, mit al - lem, was da
sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, weil du doch gar so
sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, und ha - be dei - nen
cresc.
f
decresc.
pret ty bin, My la - dy sweet a - rise! a
art, so sweet, My la - dy sweet a - rise! a
while he sings! My la - dy sweet a - rise! a -
rei - zend ist - du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, steh'
rei - zend bist; du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, steh'
Sän - ger lieb, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, steh'


cresc.
f
decresc.
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, a -
auf, steh' auf, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, steh'
auf, steh' auf, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, steh'
auf, steh' auf, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf, steh'
cresc.
f
decresc.
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
auf, steh' auf, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!
auf, steh' auf, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!
auf, steh' auf, du sü - sse Maid, steh' auf!
p
Dal Segno

WHO IS SYLVIA?

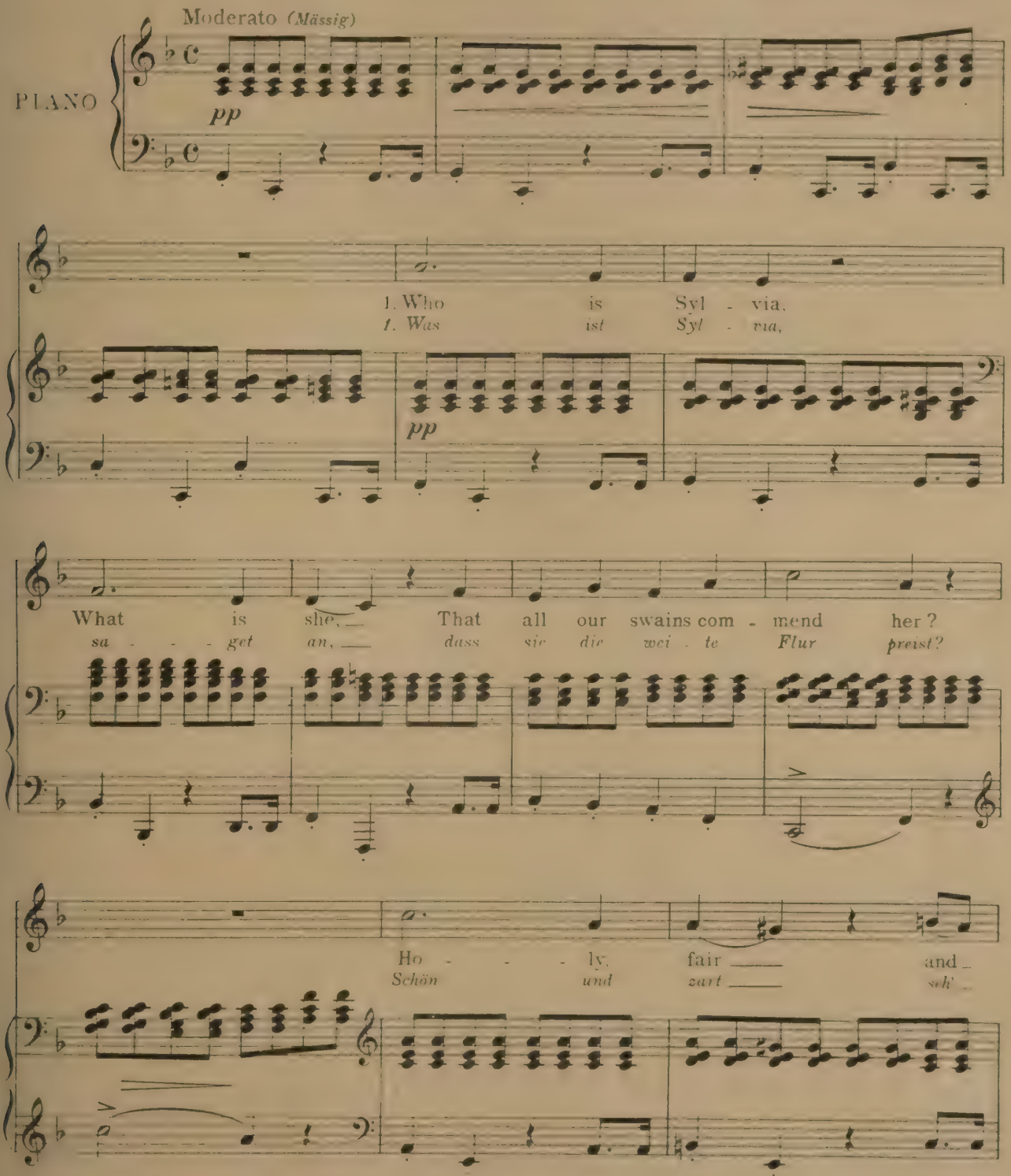
(WAS IST SYLVIA)

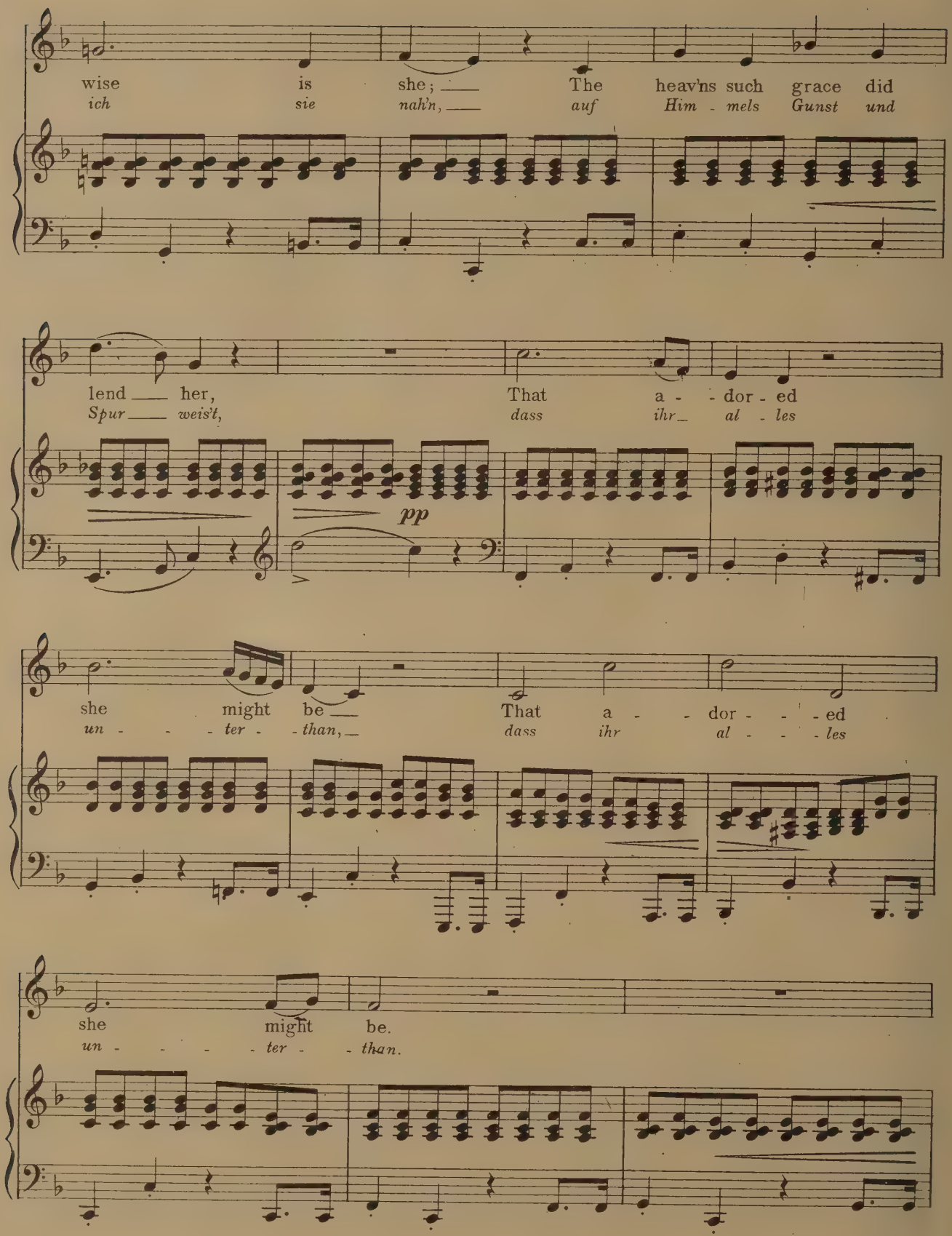
(Composed in 1826)

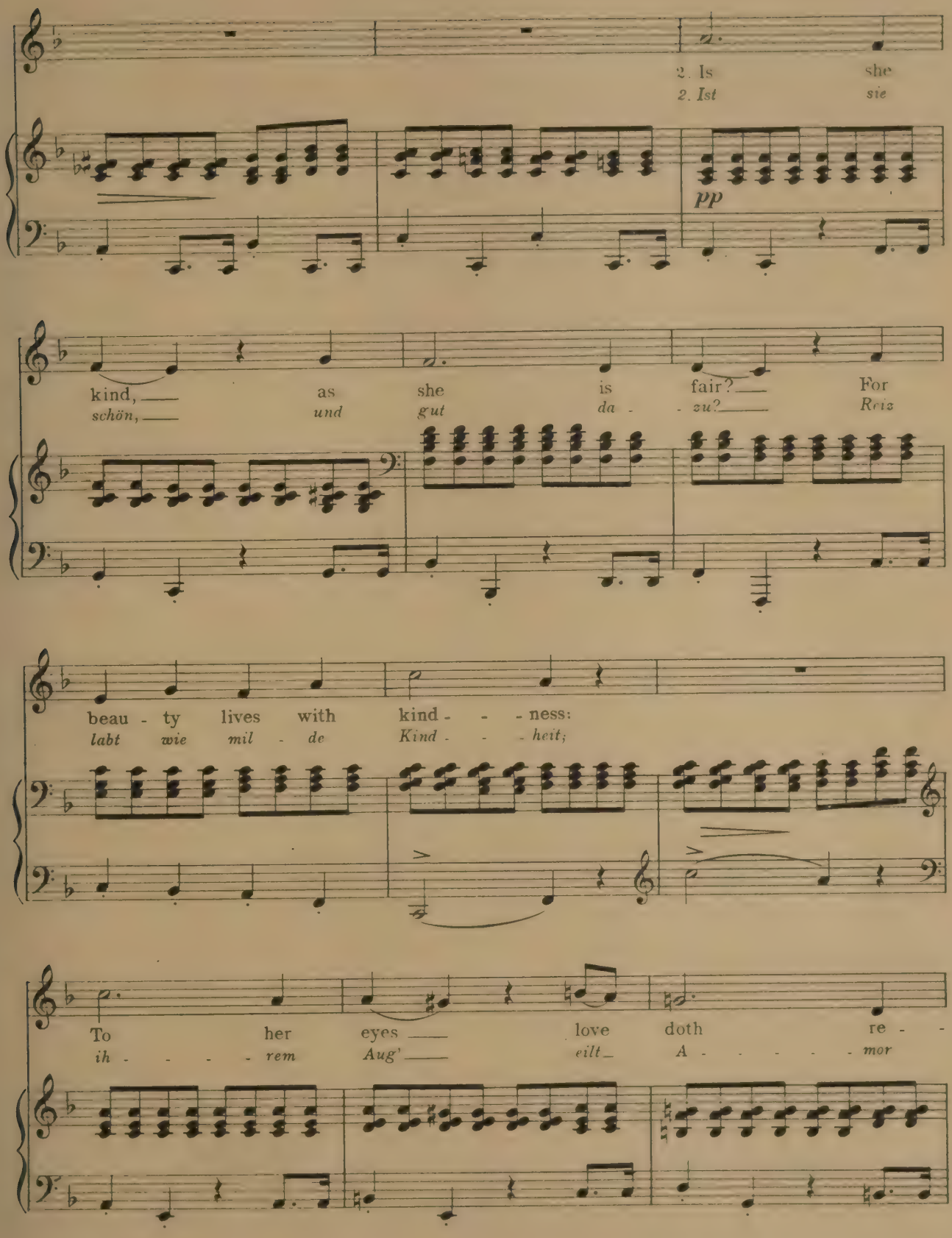
"The Two Gentlemen of Verona"
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564 - 1616)

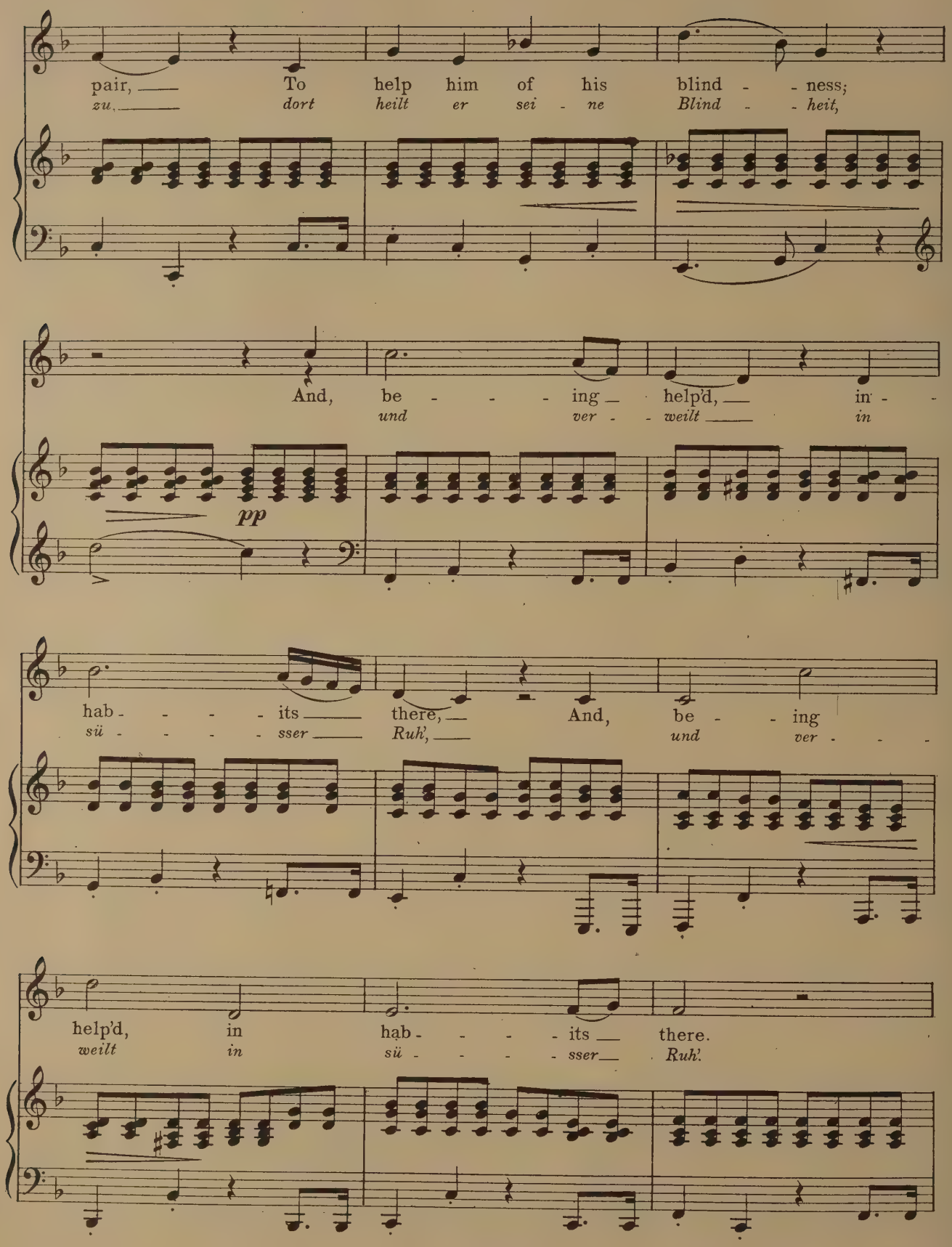
(Original Key, A)

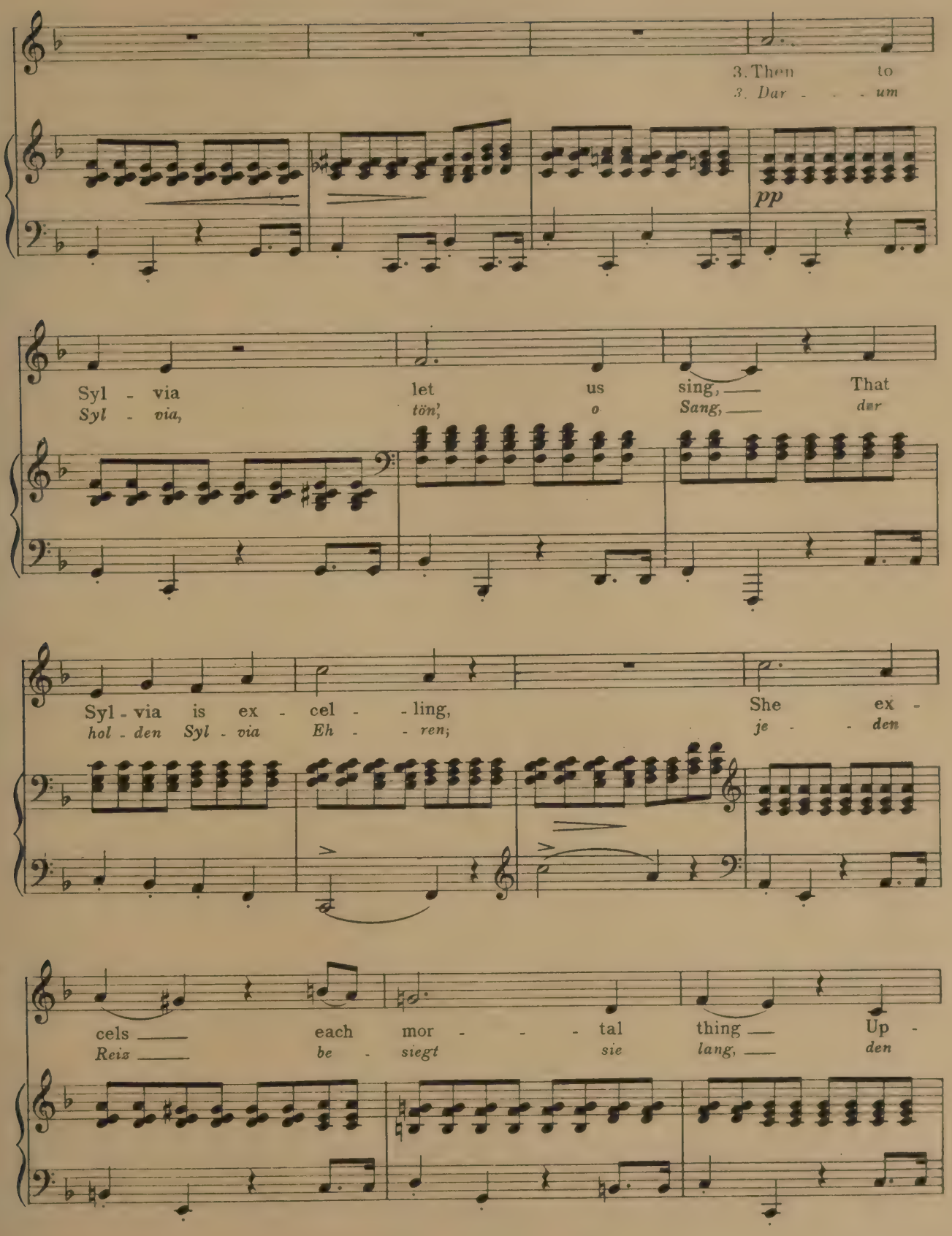
FRANZ SCHUBERT, Op. 106, No. 4

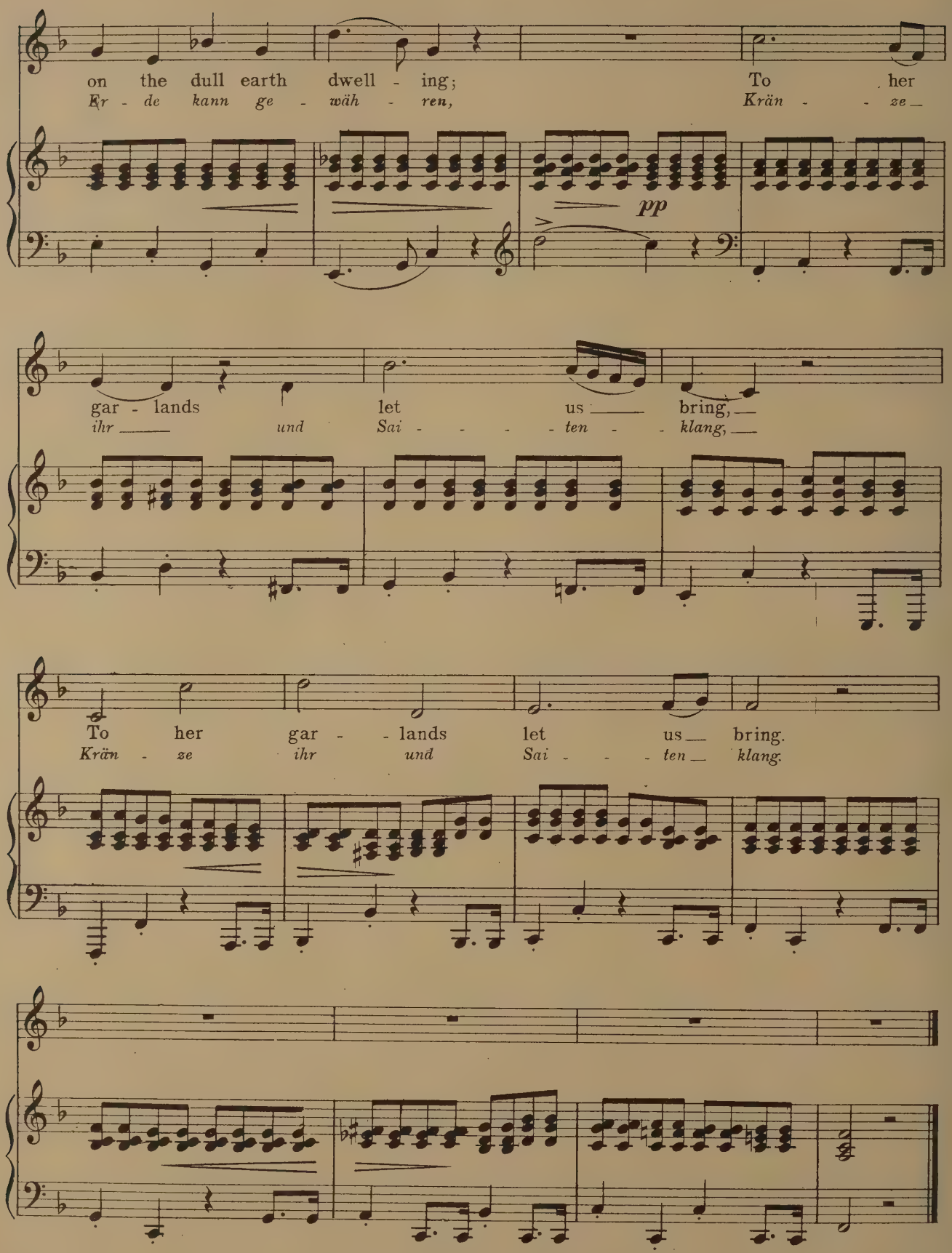

Moderato (Mässig)
PIANO
pp
1. Who is Syl - via,
1. Was ist Syl - via,
pp
What is she, That all our swains com - mend her?
sa - get an, dass sie die wei - te Flur preist?
Ho - ly, fair and
Schön und zart ein


wise is she; The heav'ns such grace did
ich sie nah'n, auf Him - mels Gunst und
lend her, That a - dor - ed
Spur weis't, dass ihr al - les
pp
she might be That a - dor - ed
un - ter - than, dass ihr al - les
she might be.
un - ter - than.


2. Is she
2. Ist sie
pp
kind, as she is fair? For
schön, und gut da - zu? Reiz
beau - ty lives with kind - - - ness:
labt wie mil - de Kind - - - heit;
To her eyes love doth re - -
ih - - - - rem Aug' eilt A - - - - - mor


pair, To help him of his blind - - ness;
zu, dort heilt er sei - ne Blind - - heit,
And, be - - - - ing help'd, in - -
und ver - - weilt in
pp
hab - - - - its there, And, be - - ing
sü - - - - sser Ruh', und ver - - -
help'd, in hab - - - - its there.
weilt in sü - - - - sser Ruh'.


3. Then to
3. Dar - - - um
pp
Syl - via let us sing, That
Syl - via, tön', o Sang, dar
Syl - via is ex - cel - - ling, She ex -
hol - den Syl - via Eh - - ren; je - - den
cels each mor - - - tal thing Up -
Reiz be - siegt sie lang, den


on the dull earth dwell - ing; To her
Er - de kann ge - wäh - ren, Krän - - ze
pp
gar - lands let us bring,
ihr und Sai - - - - ten - klang,
To her gar - - lands let us bring.
Krän - ze ihr und Sai - - - ten klang.

MY ABODE

(AUFENTHALT)

(Composed in 1828)

LUDWIG RELLSTAB (1799-1860)
Translated by Louis C. Elson

(Original Key, E Minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT
"Schwanengesang," No. 5

Not too quickly, yet with force *(Nicht zu geschwind, doch kräftig*

PIANO

p

Swift rush - ing stream, loud moaning wood, Rock bleak and scarred, my
Rau-schen - der Strom, brau-sen - der Wald star-ren - der Fels mein

wild a - bode, Swift rush-ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, Rock bleak and
Auf - ent - halt, rau-schen-der Strom, brau-sen - der Wald, star - ren - der

scarred, my wild a - bode.
Fels, mein Auf - ent - halt.

fp

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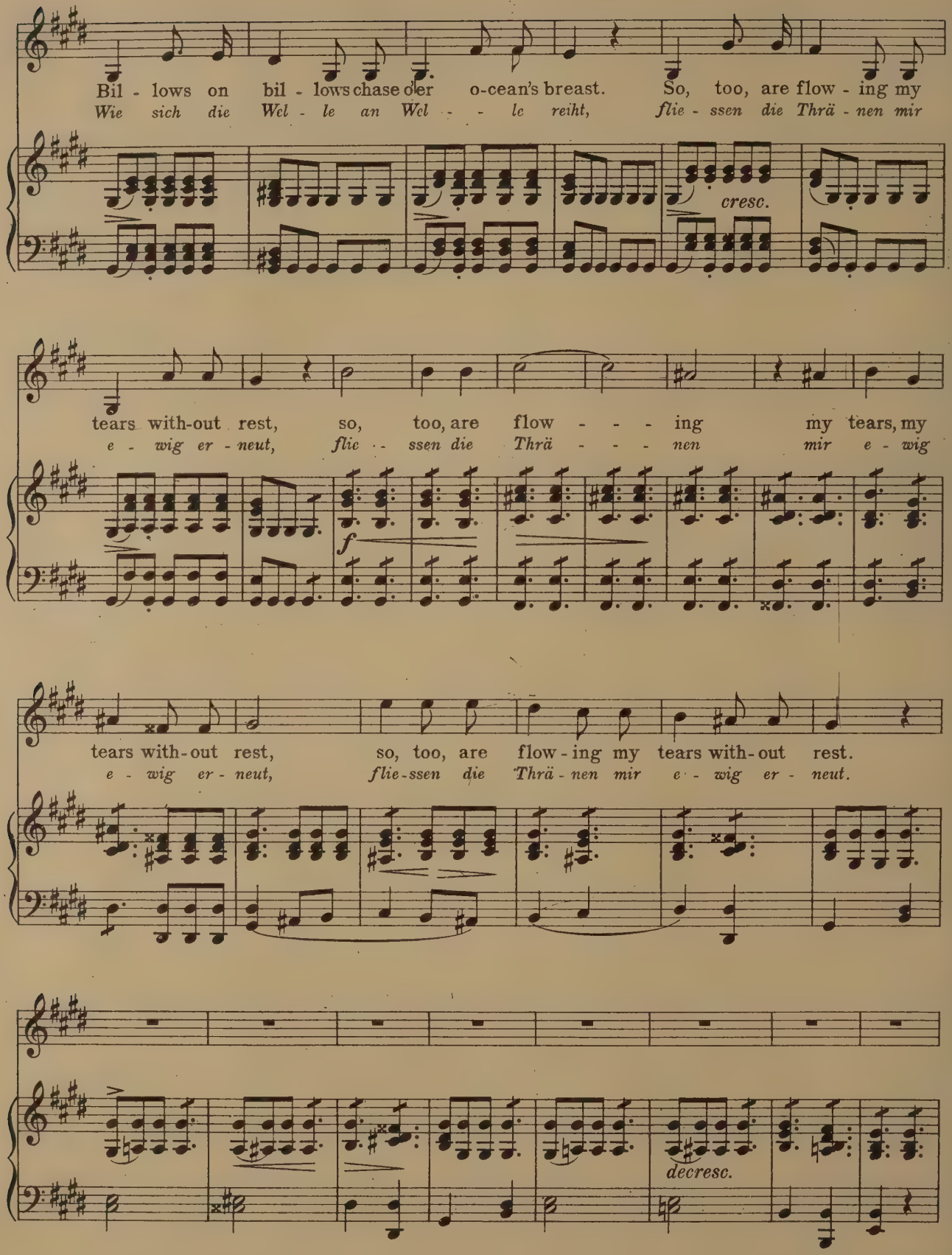
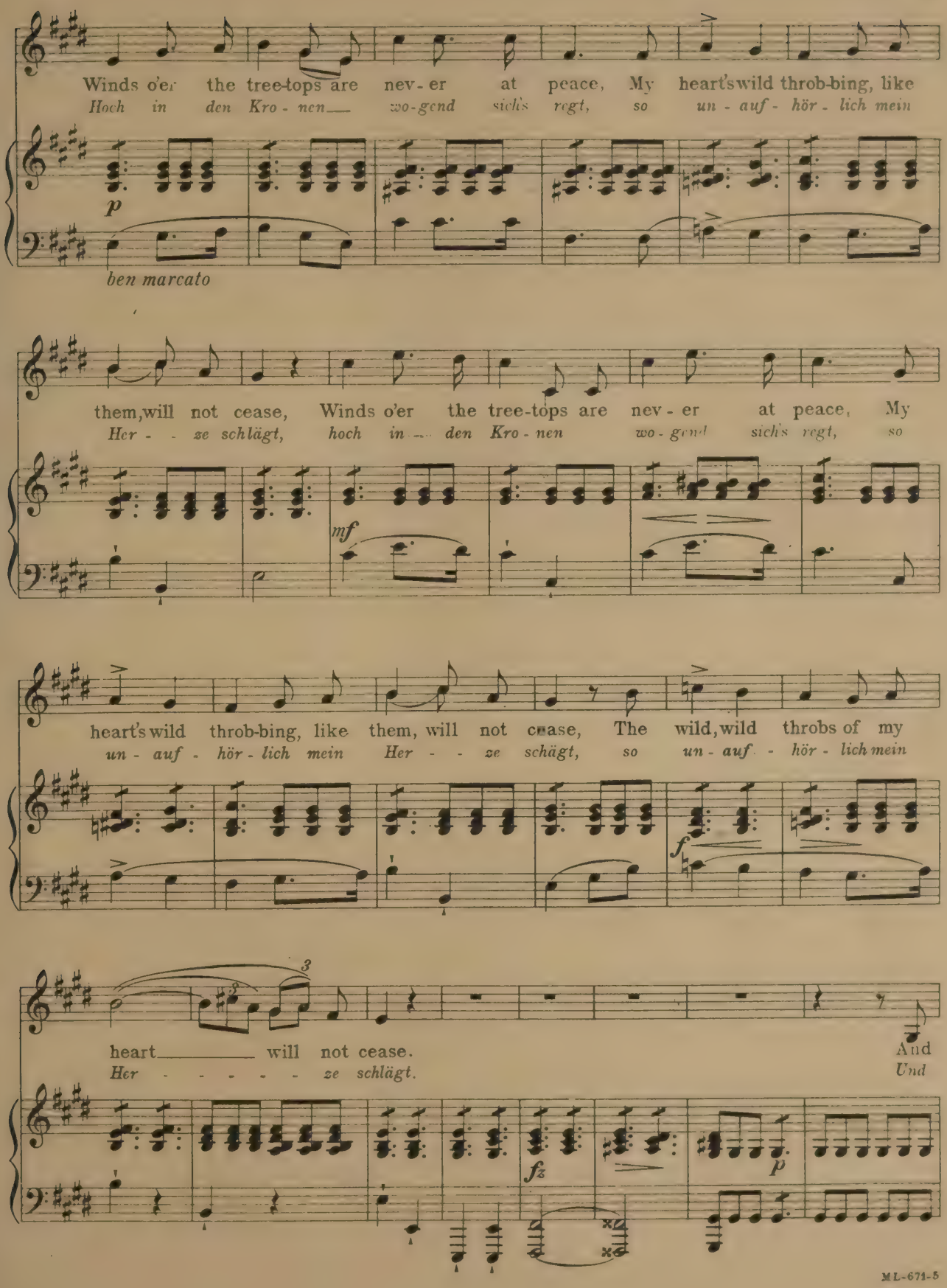
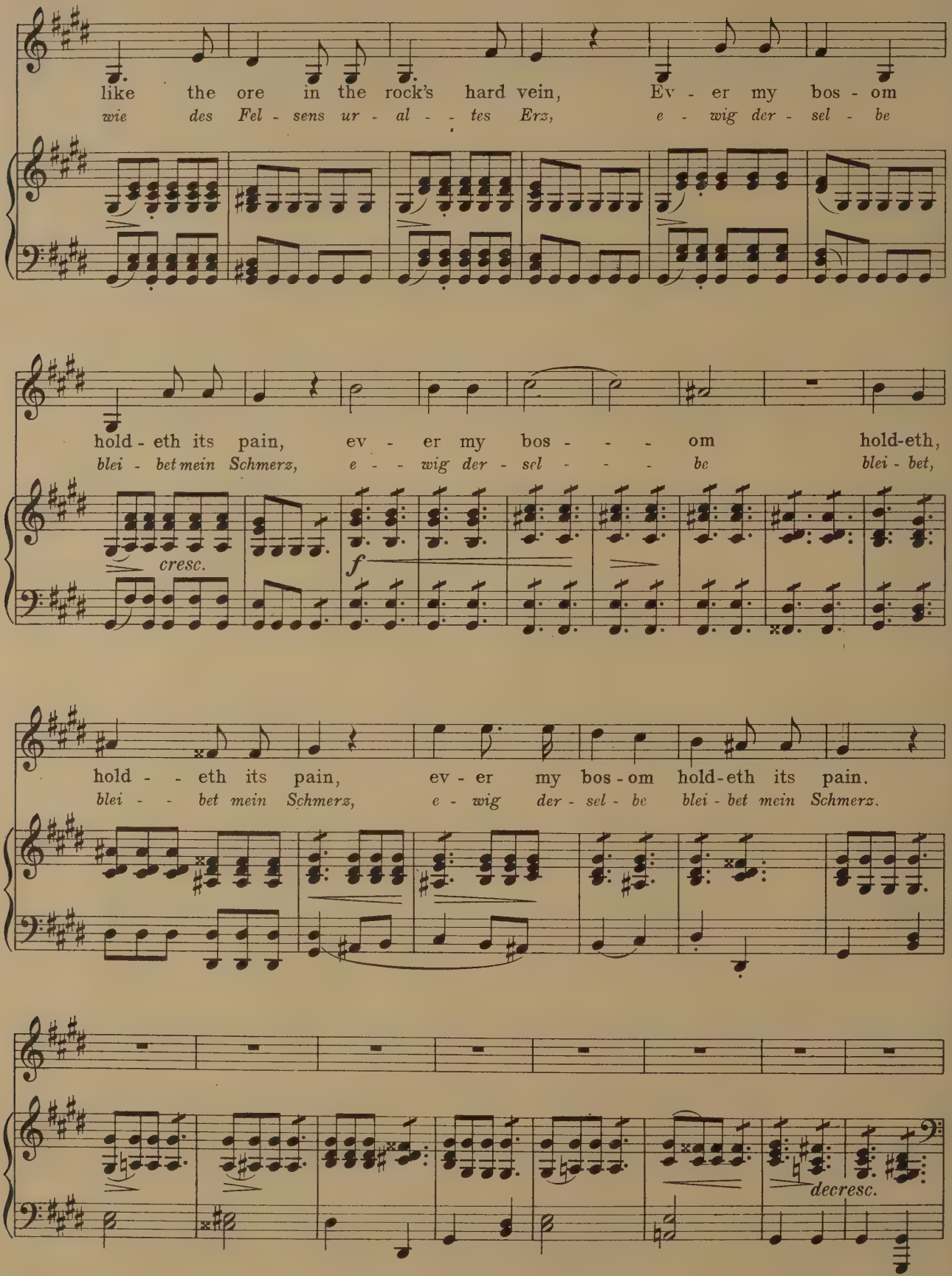
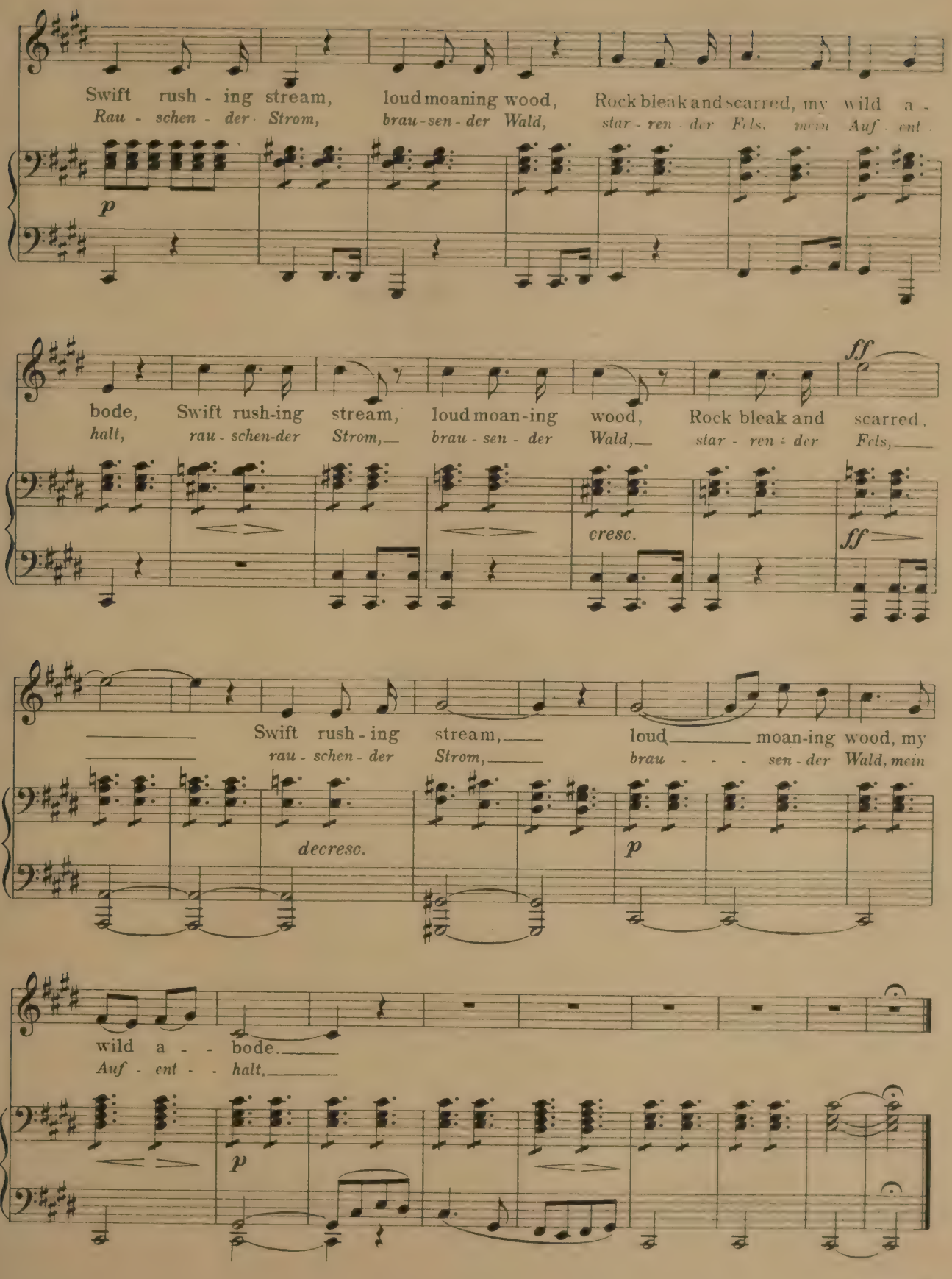

Bil - lows on bil - lows chase o'er o-cean's breast. So, too, are flow - ing my
Wie sich die Wel - le an Wel - - - le reiht, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen mir
cresc.
tears with-out rest, so, too, are flow - - - ing my tears, my
e - wig er - neut, flie - ssen die Thrä - - - nen mir e - wig
f
tears with-out rest, so, too, are flow - ing my tears with-out rest.
e - wig er - neut, flie-ssen die Thrä - nen mir e - wig er - neut.
decresc.


Winds o'er the tree-tops are nev-er at peace, My heart's wild throb-bing, like
Hoch in den Kro-nen wo-gend sich's regt, so un-auf-hör-lich mein
p
ben marcato
them, will not cease, Winds o'er the tree-tops are nev-er at peace, My
Her-ze schlägt, hoch in den Kro-nen wo-gend sich's regt, so
mf
heart's wild throb-bing, like them, will not cease, The wild, wild throbs of my
un-auf-hör-lich mein Her-ze schägt, so un-auf-hör-lich mein
f
3
heart will not cease.
Her-ze schlägt.
And
Und
fz
p


like the ore in the rock's hard vein, Ev - er my bos - om
wie des Fel - sens ur - al - - tes Erz, e - wig der - sel - be
hold - eth its pain, ev - er my bos - - - om hold-eth,
blei - bet mein Schmerz, e - - wig der - sel - - - be blei - bet,
cresc.
f
hold - - eth its pain, ev - er my bos - om hold-eth its pain.
blei - - bet mein Schmerz, e - wig der - sel - be blei - bet mein Schmerz.
decresc.


Swift rush - ing stream, loud moaning wood, Rock bleak and scarred, my wild a -
Rau - schen - der Strom, brau - sen - der Wald, star - ren - der Fels, mein Auf - ent -
p
bode, Swift rush-ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, Rock bleak and scarred,
halt, rau - schen-der Strom, brau - sen - der Wald, star - ren - der Fels,
ff
cresc.
ff
Swift rush - ing stream, loud moan-ing wood, my
rau - schen - der Strom, brau - - - sen - der Wald, mein
decresc.
p
wild a - - bode.
Auf - ent - - halt,
p

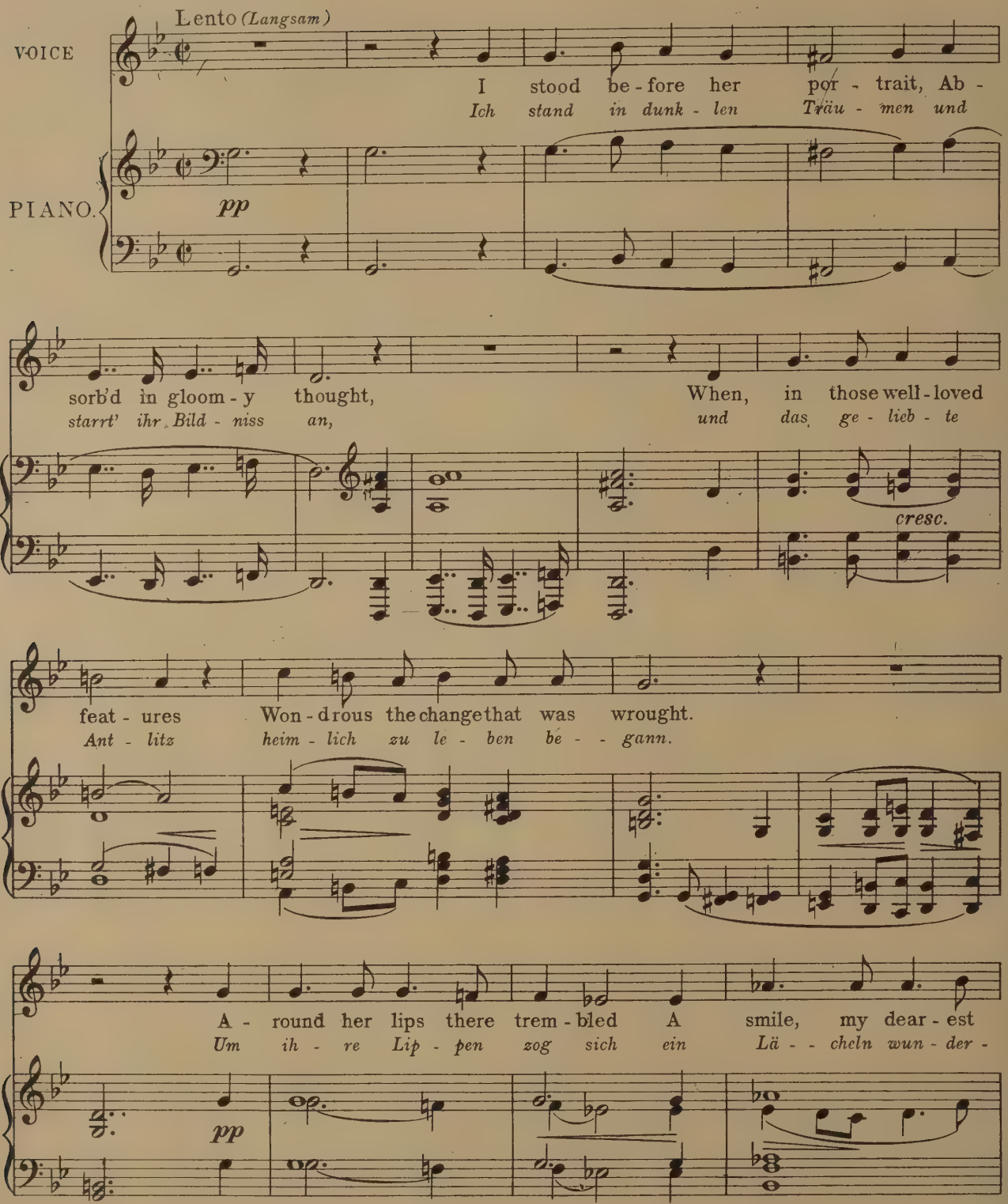
HER PORTRAIT
(IHR BILD)

(Composed in 1828)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, B♭ minor)

FRANZ SCHUBERT
"Schwanengesang," No 9



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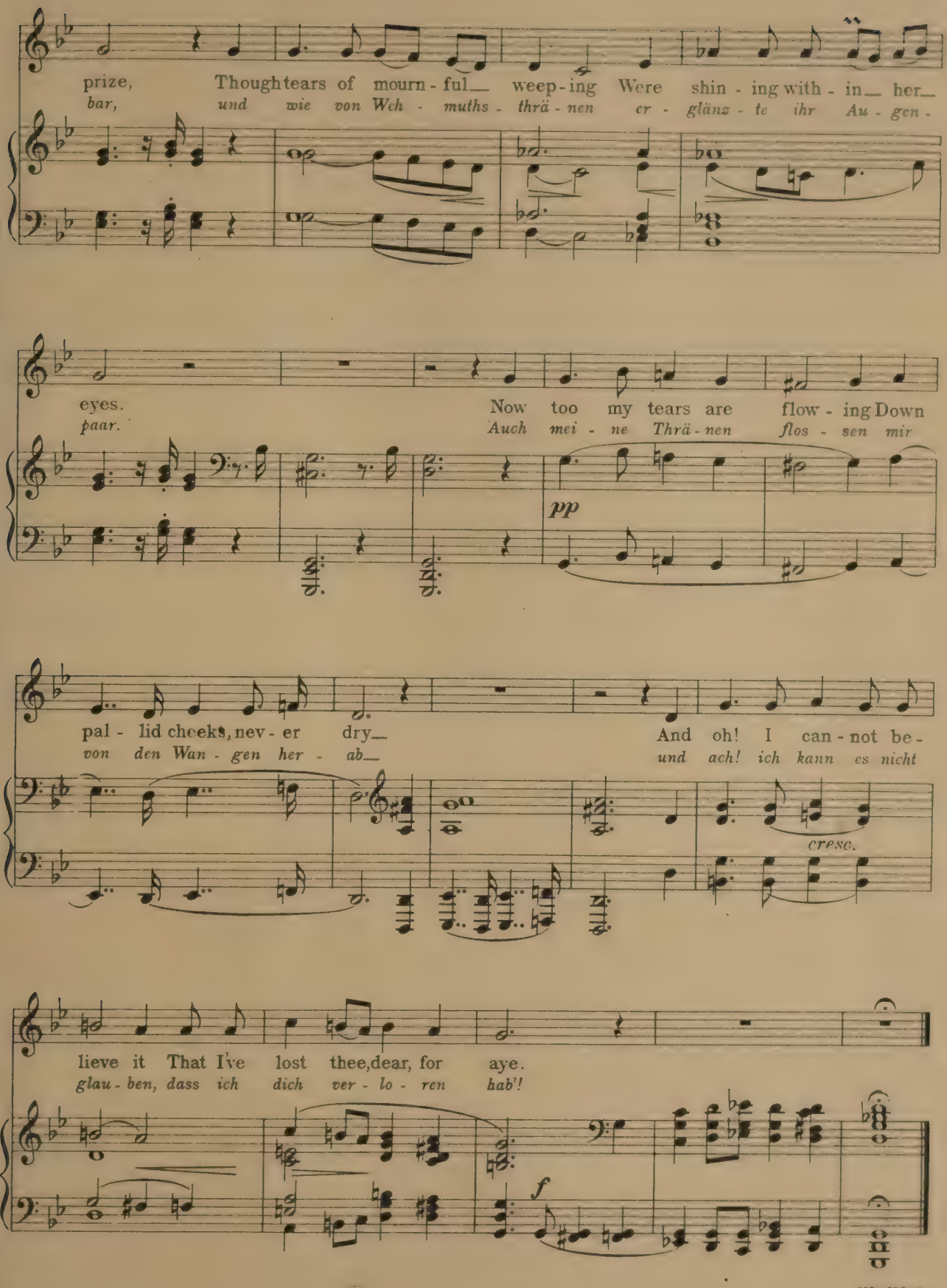

prize, Though tears of mourn - ful weep - ing Were shin - ing with - in her
bar, und wie von Weh - muths - thrä - nen er - gläns - te ihr Au - gen -
eyes. Now too my tears are flow - ing Down
paar. Auch mei - ne Thrä - nen flos - sen mir
pp
pal - lid cheeks, nev - er dry And oh! I can - not be -
von den Wan - gen her - ab und ach! ich kann es nicht
cresc.
lieve it That I've lost thee, dear, for aye.
glau - ben, dass ich dich ver - lo - ren hab'!
f

MY PHANTOM DOUBLE

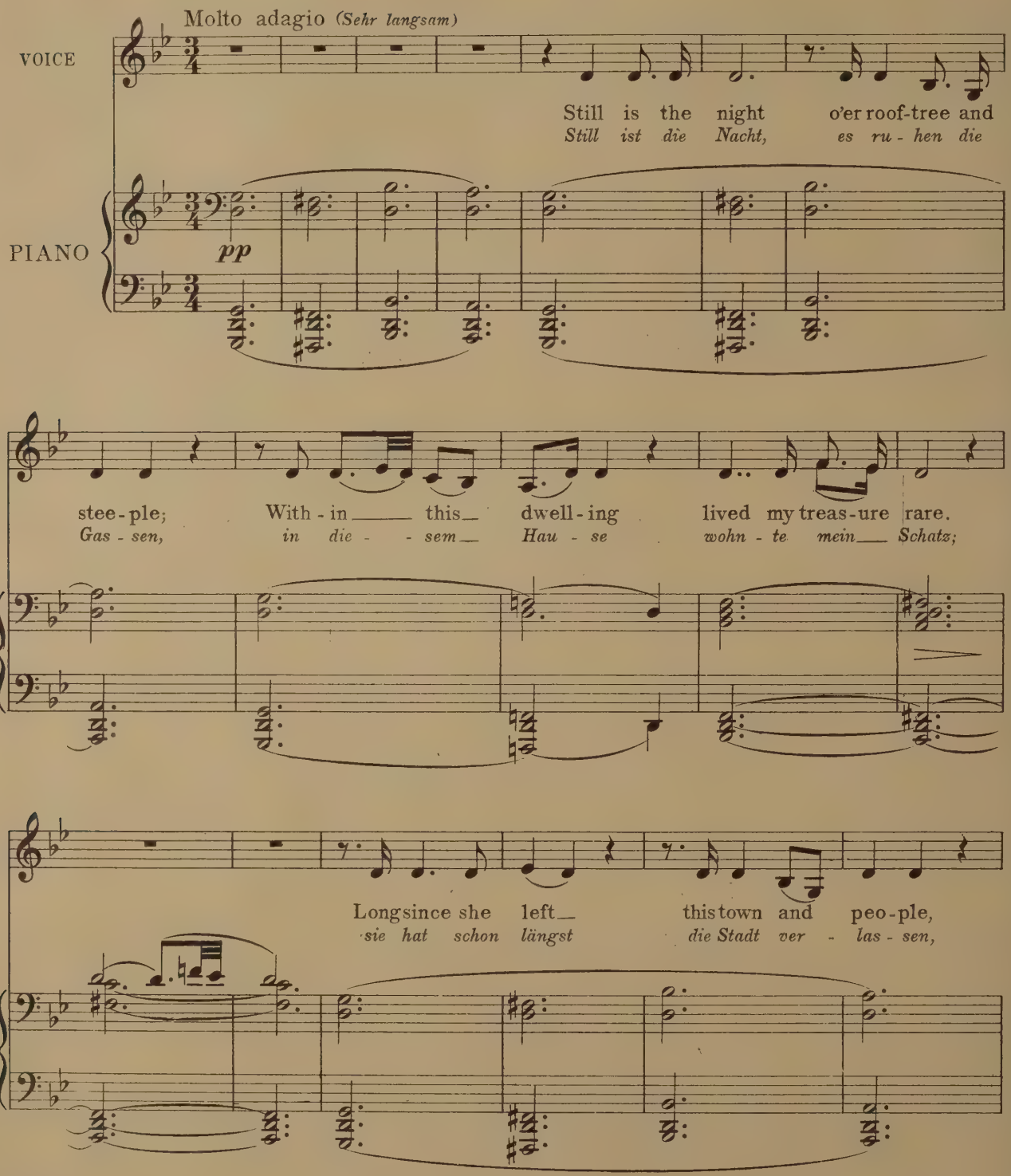
(DER DOPPELGÄNGER)

(Composed in 1828)

(Original Key, B minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

FRANZ SCHUBERT
"Schwanengesang," No. 13


Molto adagio (Sehr langsam)
VOICE
PIANO
pp
Still is the night o'er roof-tree and
Still ist die Nacht, es ru - hen die
stee-ple; With - in this dwell - ing lived my treas-ure rare.
Gas - sen, in die - sem Hau - se wohn - te mein Schatz;
Longsince she left this town and peo-ple,
sie hat schon längst die Stadt ver - las - sen,

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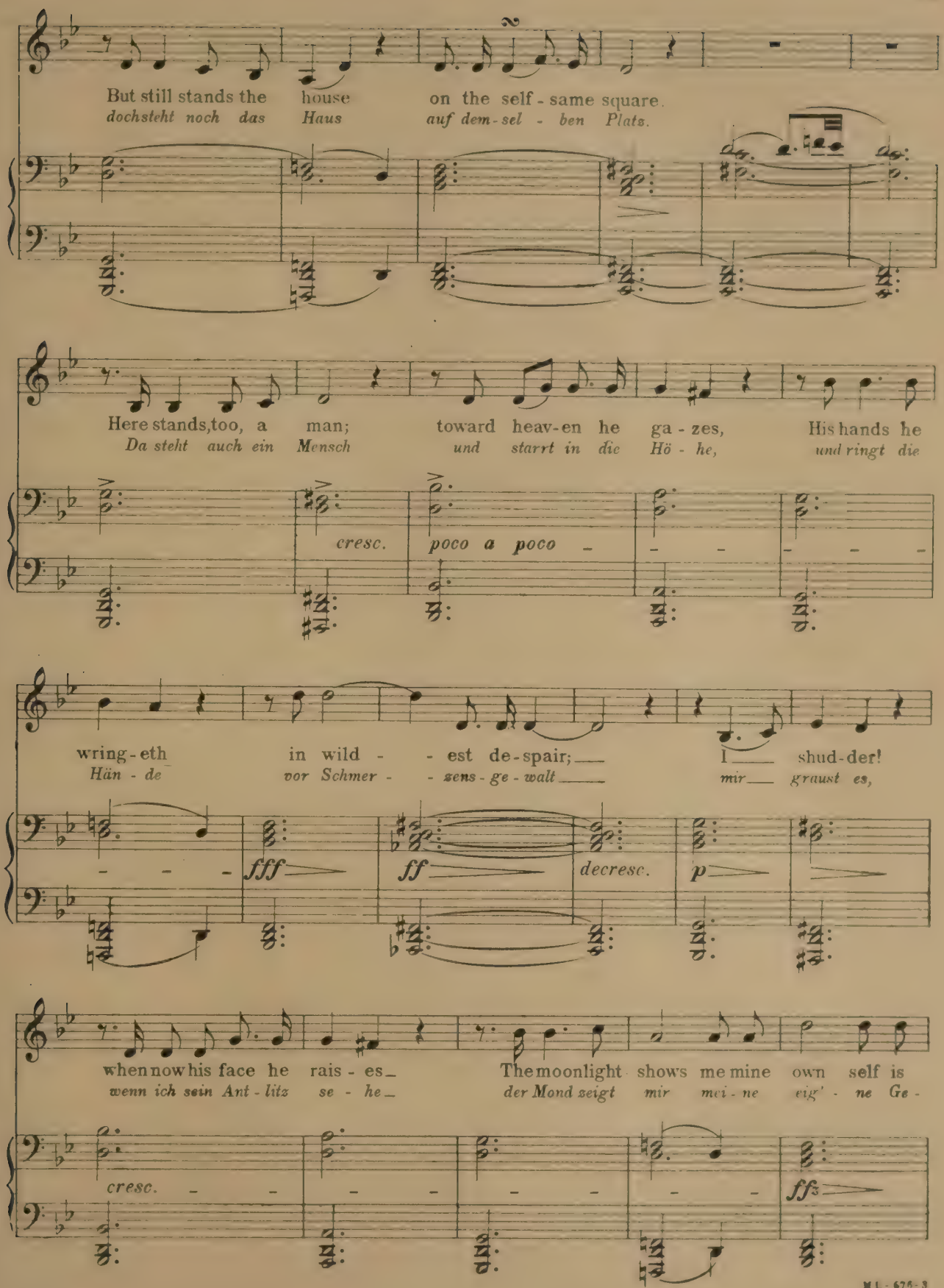
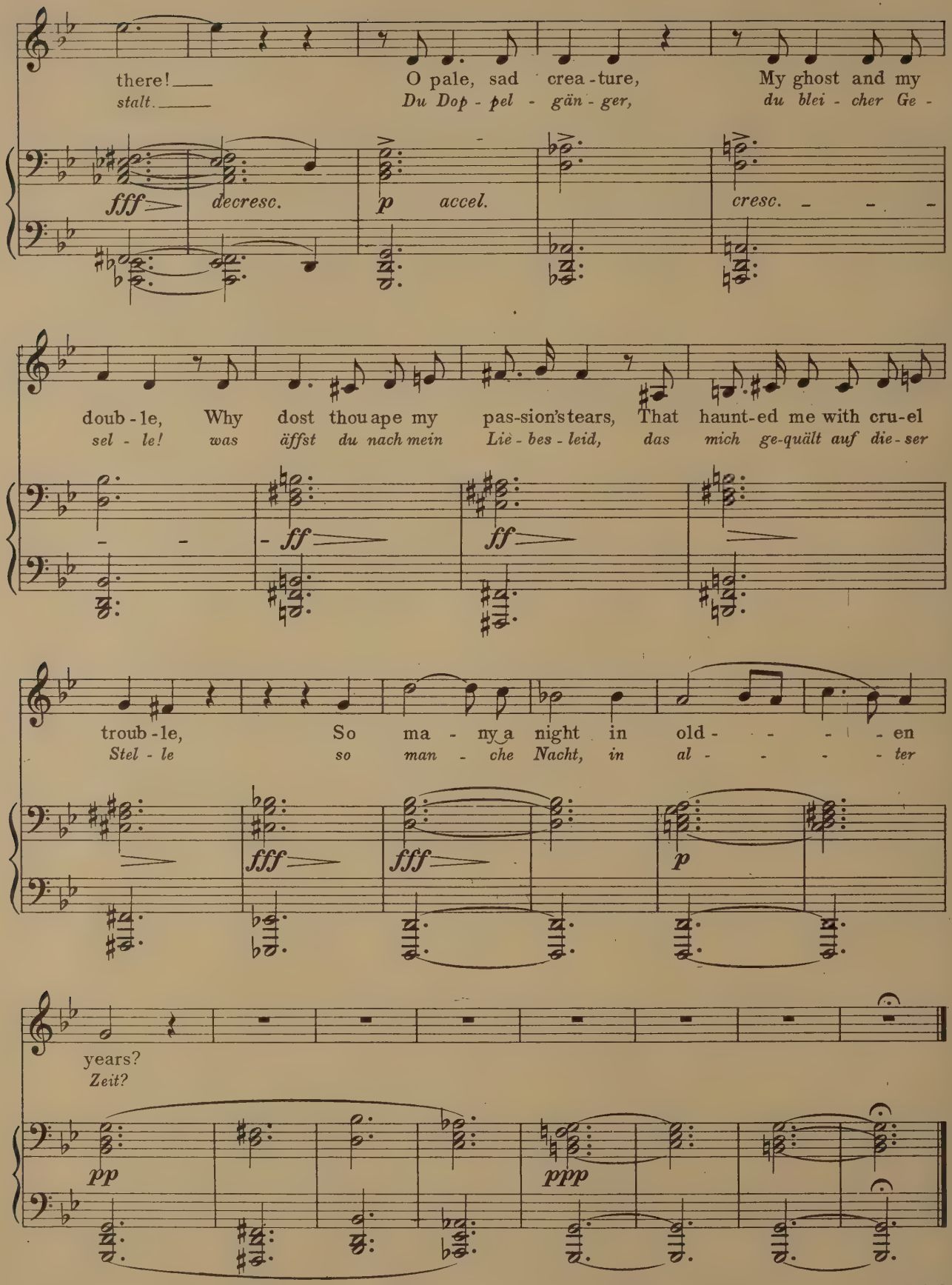

But still stands the house on the self - same square.
dochsteht noch das Haus auf dem-sel - ben Platz.
Here stands,too, a man; toward heav-en he ga - zes, His hands he
Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in die Hö - he, und ringt die
cresc. poco a poco
wring-eth in wild - - est de-spair; I shud-der!
Hän - de vor Schmer - - zens - ge - walt mir graust es,
fff ff decresc. p
when now his face he rais - es The moonlight shows me mine own self is
wenn ich sein Ant - litz se - he der Mond zeigt mir mei - ne eig' - ne Ge -
cresc. ffz


there!
stalt.
O pale, sad crea-ture,
Du Dop-pel-gän-ger,
My ghost and my
du blei-cher Ge-
fff
decresc.
p
accel.
cresc.
doub-le, Why dost thou ape my pas-sion's tears, That haunt-ed me with cru-el
sel-le! was äffst du nach mein Lie-bes-leid, das mich ge-quält auf die-ser
ff
ff
troub-le, So ma-ny a night in old-en
Stel-le so man-che Nacht, in al-ter
fff
fff
p
years?
Zeit?
pp
ppp

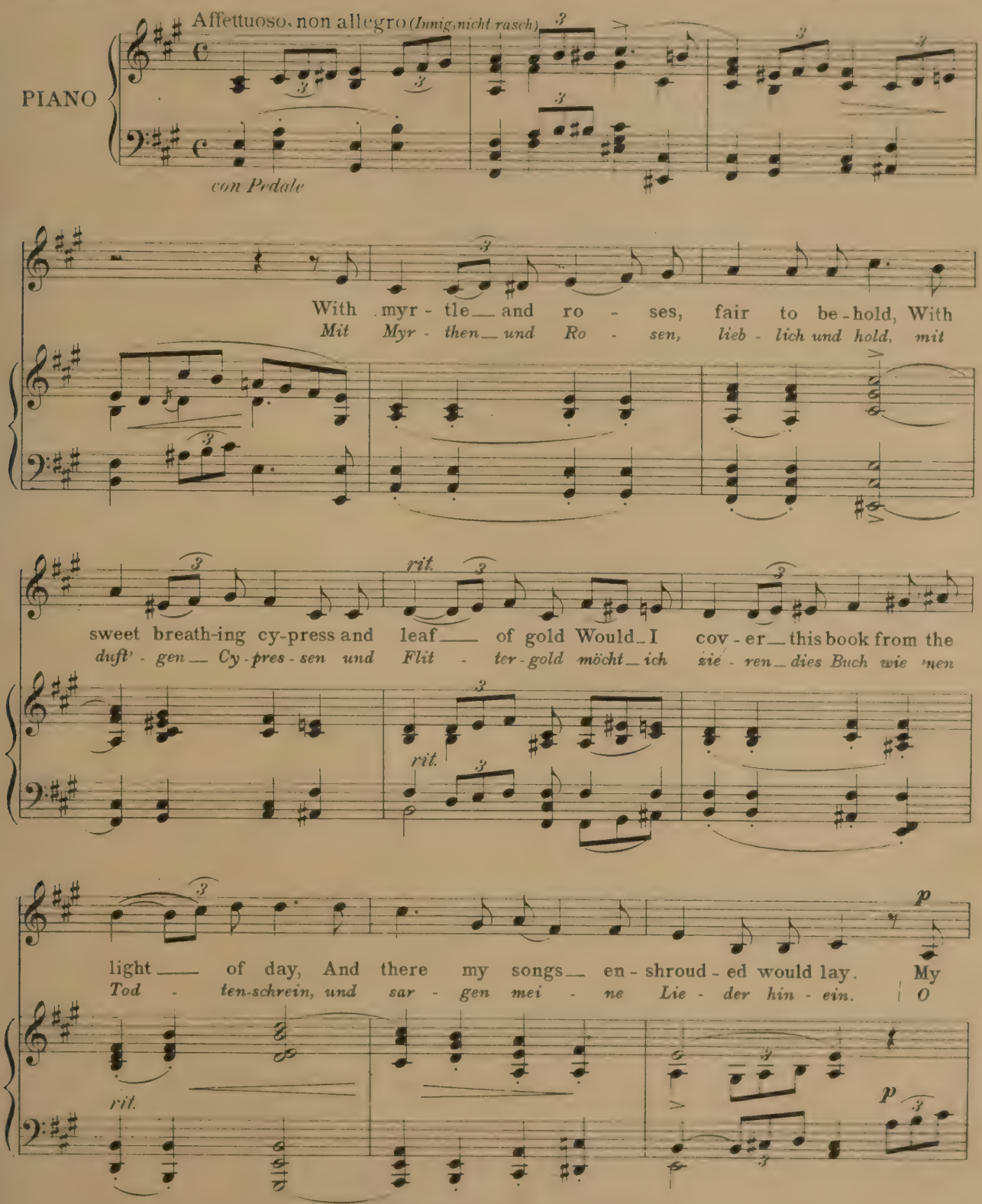
WITH MYRTLE AND ROSES
(MIT MYRTHEN UND ROSEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, D)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No. 9


Affettuoso, non allegro (Innig, nicht rasch)
PIANO
con Pedale
With myr - tle and ro - ses, fair to be - hold, With
Mit Myr - then und Ro - sen, lieb - lich und hold, mit
sweet breath-ing cy-press and leaf of gold Would I cov - er this book from the
duft' - gen Cy - pres - sen und Flit - ter - gold möcht ich zie - ren dies Buch wie men
rit.
light of day, And there my songs en - shroud - ed would lay. My
Tod - ten-schrein, und sar - gen mei - ne Lie - der hin - ein. O
p
p

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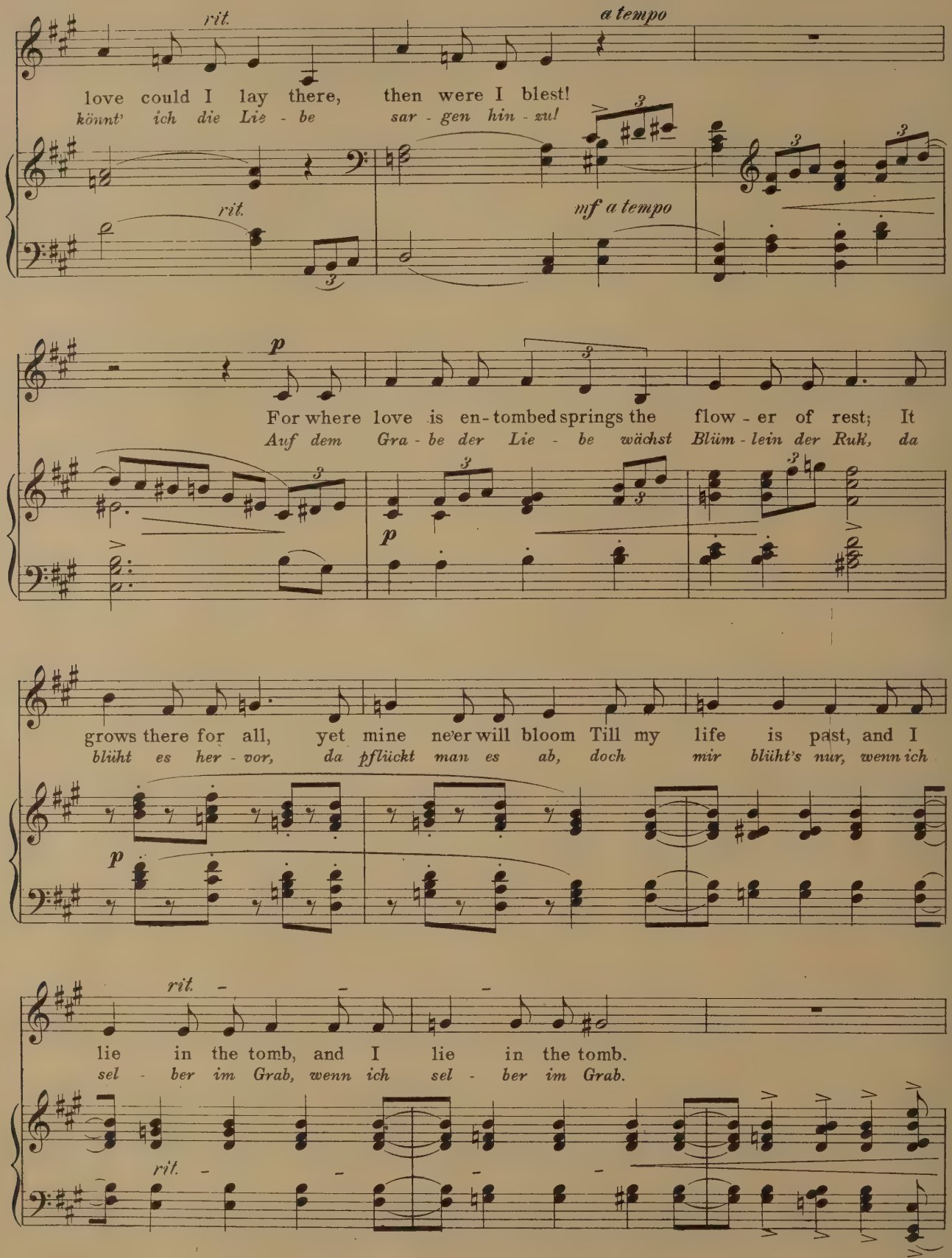
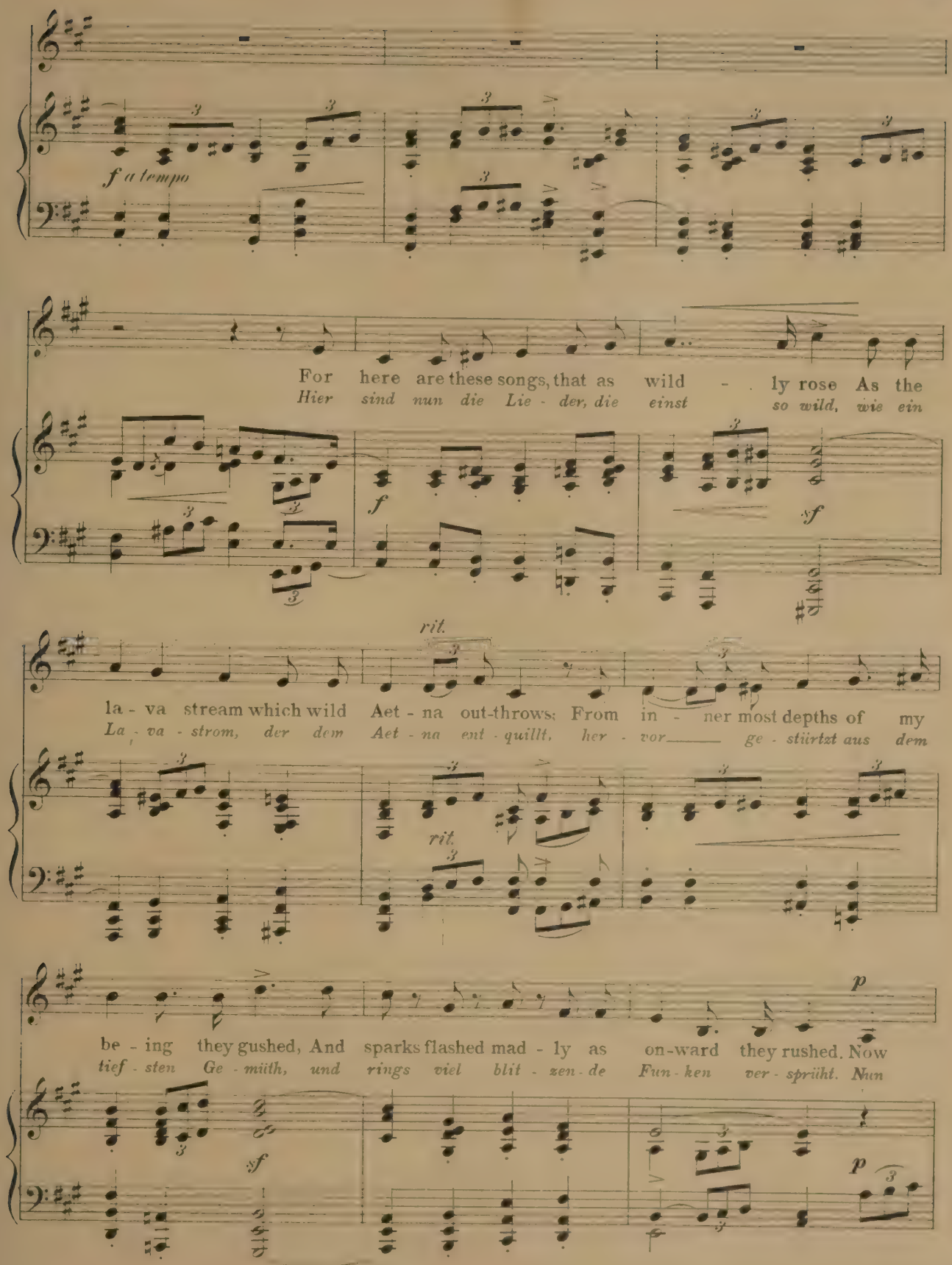
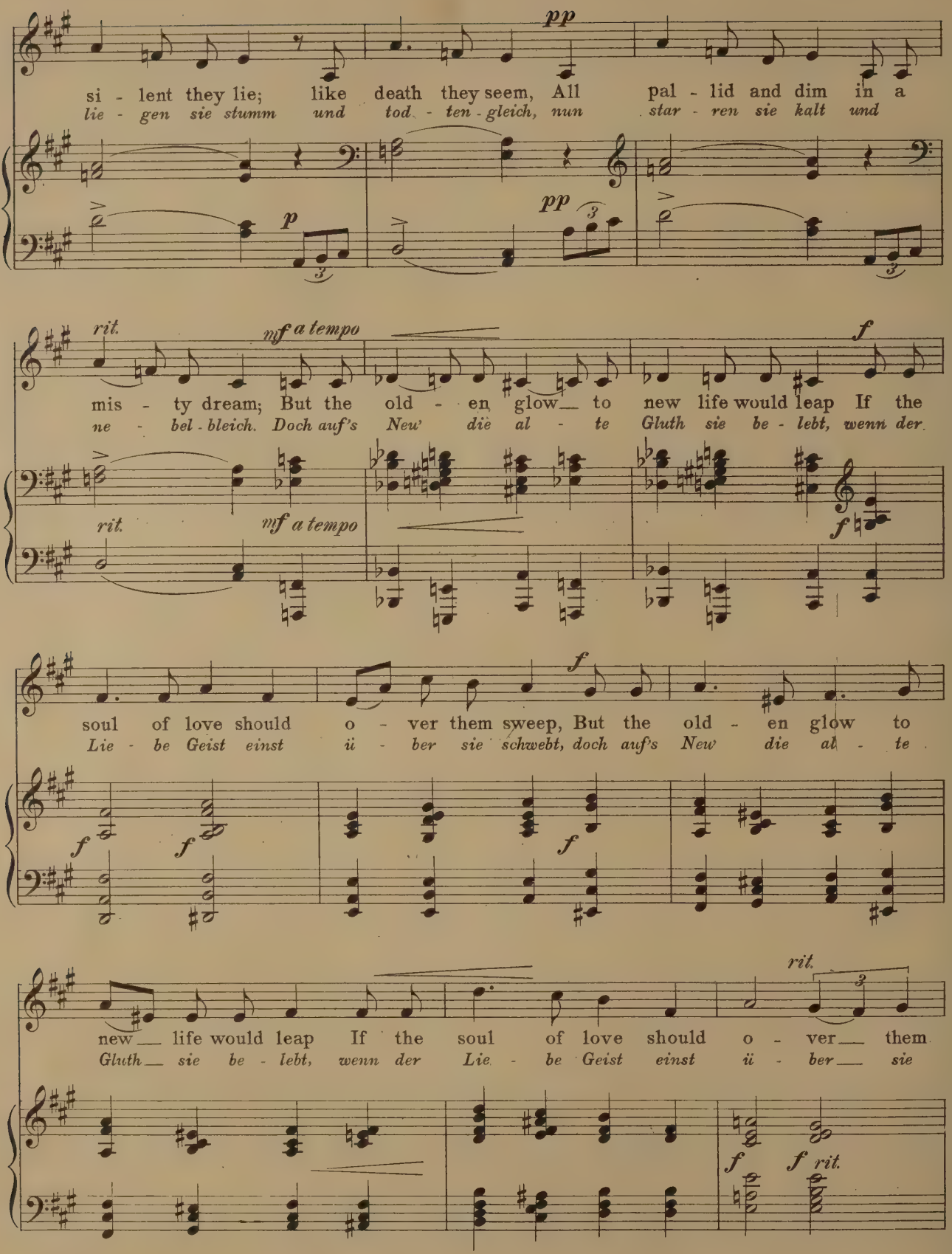
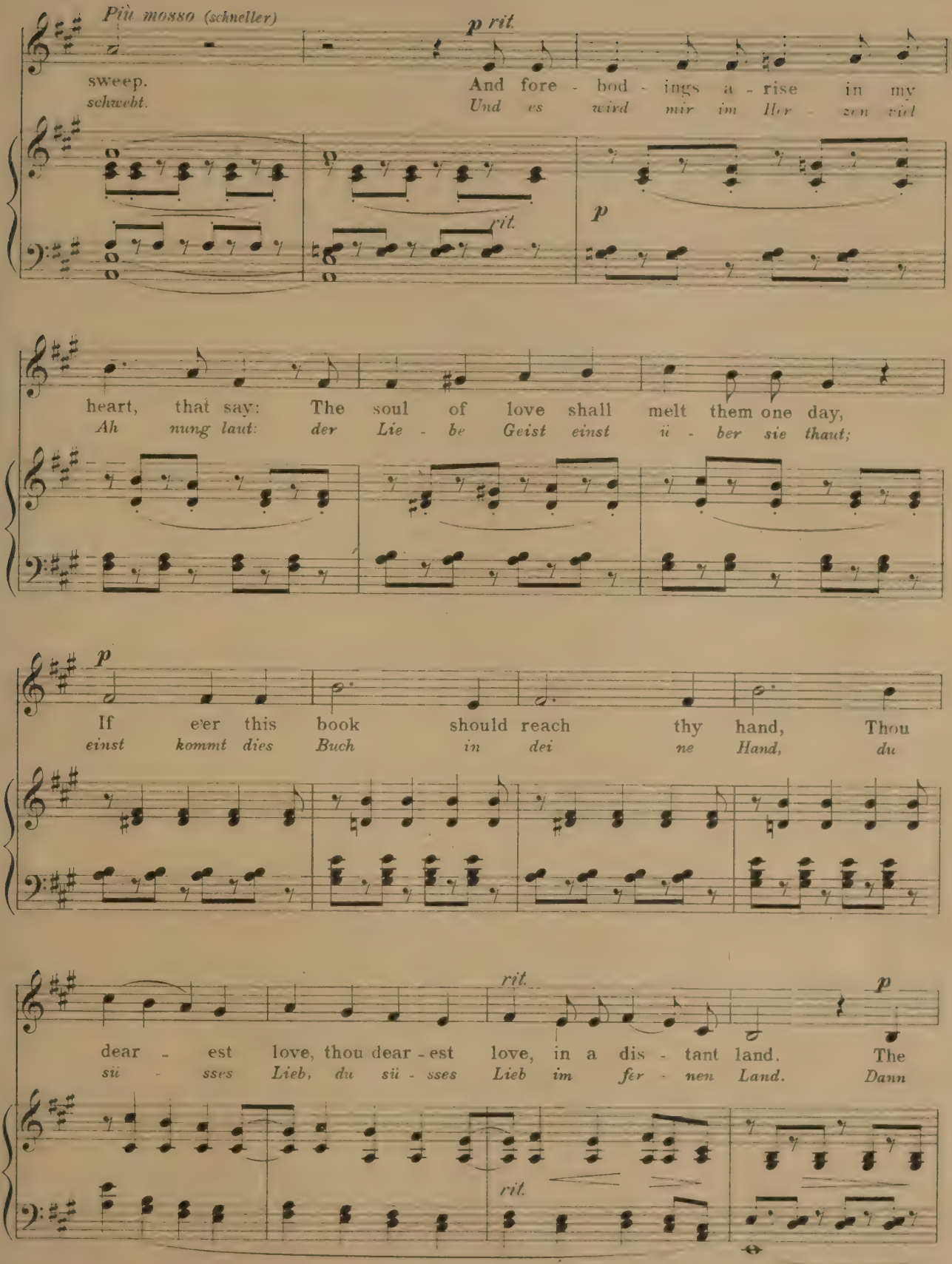
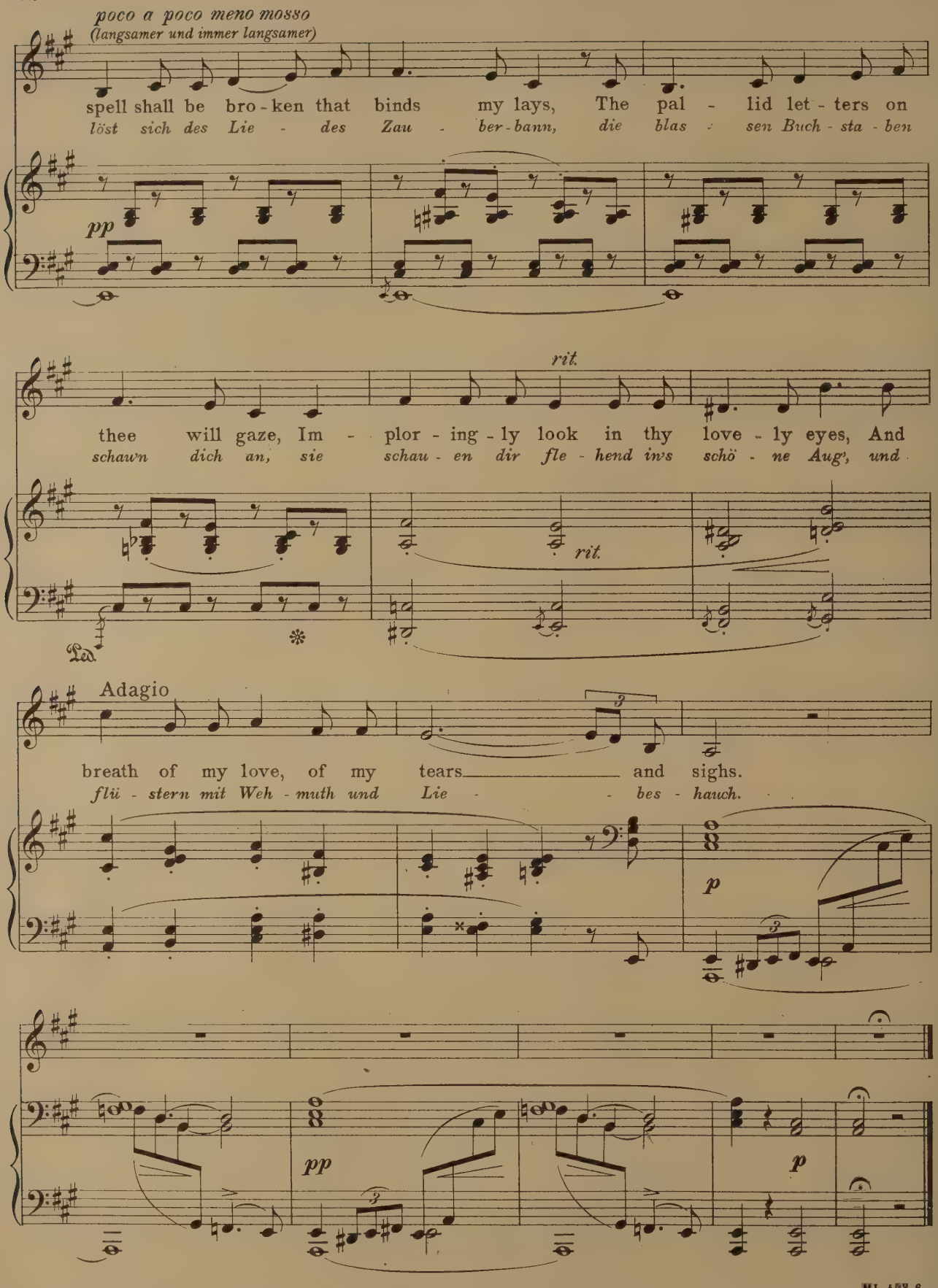

rit.
a tempo
love could I lay there, then were I blest!
könnt' ich die Lie - be sar - gen hin - zu!
rit.
mf a tempo
p
For where love is en - tombed springs the flow - er of rest; It
Auf dem Gra - be der Lie - be wächst Blüm - lein der Ruh', da
p
grows there for all, yet mine ne'er will bloom Till my life is past, and I
blüht es her - vor, da pflückt man es ab, doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich
p
rit.
lie in the tomb, and I lie in the tomb.
sel - ber im Grab, wenn ich sel - ber im Grab.
rit.


f a tempo
For here are these songs, that as wild - ly rose As the
Hier sind nun die Lie - der, die einst so wild, wie ein
f
sf
rit.
la - va stream which wild Aet - na out-throws: From in - ner most depths of my
La - va - strom, der dem Aet - na ent - quillt, her - vor ge - stürzt aus dem
rit.
p
be - ing they gushed, And sparks flashed mad - ly as on-ward they rushed. Now
tief - sten Ge - müth, und rings viel blit - zen - de Fun - ken ver - sprüht. Nun
sf
p


si - lent they lie; like death they seem, All pal - lid and dim in a
lie - gen sie stumm und tod - ten - gleich, nun star - ren sie kalt und
pp
p
pp
rit.
mf a tempo
f
mis - ty dream; But the old - en glow to new life would leap If the
ne - bel - bleich. Doch auf's New die al - te Gluth sie be - lebt, wenn der
rit.
mf a tempo
f
soul of love should o - ver them sweep, But the old - en glow to
Lie - be Geist einst ü - ber sie schwebt, doch auf's New die al - te
f
f
f
f
rit.
new life would leap If the soul of love should o - ver them
Gluth sie be - lebt, wenn der Lie - be Geist einst ü - ber sie
f
f
rit.


Più mosso (schneller)
p rit.
sweep.
schwebt.
And fore - bod - ings a - rise in my
Und es wird mir im Her - zen viel
rit.
p
heart, that say: The soul of love shall melt them one day,
Ah nung laut: der Lie - be Geist einst ü - ber sie thaut;
p
If e'er this book should reach thy hand, Thou
einst kommt dies Buch in dei ne Hand, du
rit.
p
dear - est love, thou dear - est love, in a dis - tant land. The
sü - sses Lieb, du sü - sses Lieb im fer - nen Land. Dann
rit.


poco a poco meno mosso
(langsamer und immer langsamer)
spell shall be bro - ken that binds my lays, The pal - lid let - ters on
löst sich des Lie - des Zau - ber - bann, die blas - sen Buch - sta - ben
pp
rit.
thee will gaze, Im - plor - ing - ly look in thy love - ly eyes, And
schaun dich an, sie schau - en dir fle - hend ins schö - ne Aug', und
rit.
Adagio
breath of my love, of my tears and sighs.
flüs - tern mit Weh - muth und Lie - bes - hauch.
p
pp
p

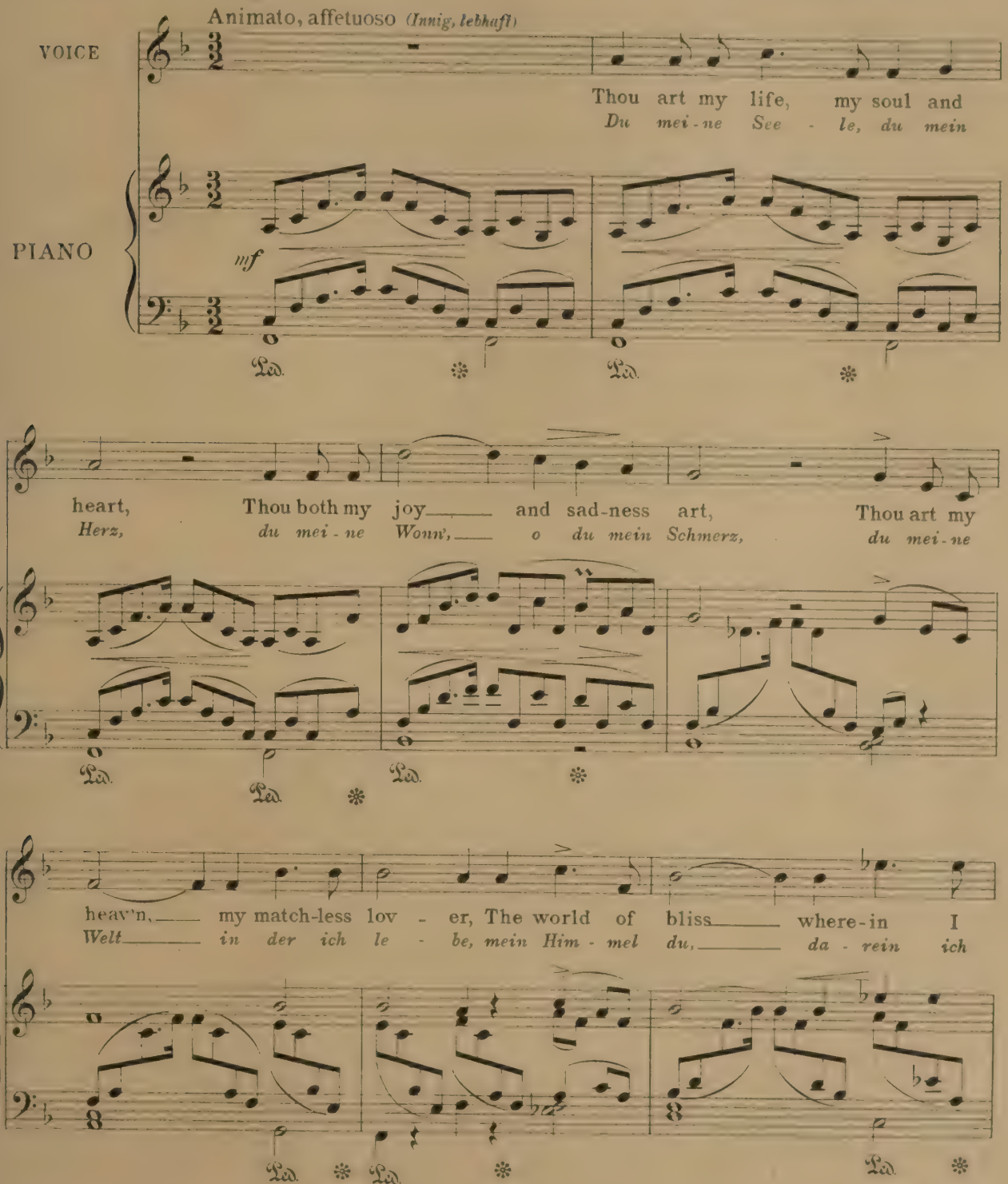
DEDICATION
(WIDMUNG)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, Ab)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 1
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*


Animato, affetuoso (Innig, lebhaft)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Thou art my life, my soul and
Du mei-ne See - le, du mein
heart, Thou both my joy and sad-ness art, Thou art my
Herz, du mei-ne Wonn', o du mein Schmerz, du mei-ne
heav'n, my match-less lov - er, The world of bliss where-in I
Welt in der ich le - be, mein Him - mel du, da - rein ich

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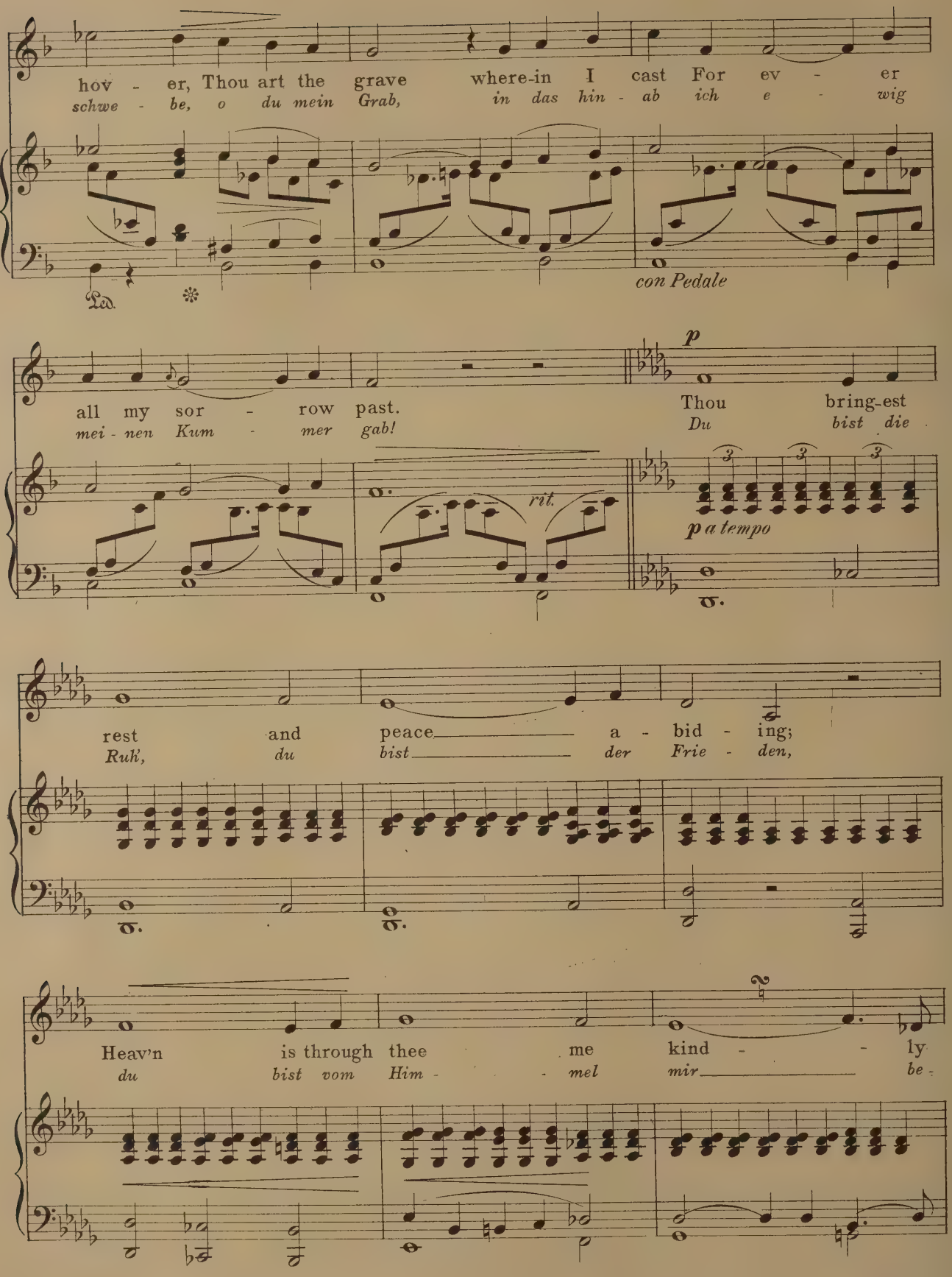
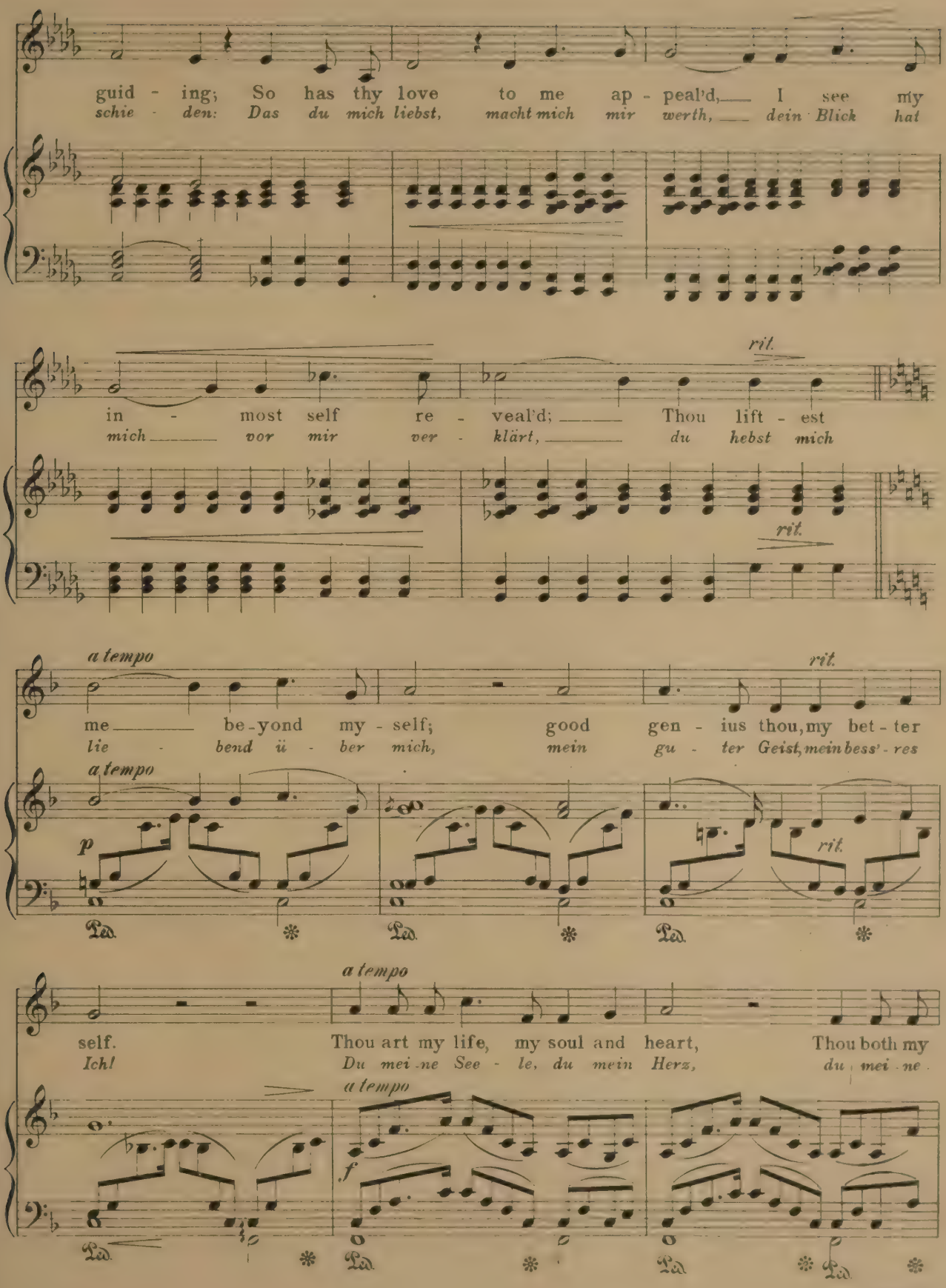
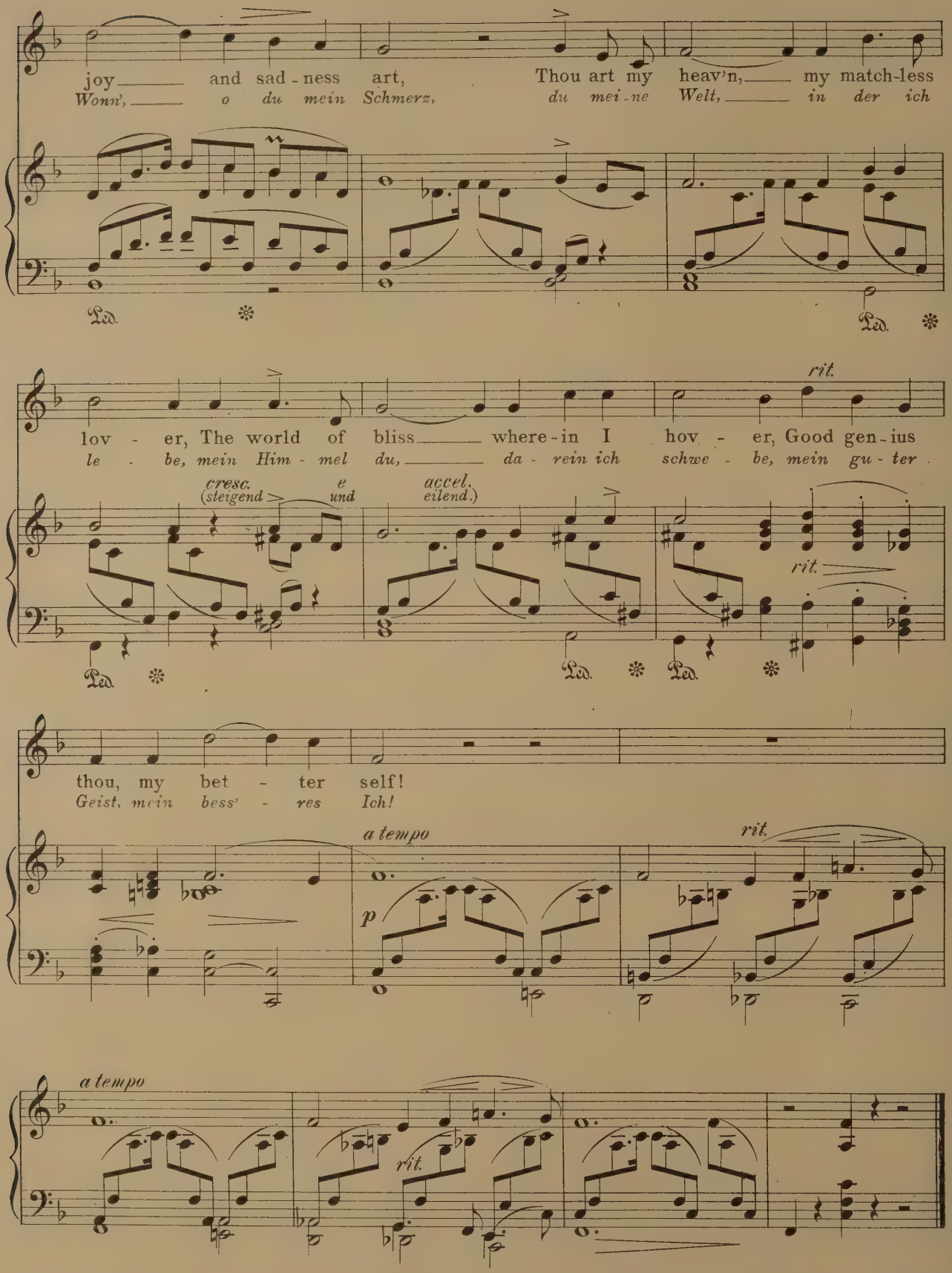

hov - er, Thou art the grave where-in I cast For ev - er
schwe - be, o du mein Grab, in das hin - ab ich e - wig
Ped.
con Pedale
all my sor - row past.
mei - nen Kum - mer gab!
Thou bring-est
Du bist die
rit.
p a tempo
rest and peace a - bid - ing;
Ruh', du bist der Frie - den,
Heav'n is through thee me kind - ly
du bist vom Him - mel mir be -


guid - ing; So has thy love to me ap - peal'd, I see my
schie - den: Das du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth, dein Blick hat
rit.
in - most self re - veal'd; Thou lift - est
mich vor mir ver - klärt, du hebst mich
rit.
a tempo
rit.
me be-yond my - self; good gen - ius thou, my bet - ter
lie - bend ü - ber mich, mein gu - ter Geist, mein bess' - res
a tempo
p
rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
self. Thou art my life, my soul and heart, Thou both my
Ich! Du mei - ne See - le, du mein Herz, du mei - ne
a tempo
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


joy and sad-ness art, Thou art my heav'n, my match-less
Wonn', o du mein Schmerz, du mei-ne Welt, in der ich
Ped. Ped.
rit.
lov - er, The world of bliss where-in I hov - er, Good gen-ius
le - be, mein Him - mel du, da - rein ich schwe - be, mein gu - ter
cresc. (steigend) e und
accel. eilend.)
rit.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
thou, my bet - ter self!
Geist, mein bess' - res Ich!
a tempo
p
rit.
a tempo
rit.

THE ALMOND TREE
(DER NUSSBAUM)

(Composed in 1840)

JULIUS MOSEN (1720-1794)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, G)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 3
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*

Allegretto
VOICE
PIANO
p
There grows by the house an
Es grü - net ein Nuss - baum
con Pedale
al - mond tree,
vor dem Haus,
Sight - ly, light - ly spread - ing its shim - mer-ing fo - liage
duf - tig, luf - tig brei - tet er blätt - rig die Blät - ter
*(Ae - ste)
free;
aus.
And
Viel

*) Schumann wrote "Blätter;" the original poem reads "Aeste."

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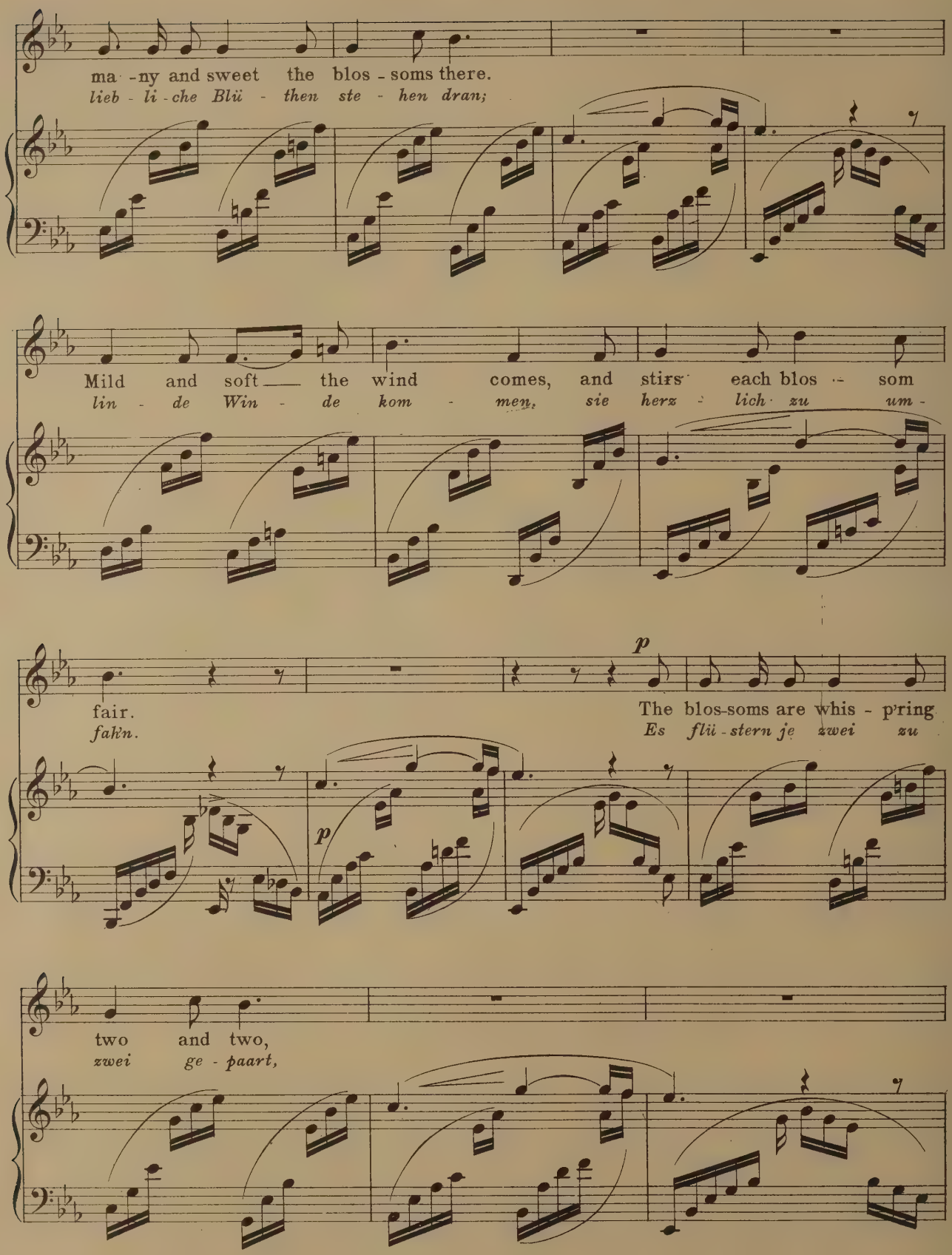
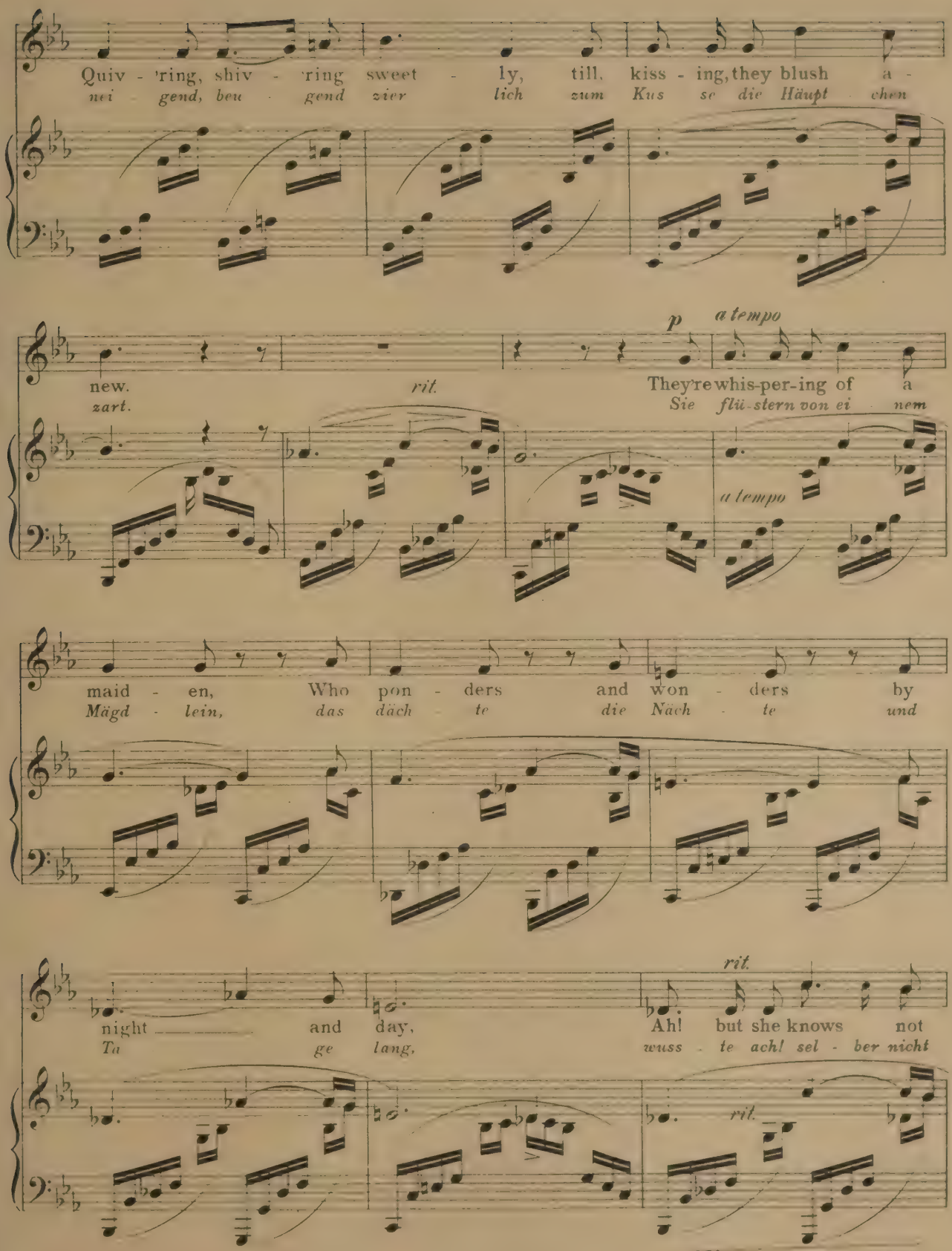
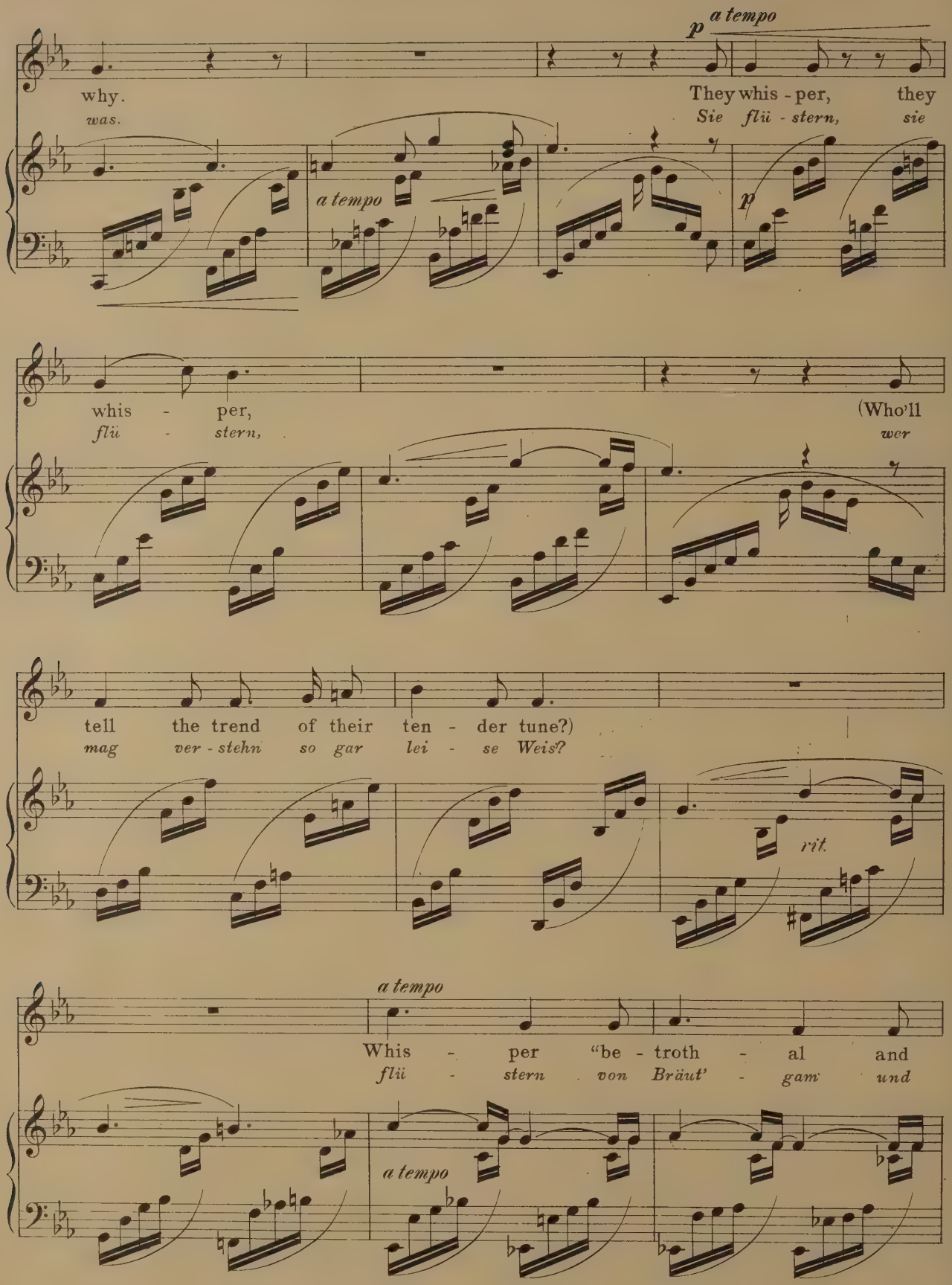
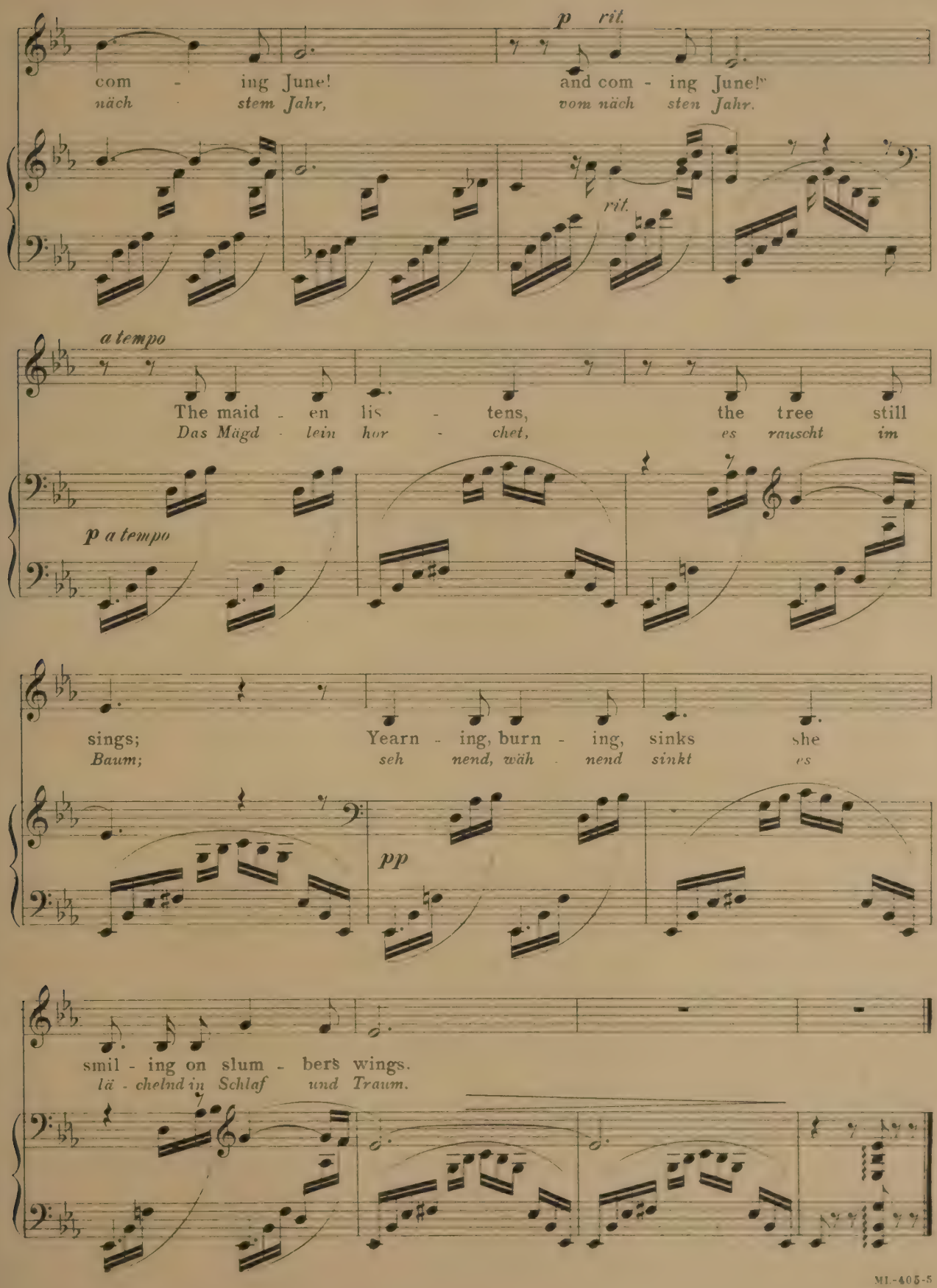

ma - ny and sweet the blos - soms there.
lieb - li - che Blü - then ste - hen dran;
Mild and soft — the wind comes, and stirs each blos - som
lin - de Win - de kom - men, sie herz - lich zu um -
fair.
fah'n.
p
The blos-soms are whis - p'ring
Es flü - stern je zwei zu
p
two and two,
zwei ge - paart,


Quiv - 'ring, shiv - 'ring sweet - ly, till, kiss - ing, they blush a -
nei - gend, beu - gend zier - lich zum Kus - se die Häupt - chen
p a tempo
new.
zart.
rit.
They're whis-per-ing of a
Sie flü-stern von ei - nem
a tempo
maid - en, Who pon - ders and won - ders by
Mägd - lein, das däch - te die Näch - te und
rit.
night and day,
Ta - ge lang,
Ah! but she knows not
wuss - te ach! sel - ber nicht
rit.


p a tempo
why.
was.
They whis - per, they
Sie flü - stern, sie
a tempo
p
whis - per,
flü - stern,
(Who'll
wer
tell the trend of their ten - der tune?)
mag ver - stehn so gar lei - se Weis?
rit.
a tempo
Whis - per "be - troth - al and
flü - stern von Bräut' - gam und
a tempo


p rit.
com - ing June!
näch - stem Jahr,
and com - ing June!"
vom näch - sten Jahr.
rit.
a tempo
The maid - en lis - tens,
Das Mägd - lein hor - chet,
the tree still
es rauscht im
p a tempo
sings;
Baum;
Yearn - ing, burn - ing, sinks she
seh - nend, wäh - nend sinkt es
pp
smil - ing on slum - bers wings.
lä - chelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

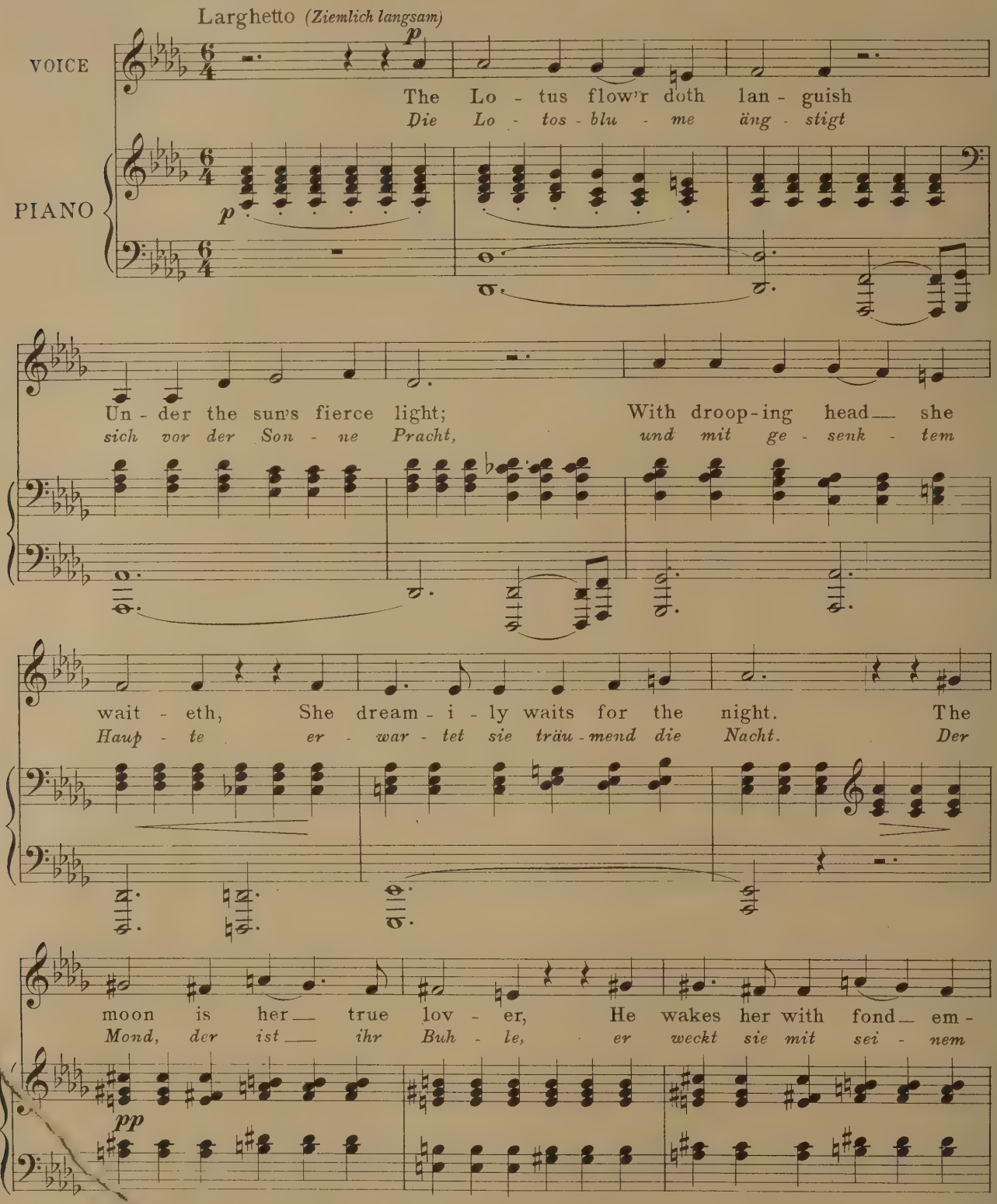
THE LOTUS FLOWER
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 7
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*


Larghetto (Ziemlich langsam)
VOICE
PIANO
p
The Lo - tus flow'r doth lan - guish
Die Lo - tos - blu - me äng - stigt
Un - der the sun's fierce light; With droop-ing head she
sich vor der Son - ne Pracht, und mit ge - senk - tem
wait - eth, She dream - i - ly waits for the night. The
Haup - te er - war - tet sie träu - mend die Nacht. Der
moon is her true lov - er, He wakes her with fond em -
Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem
pp

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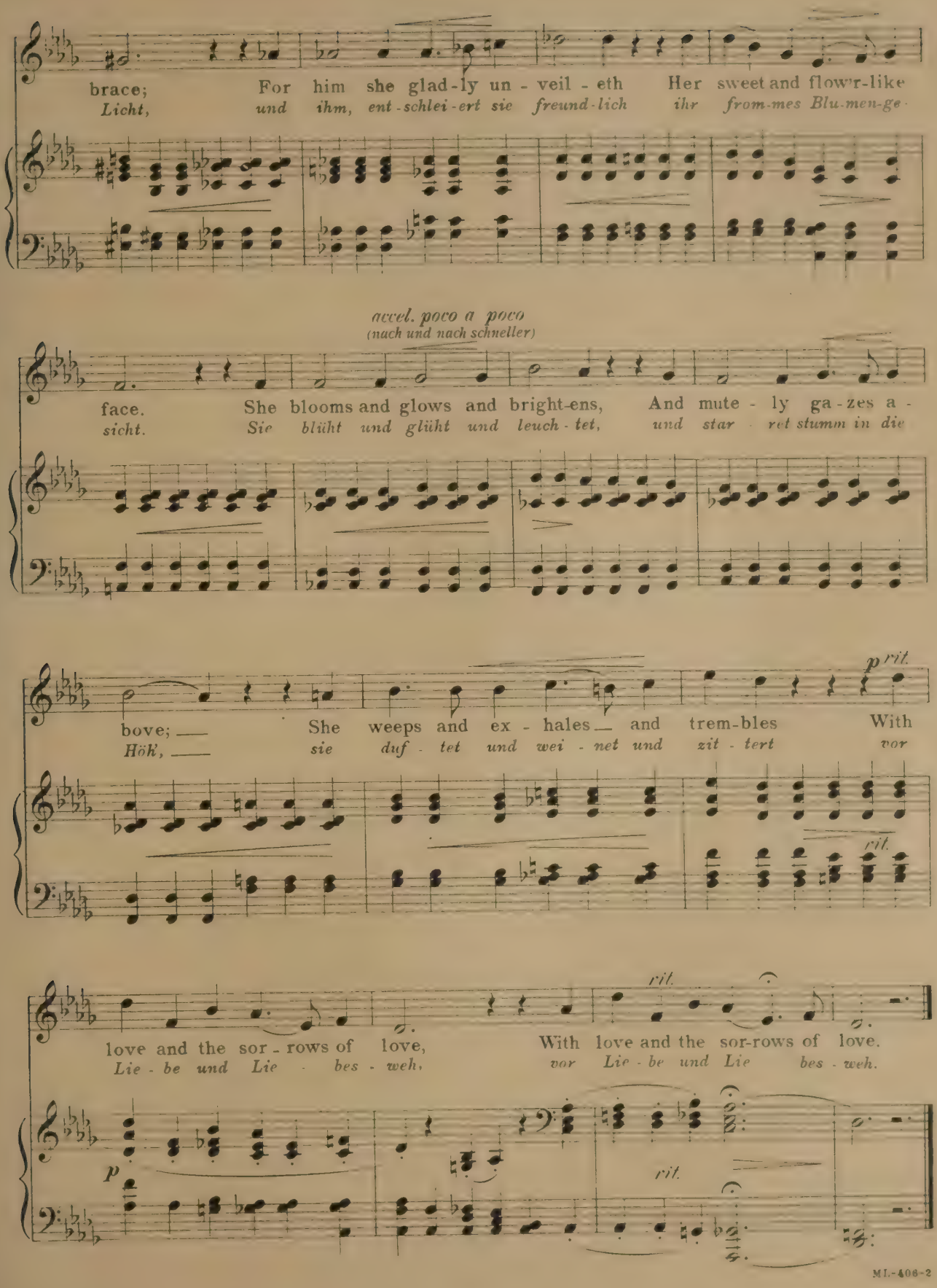

brace; For him she glad-ly un - veil - eth Her sweet and flow'r-like
Licht, und ihm, ent-schlei-ert sie freund-lich ihr from-mes Blu-men-ge-
accel. poco a poco
(nach und nach schneller)
face. She blooms and glows and bright-ens, And mute - ly ga-zes a -
sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und leuch-tet, und star - ret stumm in die
p rit.
bove; She weeps and ex - hales and trem-bles With
Höh', sie duf - tet und wei - net und zit - tert vor
rit.
rit.
love and the sor - rows of love, With love and the sor-rows of love.
Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh, vor Lie - be und Lie bes - weh.
p
rit.

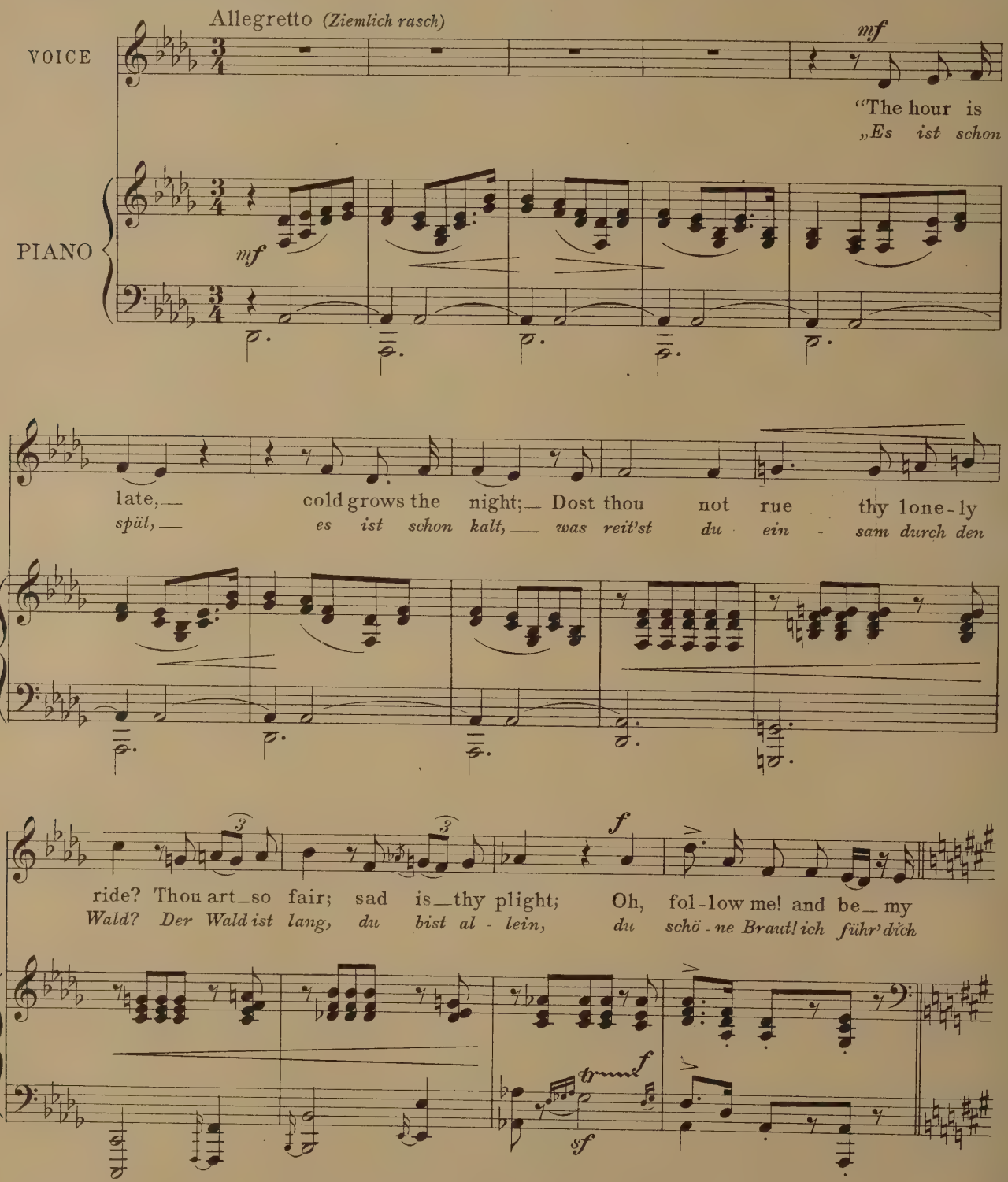
IN THE FOREST
(WALDESGESPRÄCH)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, E)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No 3



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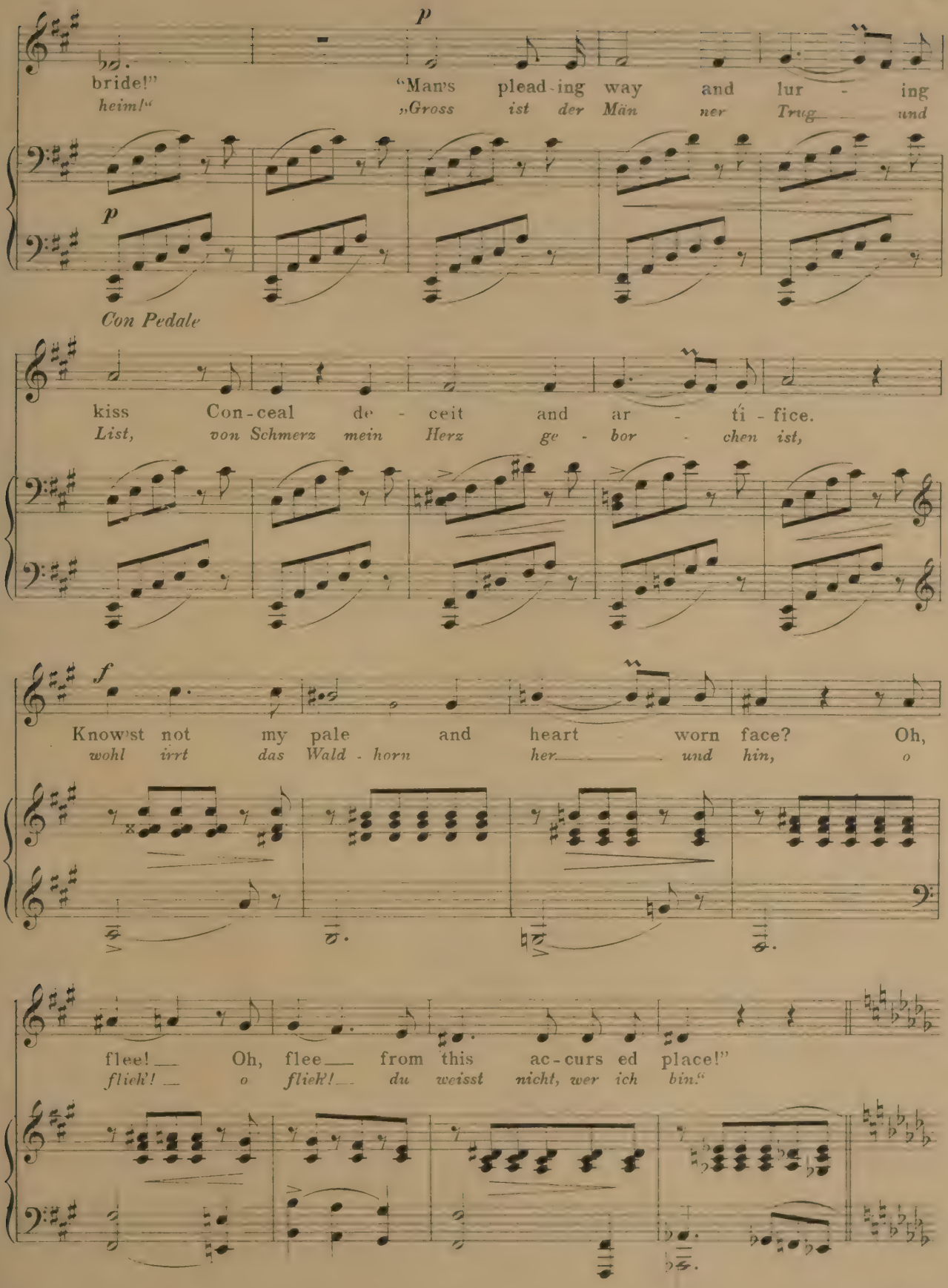
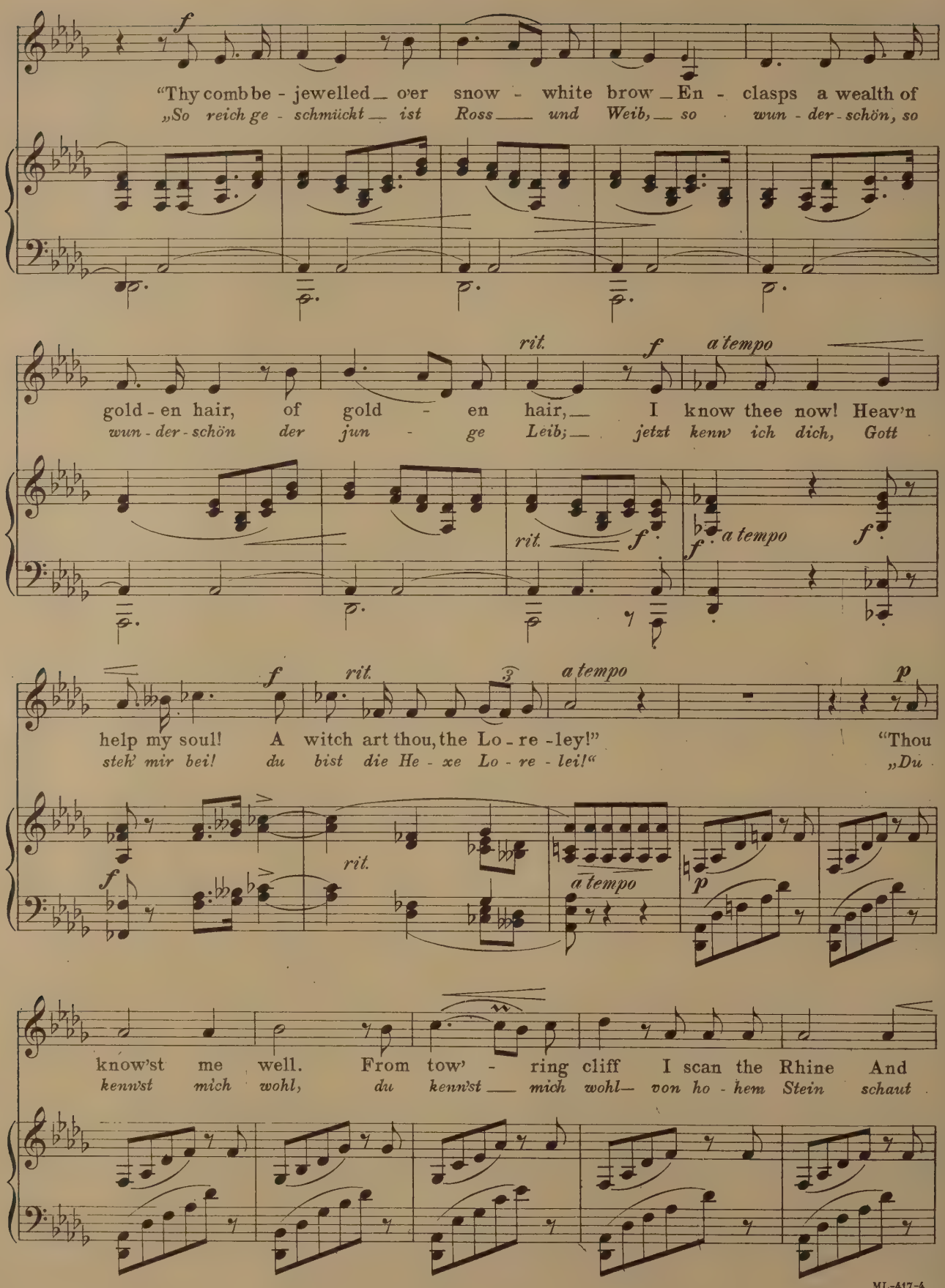
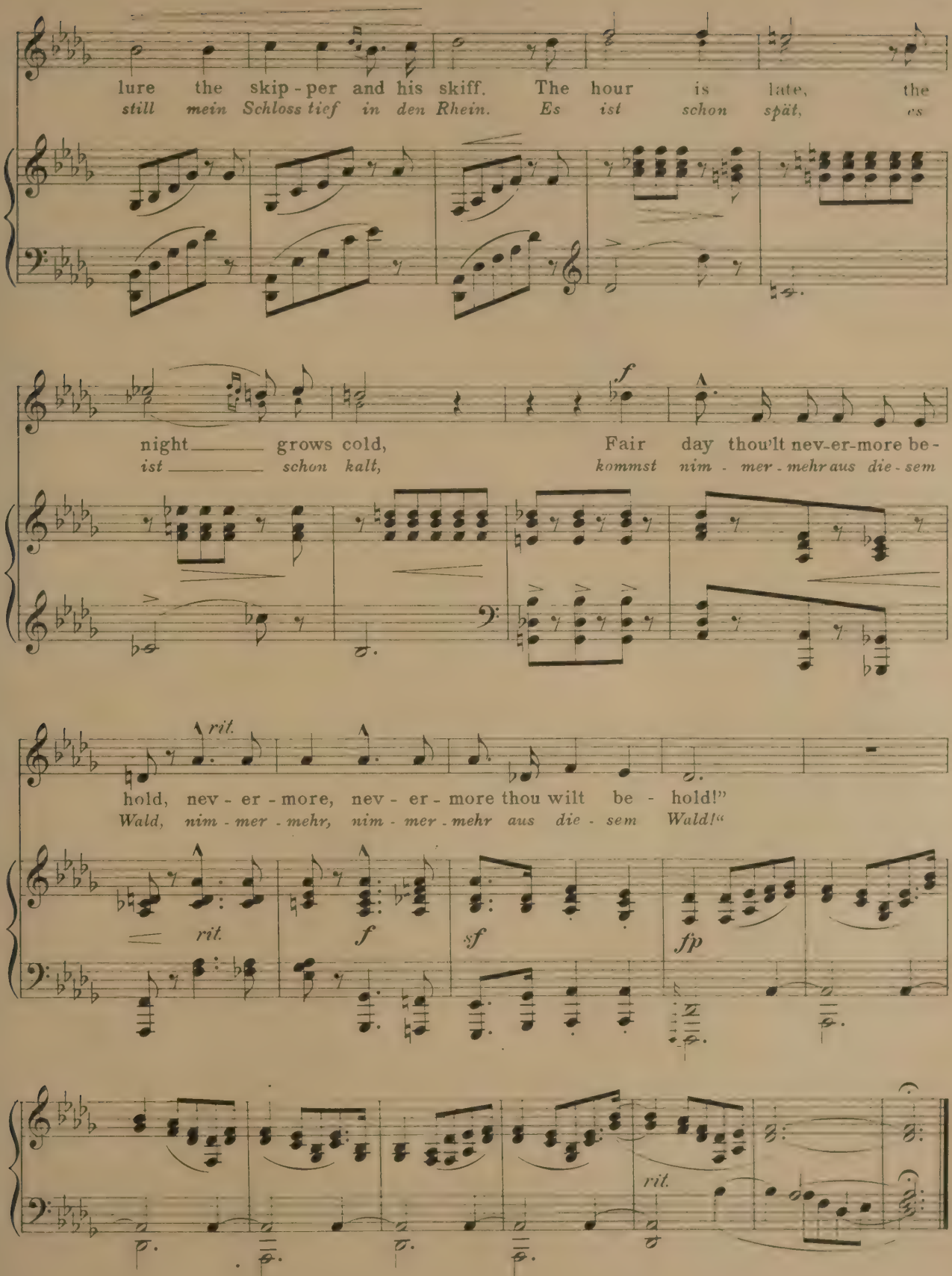

p
bride!"
heim!"
"Man's plead-ing way and lur - ing
„Gross ist der Män ner Trug und
p
Con Pedale
kiss Con-ceal de - ceit and ar - ti - fice.
List, von Schmerz mein Herz ge - bor - chen ist,
f
Know'st not my pale and heart worn face? Oh,
wohl irrt das Wald - horn her und hin, o
flee! Oh, flee from this ac-curs ed place!"
flieh! o flieh! du weisst nicht, wer ich bin."


f
"Thy comb be - jewelled_ o'er snow - white brow_ En - clasps a wealth of
„So reich ge - schmückt_ ist Ross___ und Weib,_ so wun - der - schön, so
rit. f a tempo
gold - en hair, of gold - en hair,_ I know thee now! Heav'n
wun - der - schön der jun - ge Leib;_ jetzt kenn' ich dich, Gott
rit. f
f a tempo f
f rit. a tempo p
help my soul! A witch art thou, the Lo - re - ley!" "Thou
steh' mir bei! du bist die He - xe Lo - re - lei!" „Du
f
rit.
a tempo
p
know'st me well. From tow' - ring cliff I scan the Rhine And
kenn'st mich wohl, du kenn'st___ mich wohl— von ho - hem Stein schaut


lure the skip - per and his skiff. The hour is late, the
still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein. Es ist schon spät, es
night grows cold, Fair day thou'lt nev-er-more be -
ist schon kalt, kommst nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem
hold, nev - er - more, nev - er - more thou wilt be - hold!"
Wald, nim - mer - mehr, nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald!"
f
rit.
f
sf
fp
rit.

MOONLIGHT
(MONDNACHT)

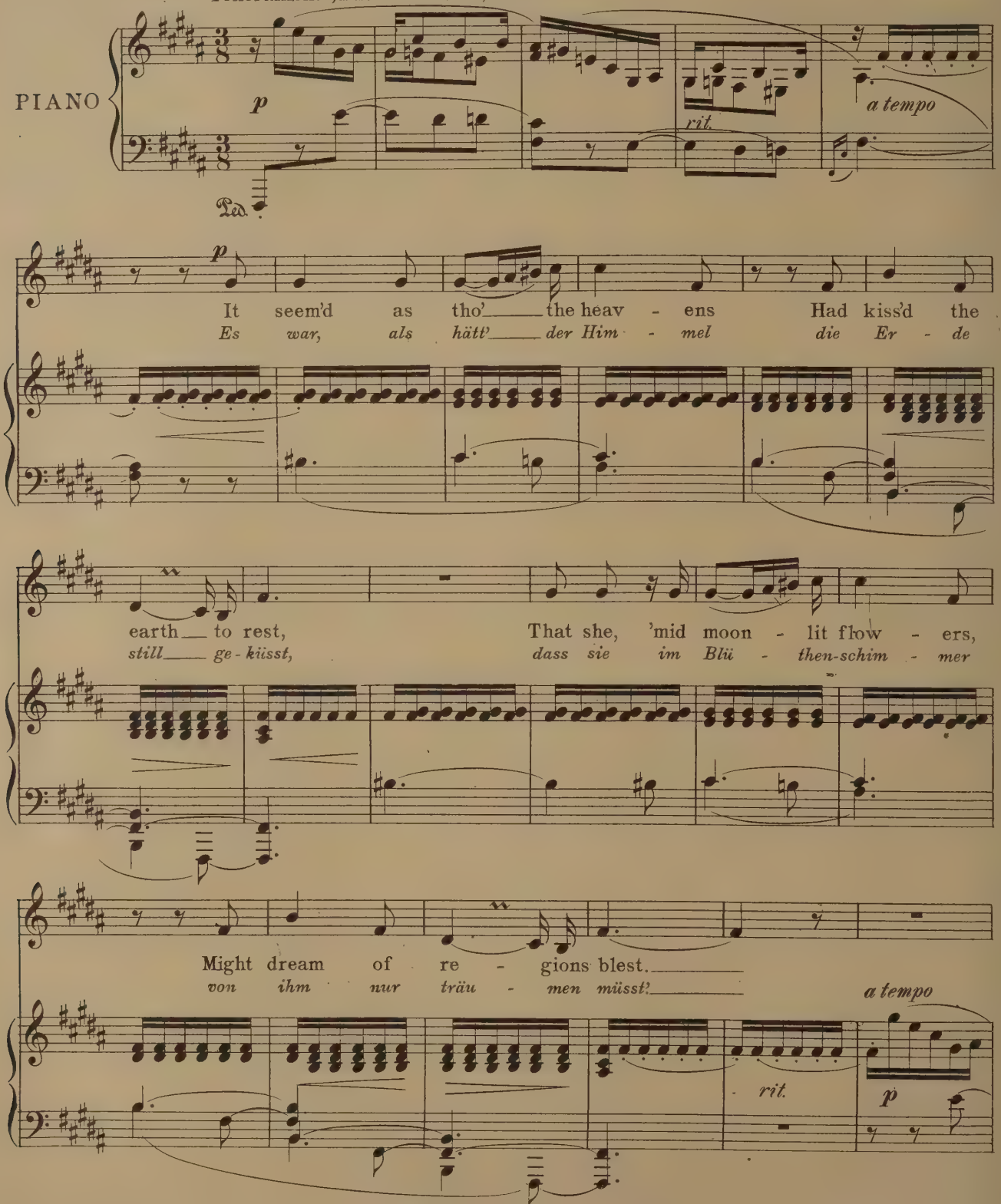
(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, E)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No 5

Teneramente, misterioso *(zart, heimlich)*


PIANO
p
Ped.
rit.
a tempo
It seem'd as tho' the heav - ens Had kiss'd the
Es war, als hätt' der Him - mel die Er - de
earth to rest, That she, 'mid moon - lit flow - ers,
still ge - küsst, dass sie im Blü - then-schim - mer
Might dream of re - gions blest.
von ihm nur träu - men müsst!
a tempo
rit.
p

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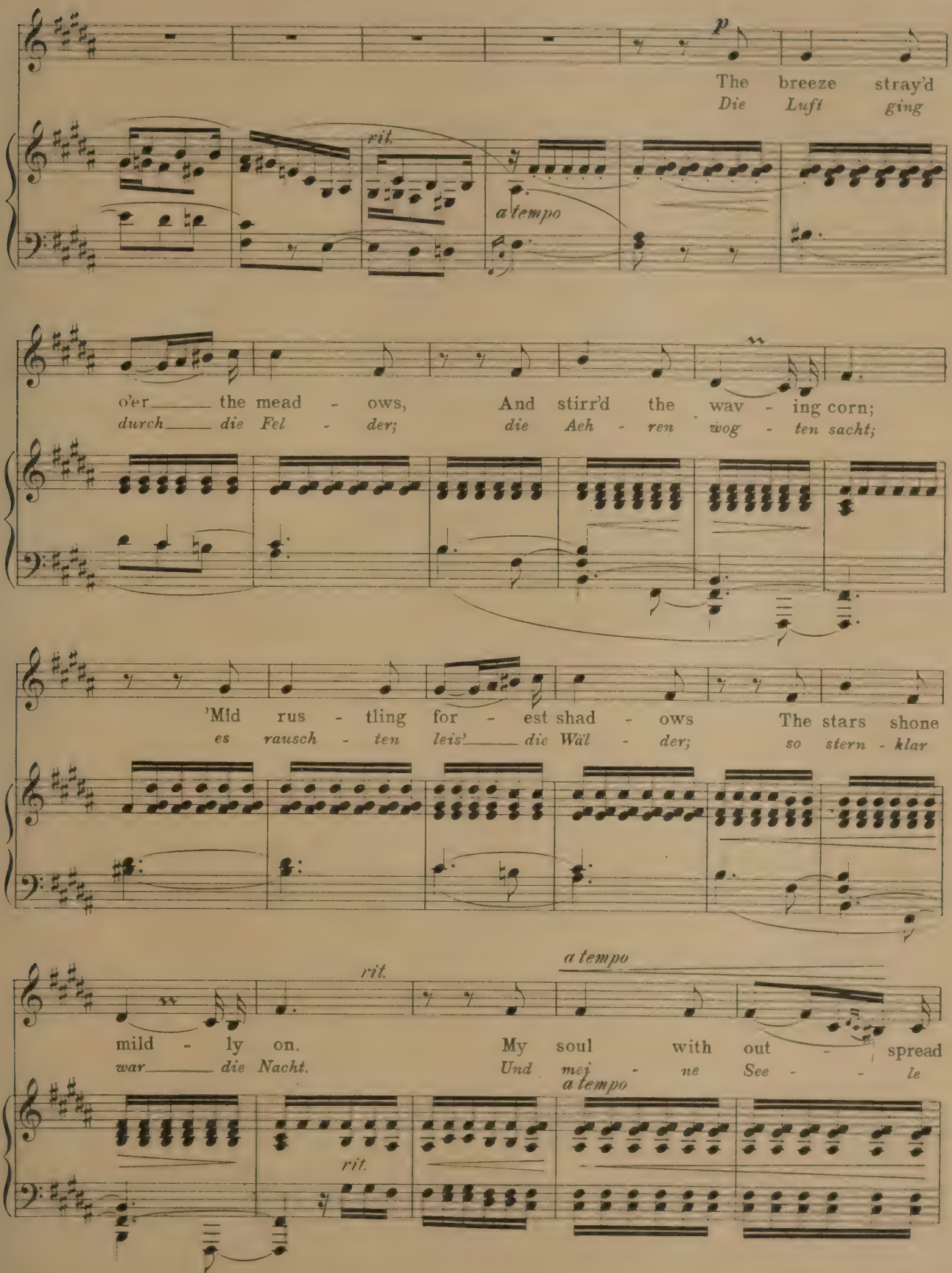
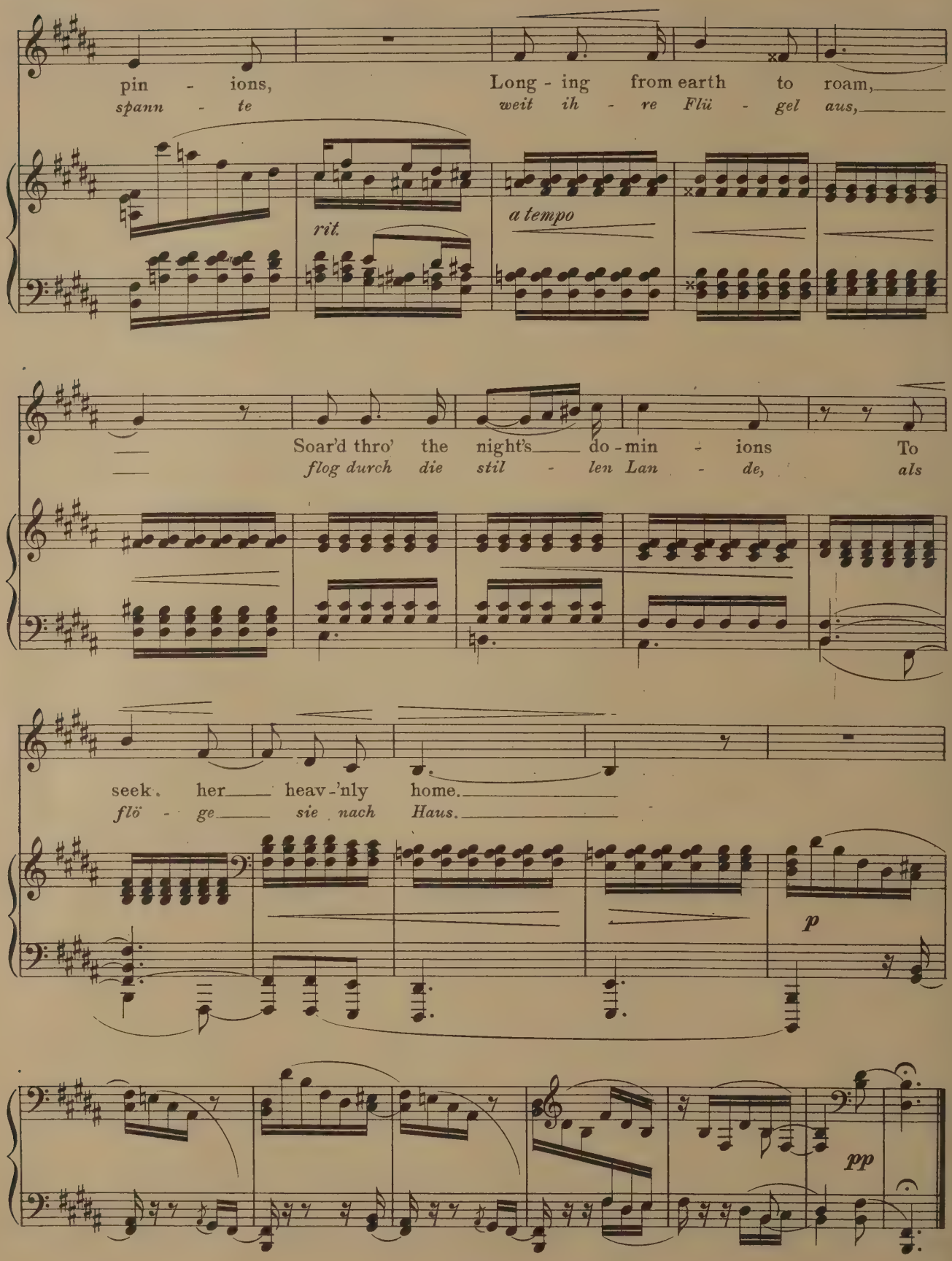

p
The breeze stray'd
Die Luft ging
rit.
a tempo
o'er the mead - ows, And stirr'd the wav - ing corn;
durch die Fel - der; die Aeh - ren wog - ten sacht;
'Mid rus - tling for - est shad - ows The stars shone
es rausch - ten leis' die Wäl - der; so stern - klar
rit.
a tempo
mild - ly on. My soul with out - spread
war die Nacht. Und mei - ne See - le
a tempo
rit.


pin - ions,
spann - te
Long - ing from earth to roam,
weit ih - re Flü - gel aus,
rit.
a tempo
Soar'd thro' the night's do - min - ions To
flog durch die stil - len Lan - de, als
seek her heav-'nly home.
flö - ge sie nach Haus.
p
pp

SPRING NIGHT
(FRÜHLINGSNACHT)

(Composed in 1840)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Original Key, F♯)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No. 12

Allegro moderato, appassionato
(Ziemlich rasch: leidenschaftlich)

VOICE

PIANO

p

O'er the gar - den's scent - ed bow - ers
Ue - ber'm Gar - ten durch die Lüf - te

con Pedale

Heard I now the bird - song sweet.
hört' ich Wan - der - vö - gel ziehn,

Spring re - turns with fair - est flow - ers
das be - deu - tet Früh - lings düf - te,

Fresh - ly bloom-ing at our
un - ten fängt's schon an zu

rit.

rit.

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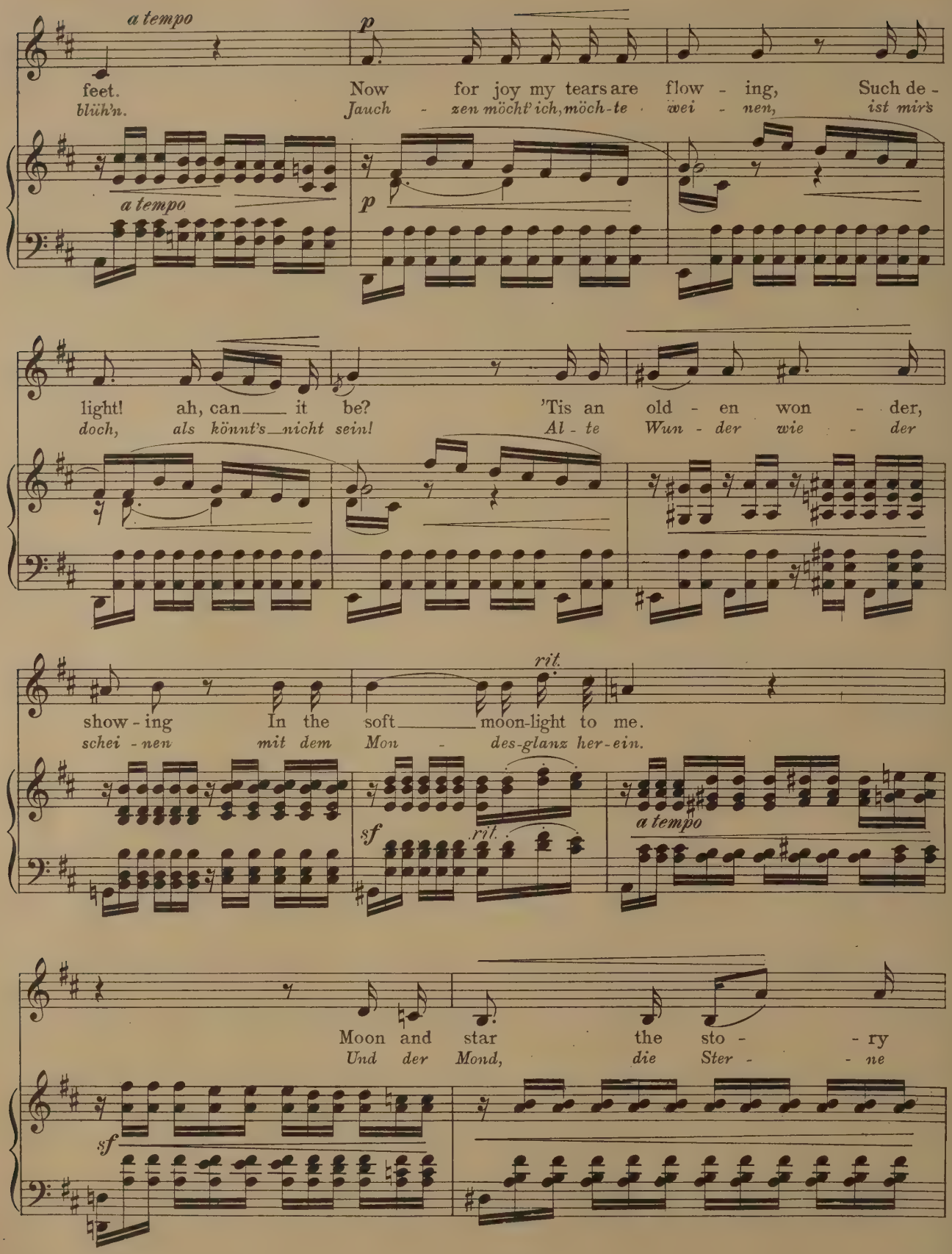
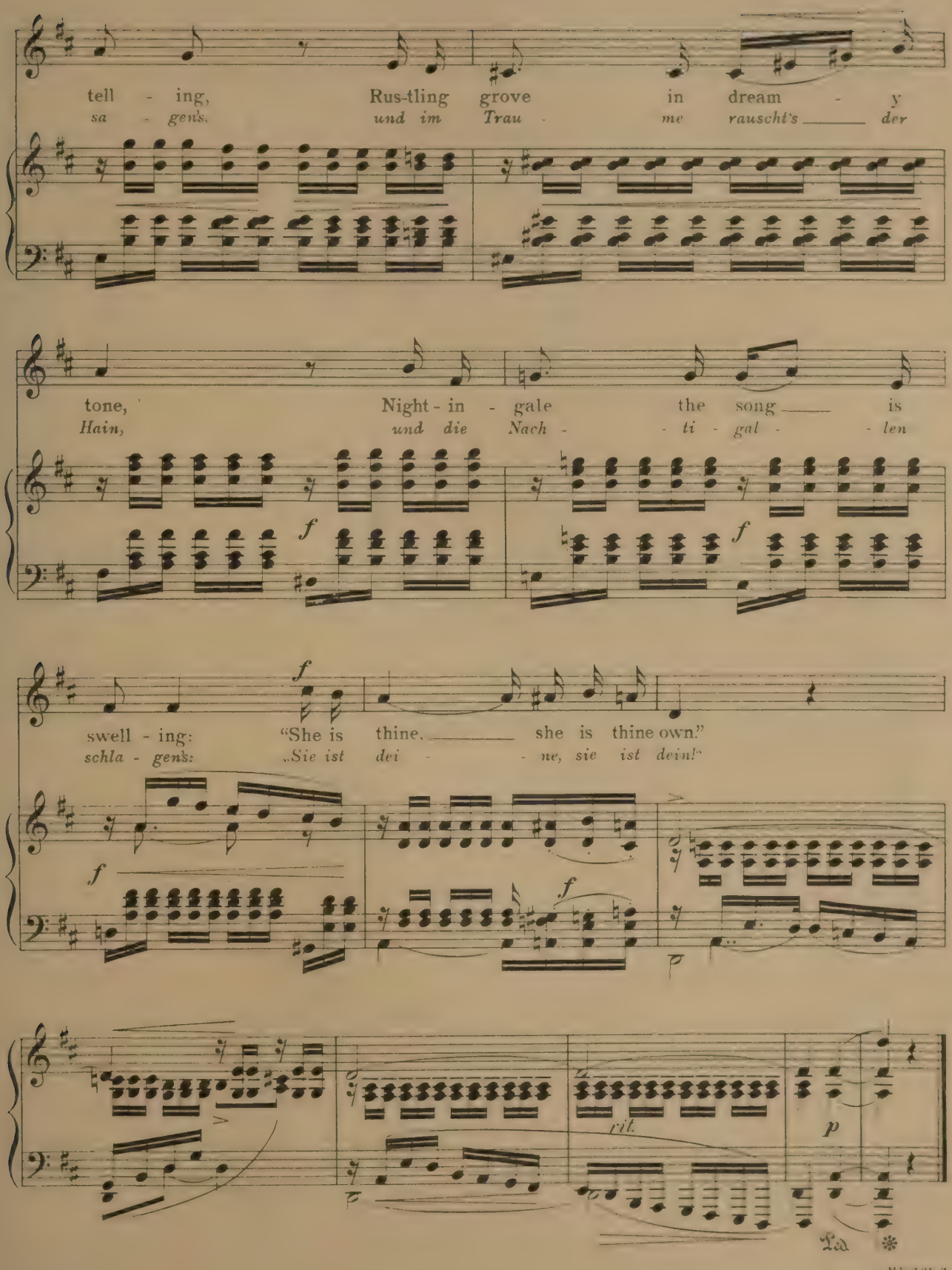

a tempo
p
feet.
blüh'n.
Now for joy my tears are flow - ing, Such de -
Jauch - zen möcht' ich, möch-te wei - nen, ist mir's
a tempo
p
light! ah, can it be? 'Tis an old - en won - der,
doch, als könnt's nicht sein! Al - te Wun - der wie - der
rit.
show - ing In the soft moon-light to me.
schei - nen mit dem Mon - des-glanz her-ein.
sf
rit.
a tempo
Moon and star the sto - ry
Und der Mond, die Ster - ne
sf


tell - ing, Rus-tling grove in dream - y
sa - gen's, und im Trau - me rauscht's der
tone, Night - in - gale the song is
Hain, und die Nach - - ti - gal - - len
swell - ing: "She is thine, she is thine own."
schla - gen's: „Sie ist dei - - ne, sie ist dein!"
f
rit.
p
La

HE, THE NOBLEST OF THE NOBLE
(ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E flat)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No. 2
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)

Affettuoso, vivace *(Innig, lebhaft)*

VOICE

PIANO

He, the no-blest of the no - ble, Oh, how
Er, der Herr-lich-ste von Al - len, wie so

gen - tle, oh, how kind! Lips so ten - der, eyes so
mil - de, wie so gut! Hol - de Lip - pen, kla - res

ra - diant, Stead-fast heart and loft - y mind.
Au - ge, hel - ler Sinn und fe - ster Muth.

As from bound-less depths of az - ure Bright and splen - did beams yon
So wie dort in blau - er Tie - fe, hell und herr - lich, je - ner

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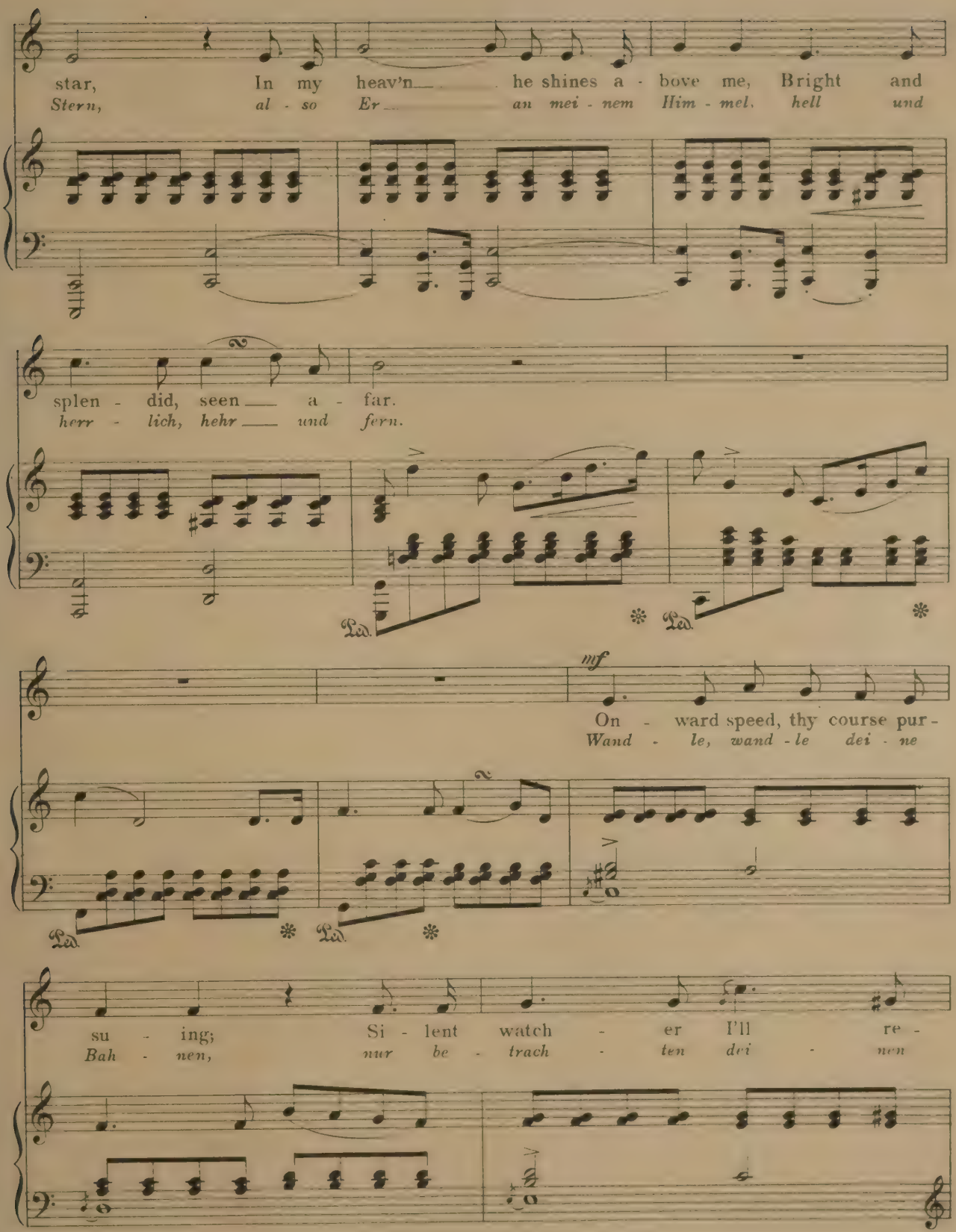
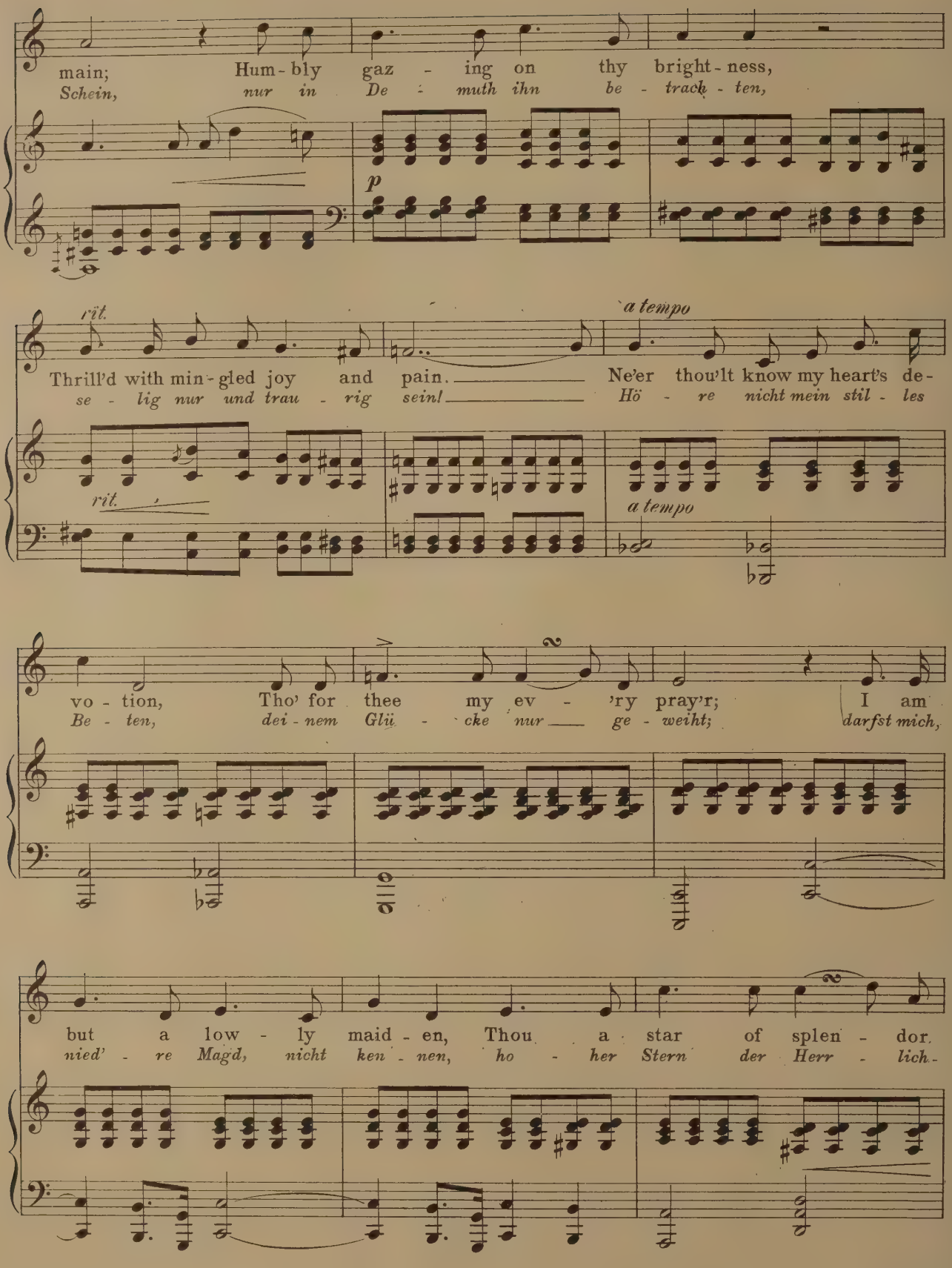
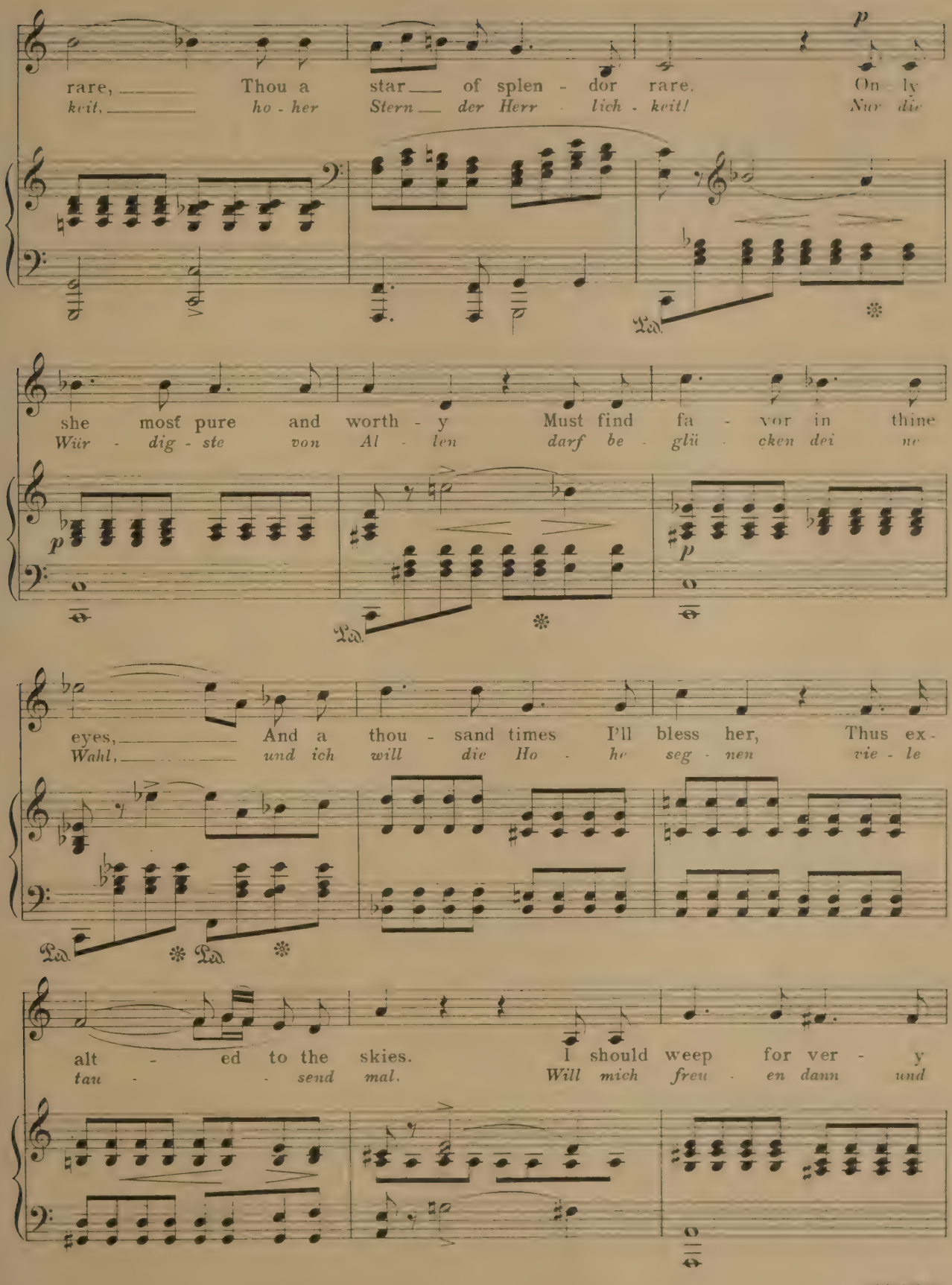
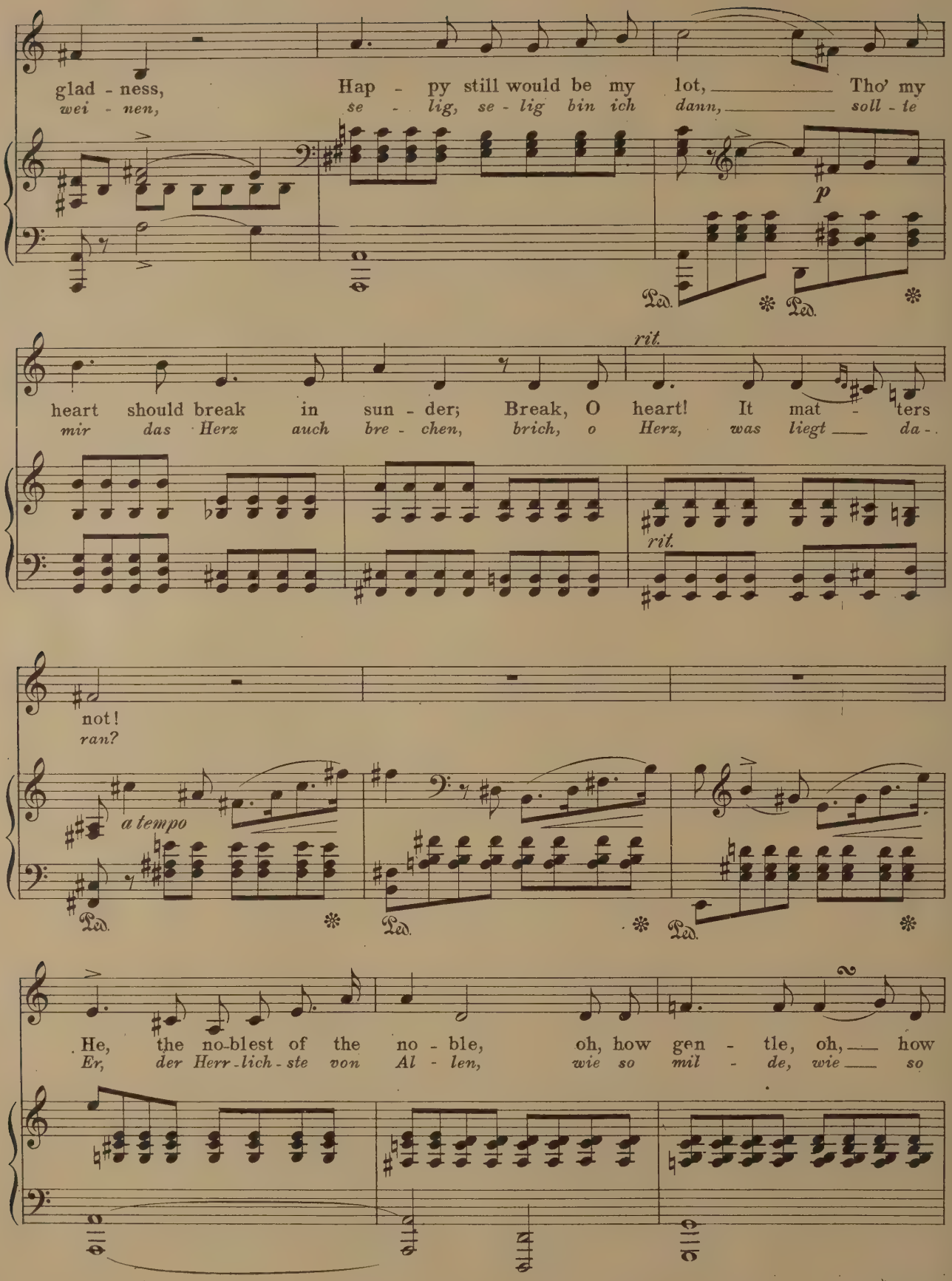
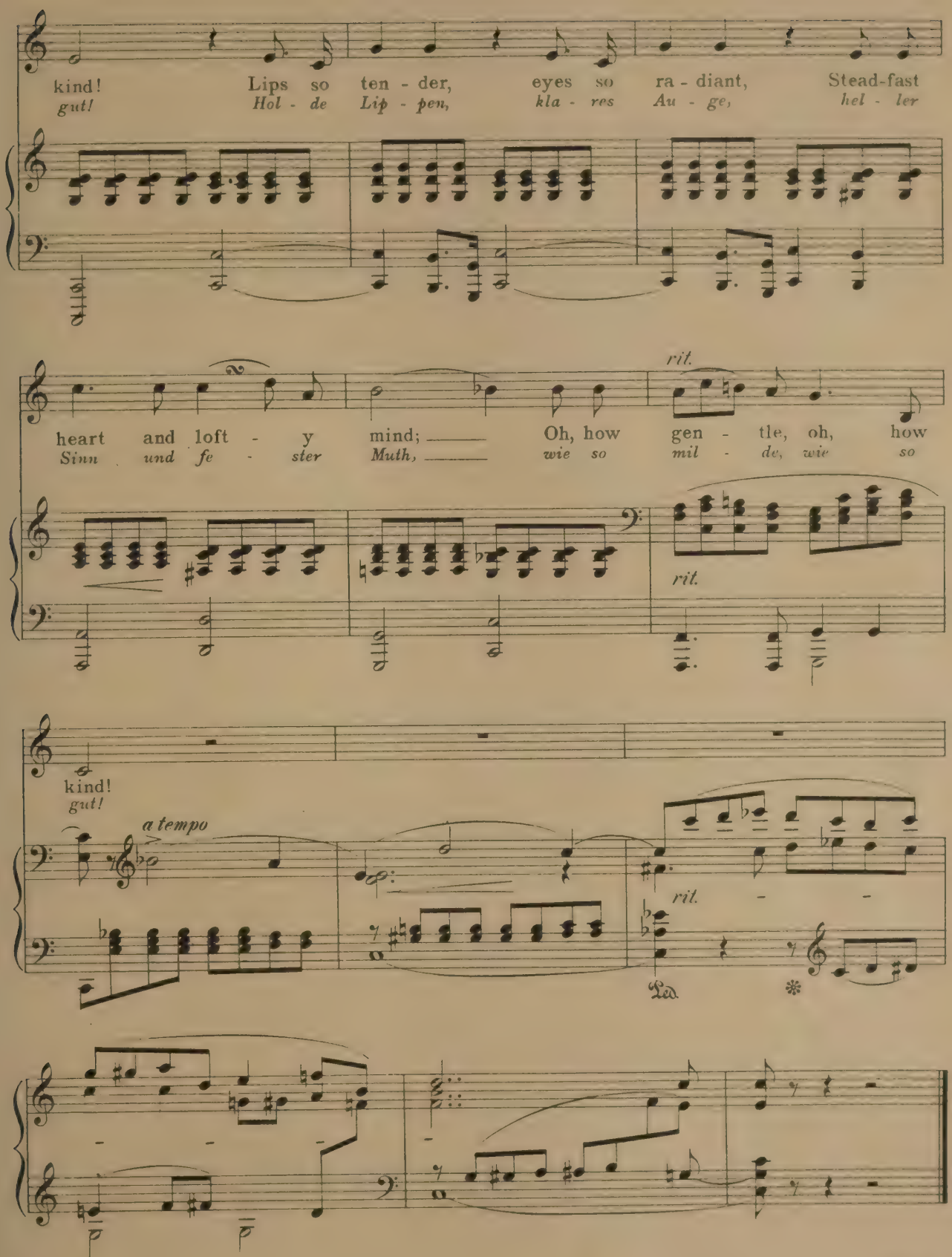

star, In my heav'n he shines a - bove me, Bright and
Stern, al - so Er an mei - nem Him - mel, hell und
splen - did, seen a - far.
herr - lich, hehr und fern.
Ped. * Ped. *
mf
On - ward speed, thy course pur -
Wand - le, wand - le dei - ne
Ped. * Ped. *
su - ing; Si - lent watch - er I'll re -
Bah - nen, nur be - trach - ten dei - nen


main; Hum - bly gaz - ing on thy bright - ness,
Schein, nur in De - muth ihn be - trach - ten,
p
rit.
Thrill'd with min - gled joy and pain.
se - lig nur und trau - rig sein!
a tempo
Ne'er thou'lt know my heart's de-
Hö - re nicht mein stil - les
rit.
a tempo
vo - tion, Tho' for thee my ev - 'ry pray'r; I am
Be - ten, dei - nem Glü - cke nur ge - weiht; darfst mich,
but a low - ly maid - en, Thou a star of splen - dor.
nied' - re Magd, nicht ken - nen, ho - her Stern der Herr - lich -


rare, Thou a star of splen - dor rare. On - ly
keit, ho - her Stern der Herr - lich - keit! Nur die
she most pure and worth - y Must find fa - vor in thine
Wür - dig - ste von Al - len darf be - glü - cken dei ne
eyes, And a thou - sand times I'll bless her, Thus ex -
Wahl, und ich will die Ho - he seg - nen vie - le
alt - ed to the skies. I should weep for ver - y
tau - - send mal. Will mich freu - en dann und


glad - ness,
wei - nen,
Hap - py still would be my lot, Tho' my
se - lig, se - lig bin ich dann, soll - te
p
Ped.
Ped.
heart should break in sun - der; Break, O heart! It mat - ters
mir das Herz auch bre - chen, brich, o Herz, was liegt da -
rit.
rit.
not!
ran?
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
He, the no-blest of the no - ble, oh, how gen - tle, oh, how
Er, der Herr-lich-ste von Al - len, wie so mil - de, wie so


kind!
gut!
Lips so ten - der,
Hol - de Lip - pen,
eyes so ra - diant,
kla - res Au - ge,
Stead-fast
hel - ler
heart and loft - y
Sinn und fe - ster
mind;
Muth,
Oh, how gen - tle, oh, how
wie so mil - de, wie so
rit.
rit.
kind!
gut!
a tempo
rit.
Ped.

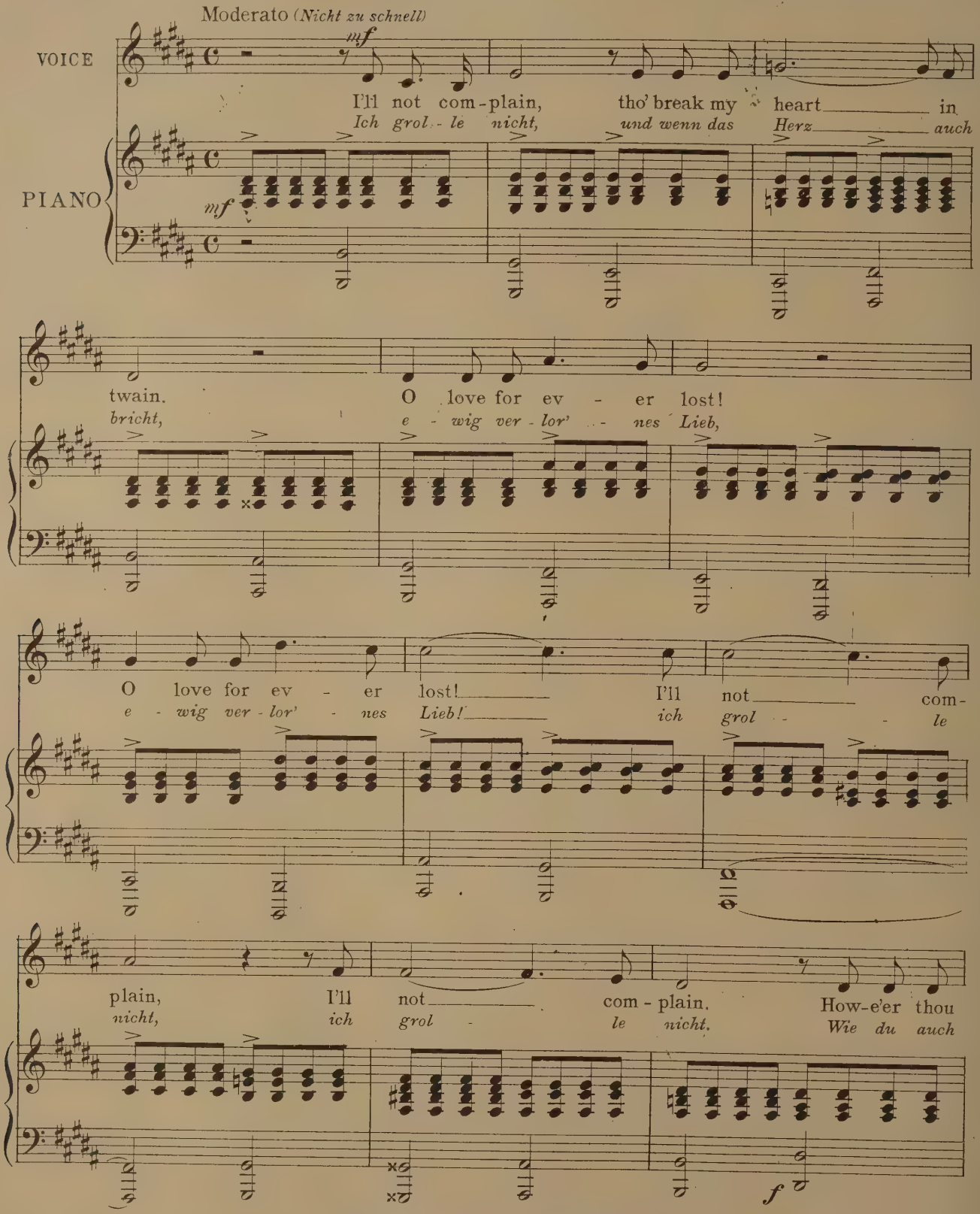
I'LL NOT COMPLAIN
(ICH GROLLE NICHT)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by John S. Dwight

(Original Key, C)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 7
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*


Moderato (Nicht zu schnell)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
I'll not com-plain, tho' break my heart in
Ich grol-le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch
twain. O love for ev - er lost!
bricht, e - wig ver-lor' - nes Lieb,
O love for ev - er lost! I'll not com-
e - wig ver-lor' - nes Lieb! ich grol - le
plain, I'll not com-plain. How-e'er thou
nicht, ich grol - le nicht. Wie du auch
f

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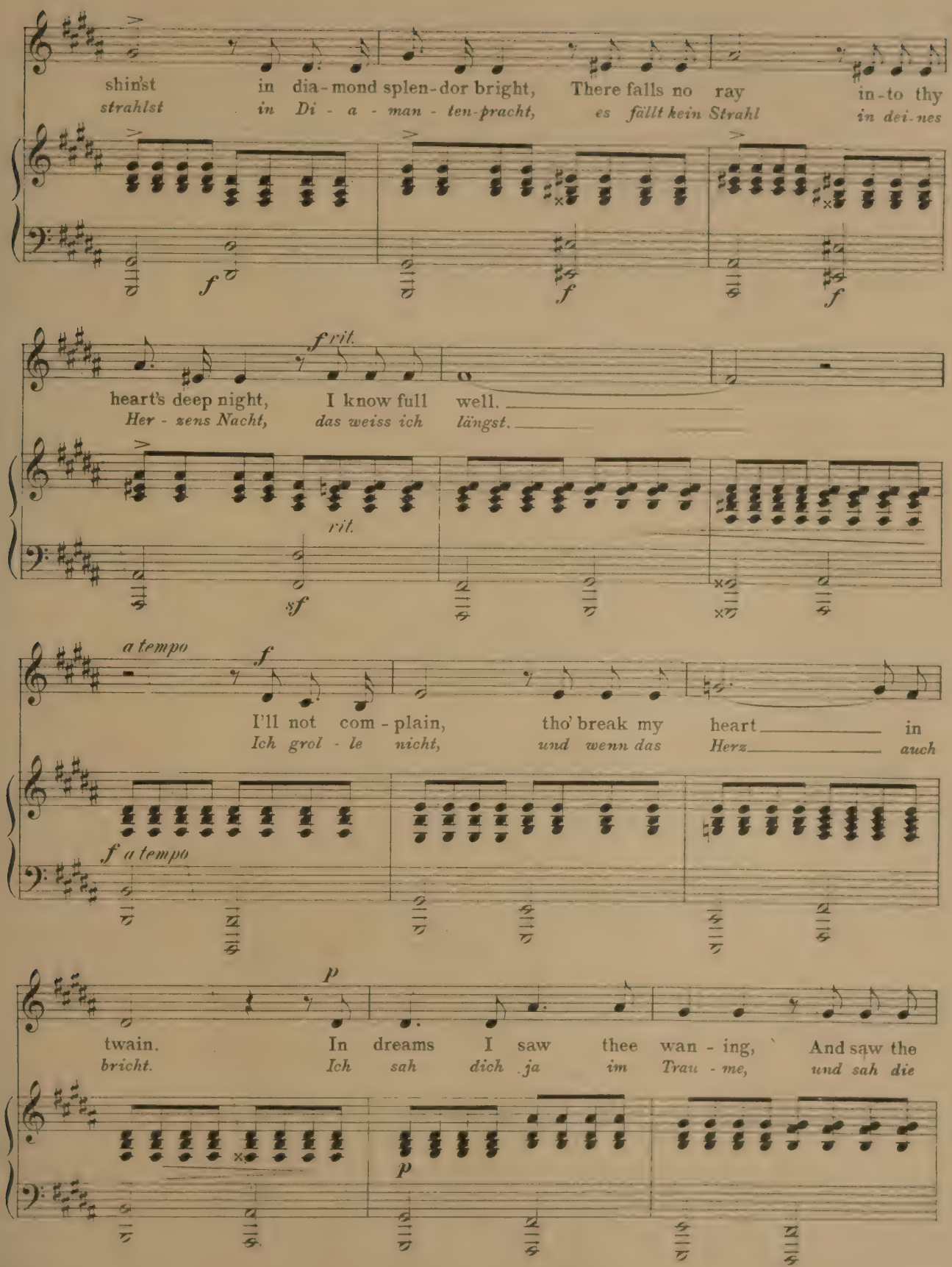
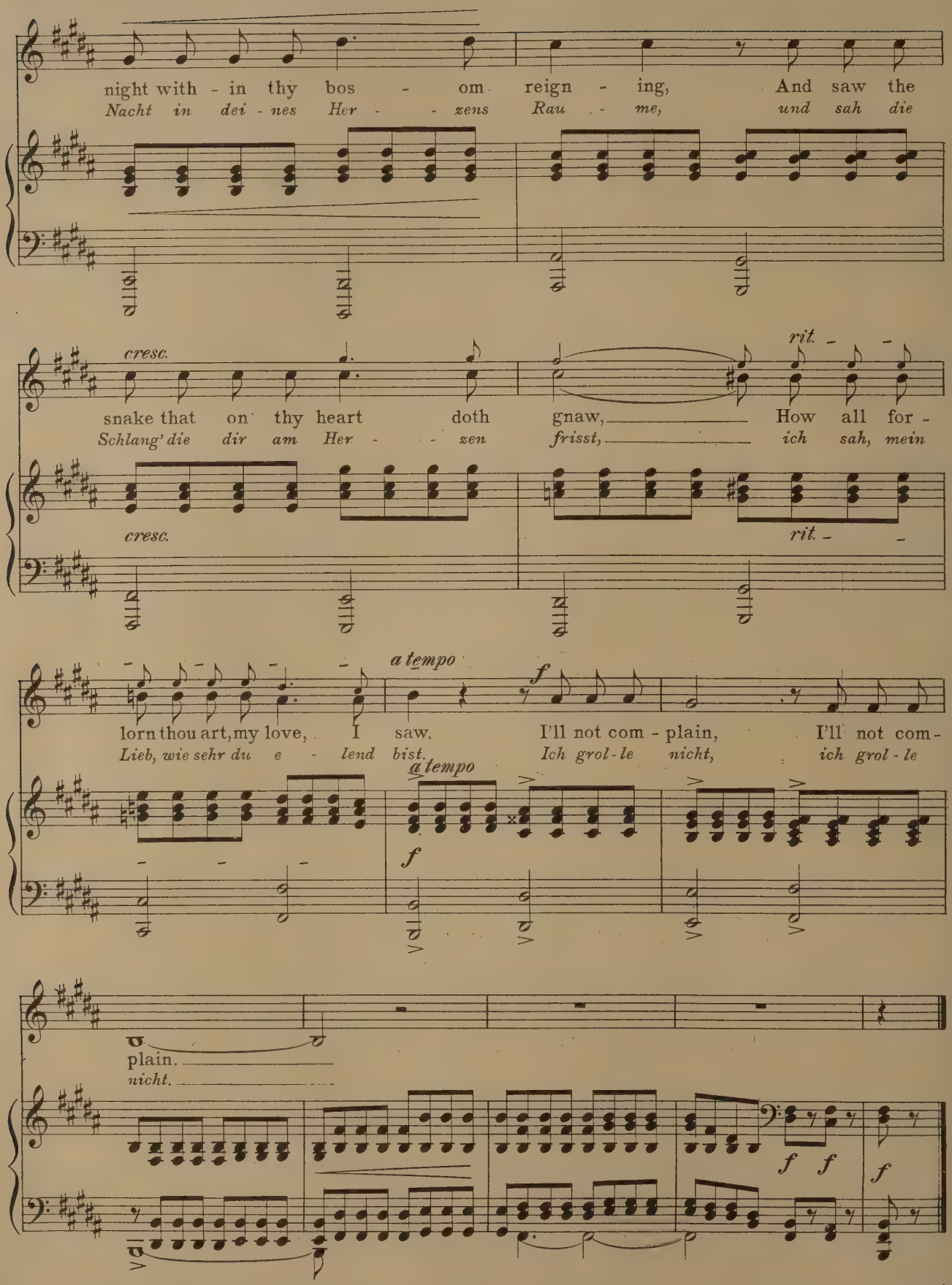

shin'st in dia-mond splen-dor bright, There falls no ray in-to thy
strahlst in Di - a - man - ten-pracht, es fällt kein Strahl in dei-nes
f
f
f
f rit.
heart's deep night, I know full well.
Her - zens Nacht, das weiss ich längst.
rit.
sf
a tempo
f
I'll not com - plain, tho' break my heart in
Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch
f a tempo
p
twain. In dreams I saw thee wan - ing, And saw the
bricht. Ich sah dich ja im Trau - me, und sah die
p


night with - in thy bos - om reign - ing, And saw the
Nacht in dei - nes Her - zens Rau - me, und sah die
cresc.
rit.
snake that on thy heart doth gnaw, How all for -
Schlang' die dir am Her - zen frisst, ich sah, mein
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
f
lorn thou art, my love, I saw. I'll not com - plain, I'll not com -
Lieb, wie sehr du e - lend bist. Ich grol - le nicht, ich grol - le
a tempo
f
plain.
nicht.
f f
f

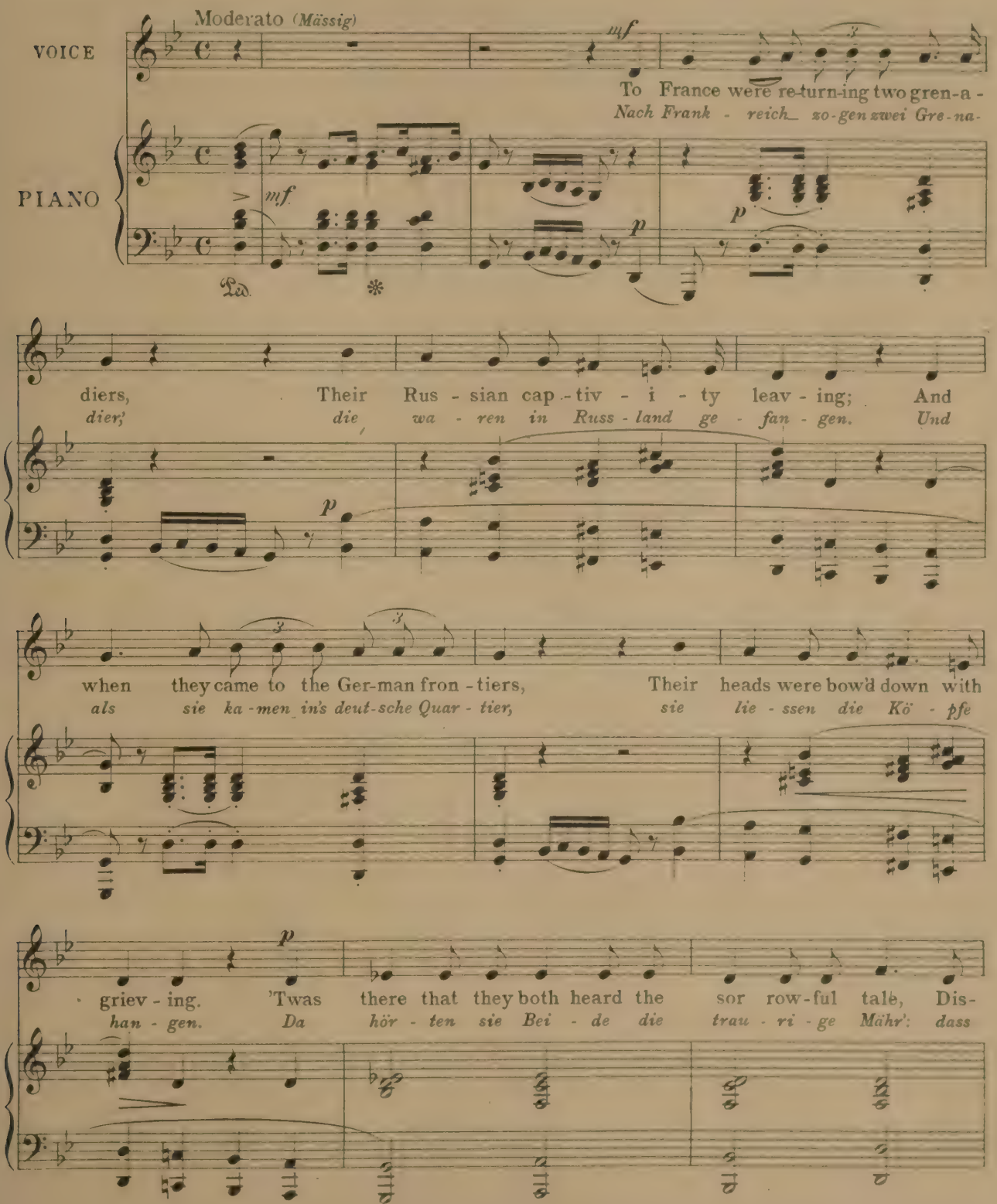
THE TWO GRENADIERS
(DIE BEIDEN GRENADIERE)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 49, № 1


Moderato (Mässig)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
To France were re-turn-ing two gren-a-
Nach Frank - reich zo-gen zwei Gre-na-
diers, Their Rus - sian cap - tiv - i - ty leav - ing; And
dier, die wa - ren in Russ - land ge - fan - gen. Und
when they came to the Ger-man fron - tiers, Their heads were bow'd down with
als sie ka - men in's deut-sche Quar - tier, sie lie - ssen die Kö - pfe
griev - ing. 'Twas there that they both heard the sor row-ful tale, Dis-
han - gen. Da hör - ten sie Bei - de die trau - ri - ge Mähr': dass

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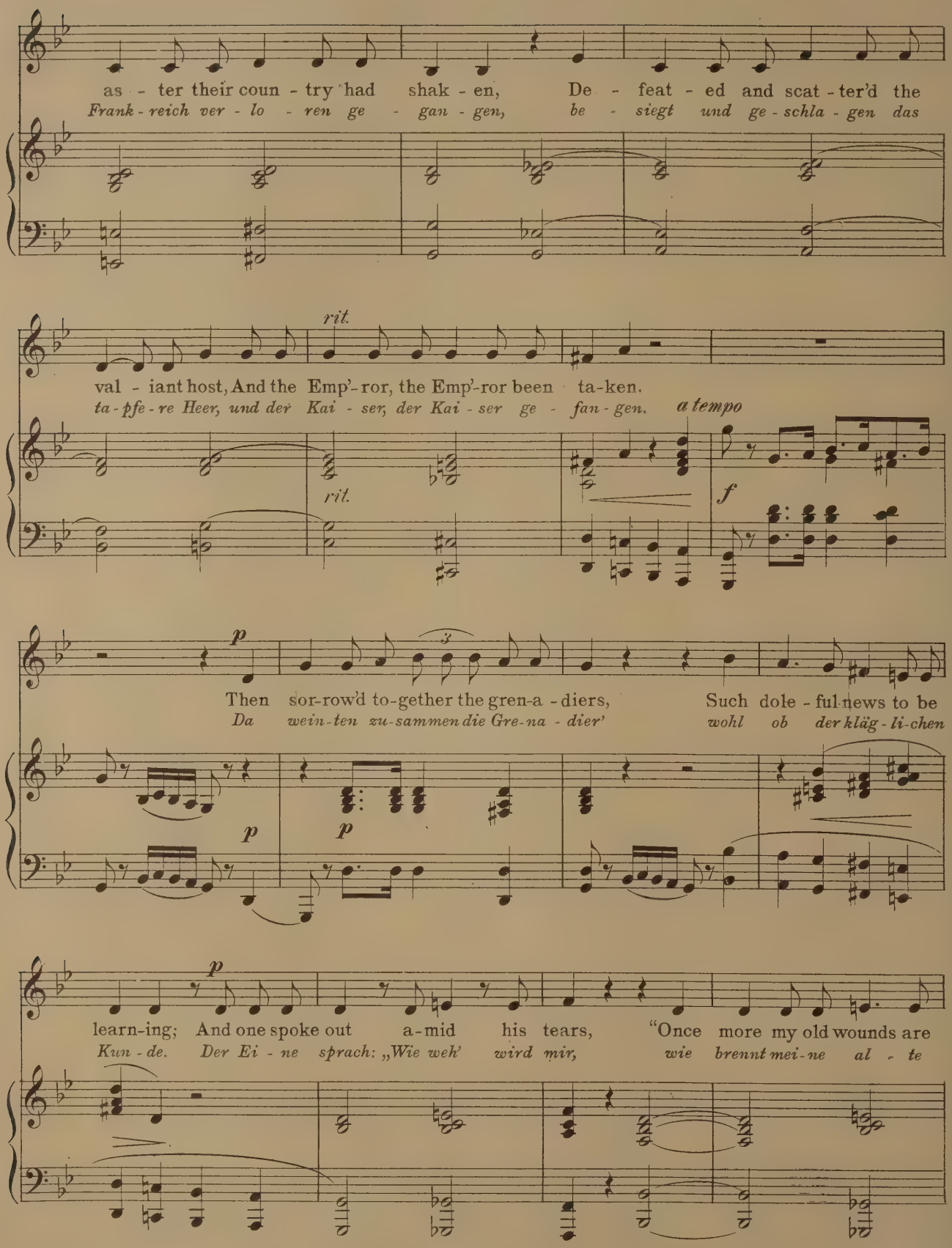
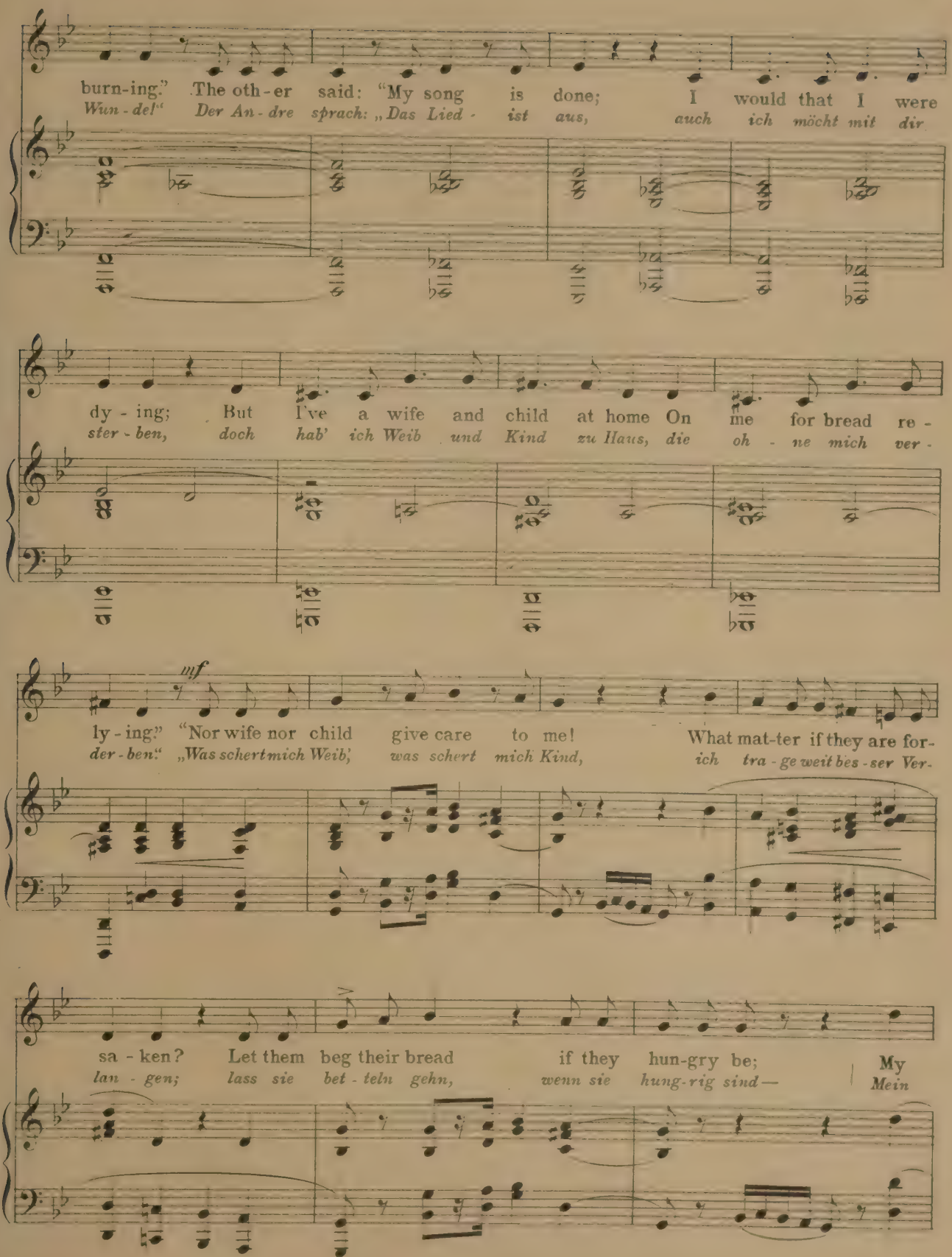
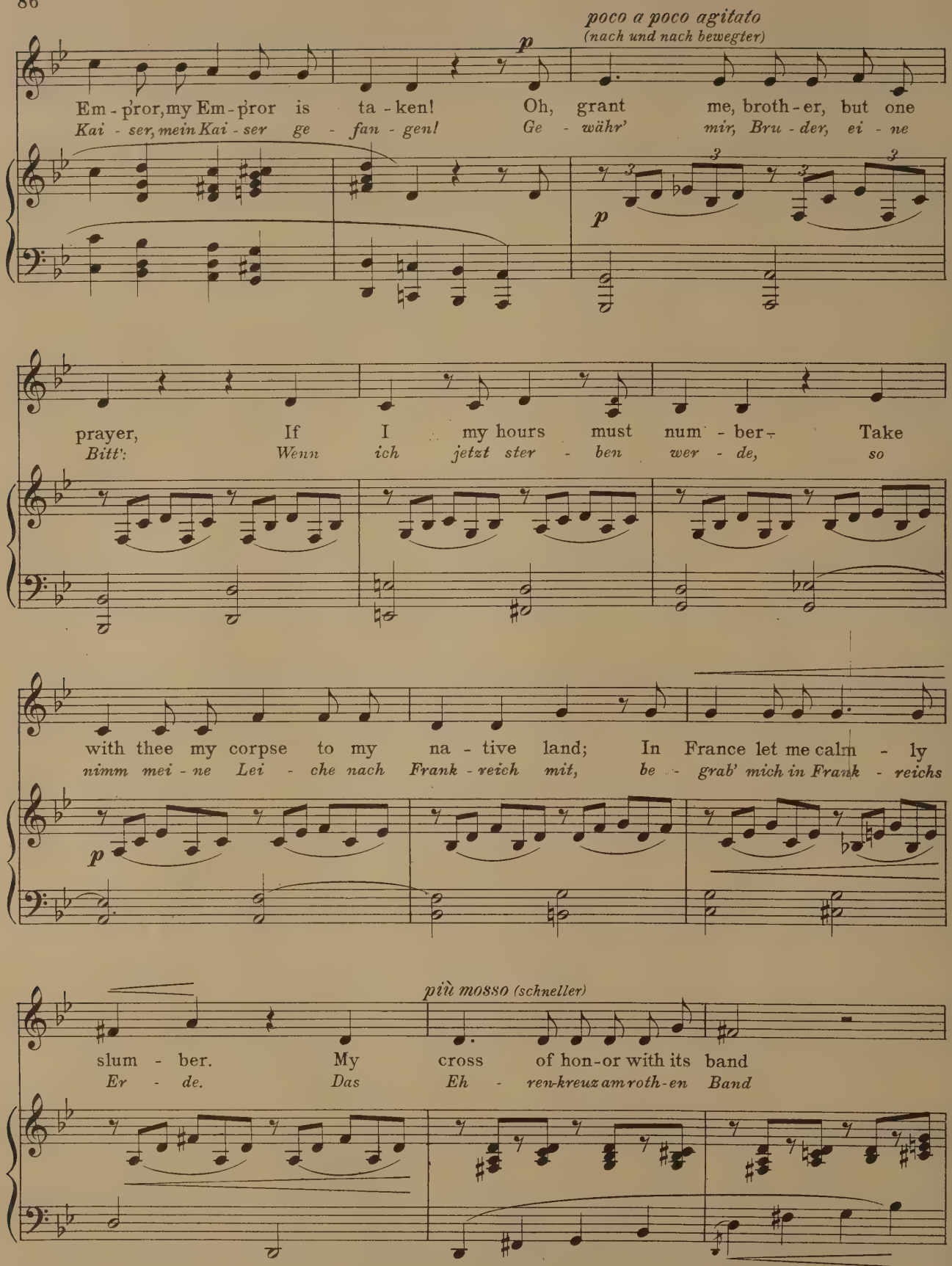
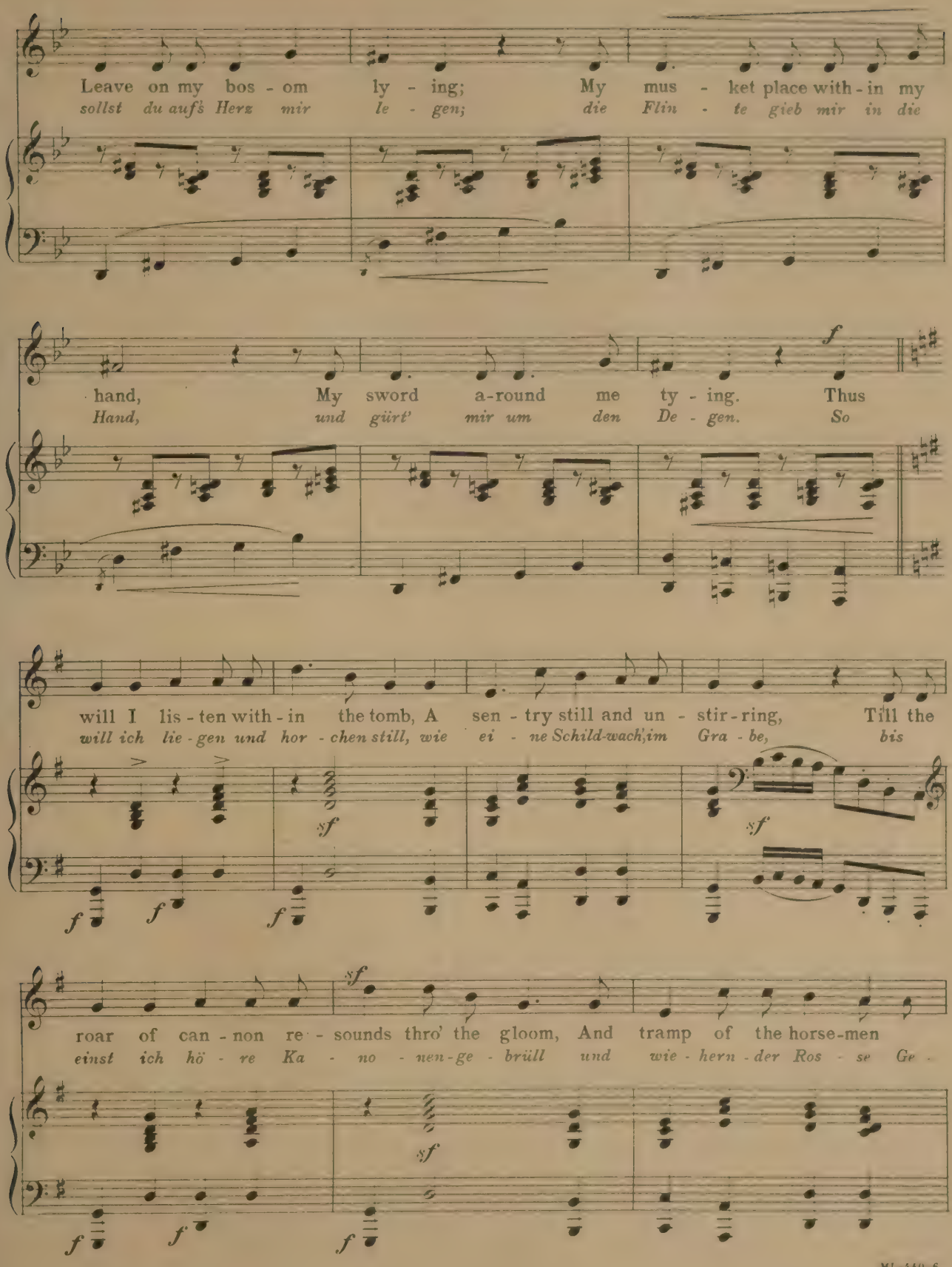
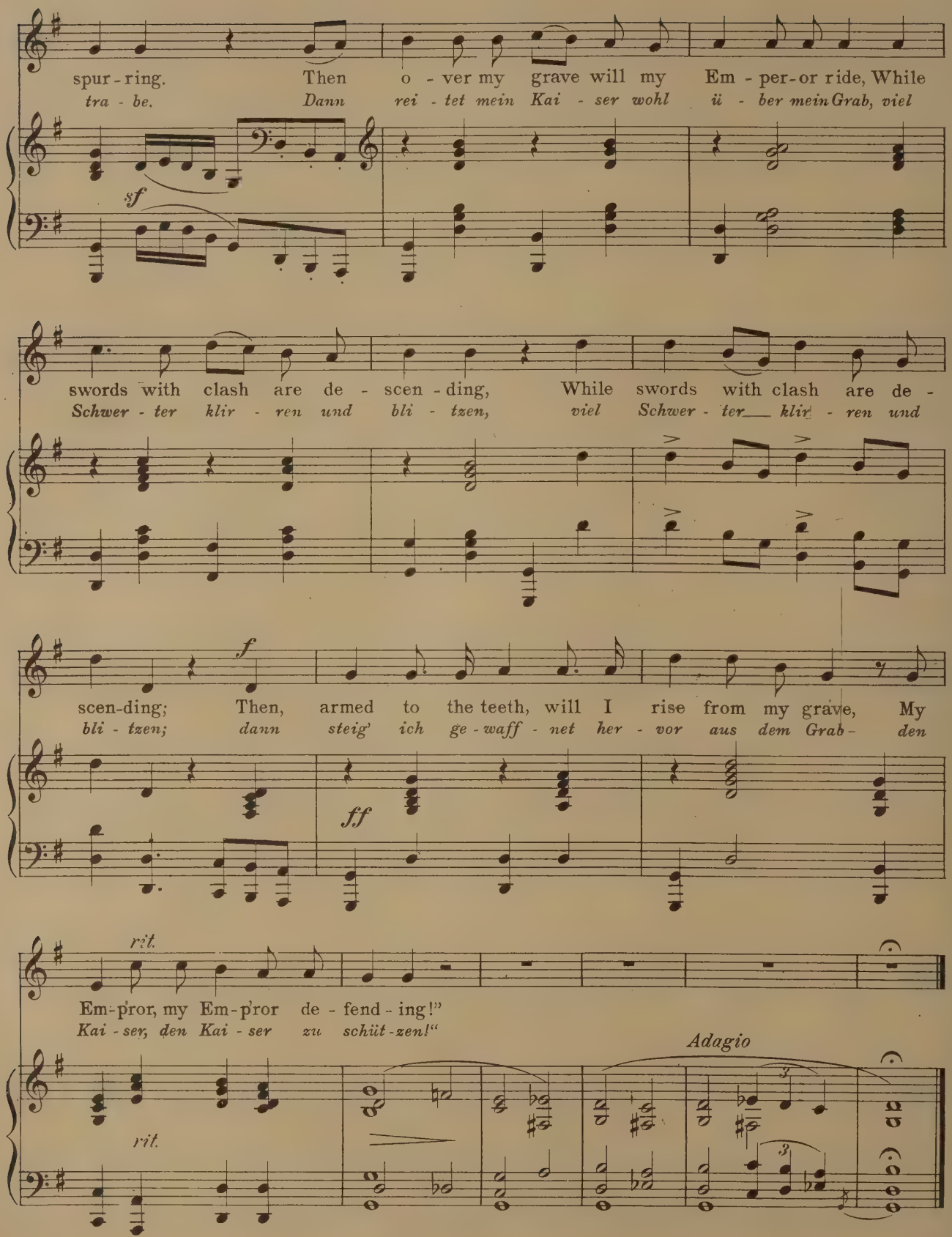

as - ter their coun - try had shak - en, De - feat - ed and scat - ter'd the
Frank - reich ver - lo - ren ge - gan - gen, be - siegt und ge - schla - gen das
rit.
val - iant host, And the Emp'- ror, the Emp'-ror been ta-ken.
ta - pfe - re Heer, und der Kai - ser, der Kai - ser ge - fan - gen.
a tempo
rit.
f
p
Then sor-row'd to-gether the gren-a - diers, Such dole - ful news to be
Da wein - ten zu - sammen die Gre - na - dier' wohl ob der kläg - li - chen
p
p
p
learn-ing; And one spoke out a-mid his tears, "Once more my old wounds are
Kun - de. Der Ei - ne sprach: „Wie weh' wird mir, wie brennt mei - ne al - te


burn-ing." The oth-er said: "My song is done; I would that I were
Wun-del" Der An-dre sprach: „Das Lied - ist aus, auch ich möcht mit dir
dy - ing; But I've a wife and child at home On me for bread re -
ster - ben, doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus, die oh - ne mich ver -
mf
ly - ing?" "Nor wife nor child give care to me! What mat-ter if they are for-
der - ben?" „Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind, ich tra - ge weit bes - ser Ver -
sa - ken? Let them beg their bread if they hun-gry be; My
lan - gen; lass sie bet - teln gehn, wenn sie hung-rig sind— Mein


poco a poco agitato
(nach und nach bewegter)
p
Em - p'ror, my Em - p'ror is ta - ken! Oh, grant me, broth - er, but one
Kai - ser, mein Kai - ser ge - fan - gen! Ge - währ' mir, Bru - der, ei - ne
p
prayer, If I my hours must num - ber - Take
Bitt': Wenn ich jetzt ster - ben wer - de, so
with thee my corpse to my na - tive land; In France let me calm - ly
nimm mei - ne Lei - che nach Frank - reich mit, be - grab' mich in Frank - reichs
p
più mosso (schneller)
slum - ber. My cross of hon - or with its band
Er - de. Das Eh - ren-kreuz am roth - en Band


Leave on my bos - om ly - ing; My mus - ket place with - in my
sollst du aufs Herz mir le - gen; die Flin - te gieb mir in die
hand, My sword a-round me ty - ing. Thus
Hand, und gürt' mir um den De - gen. So
will I lis - ten with - in the tomb, A sen - try still and un - stir - ring, Till the
will ich lie - gen und hor - chen still, wie ei - ne Schild-wach', im Gra - be, bis
roar of can - non re - sounds thro' the gloom, And tramp of the horse-men
einst ich hö - re Ka - no - nen - ge - brüll und wie - hern - der Ros - se Ge -

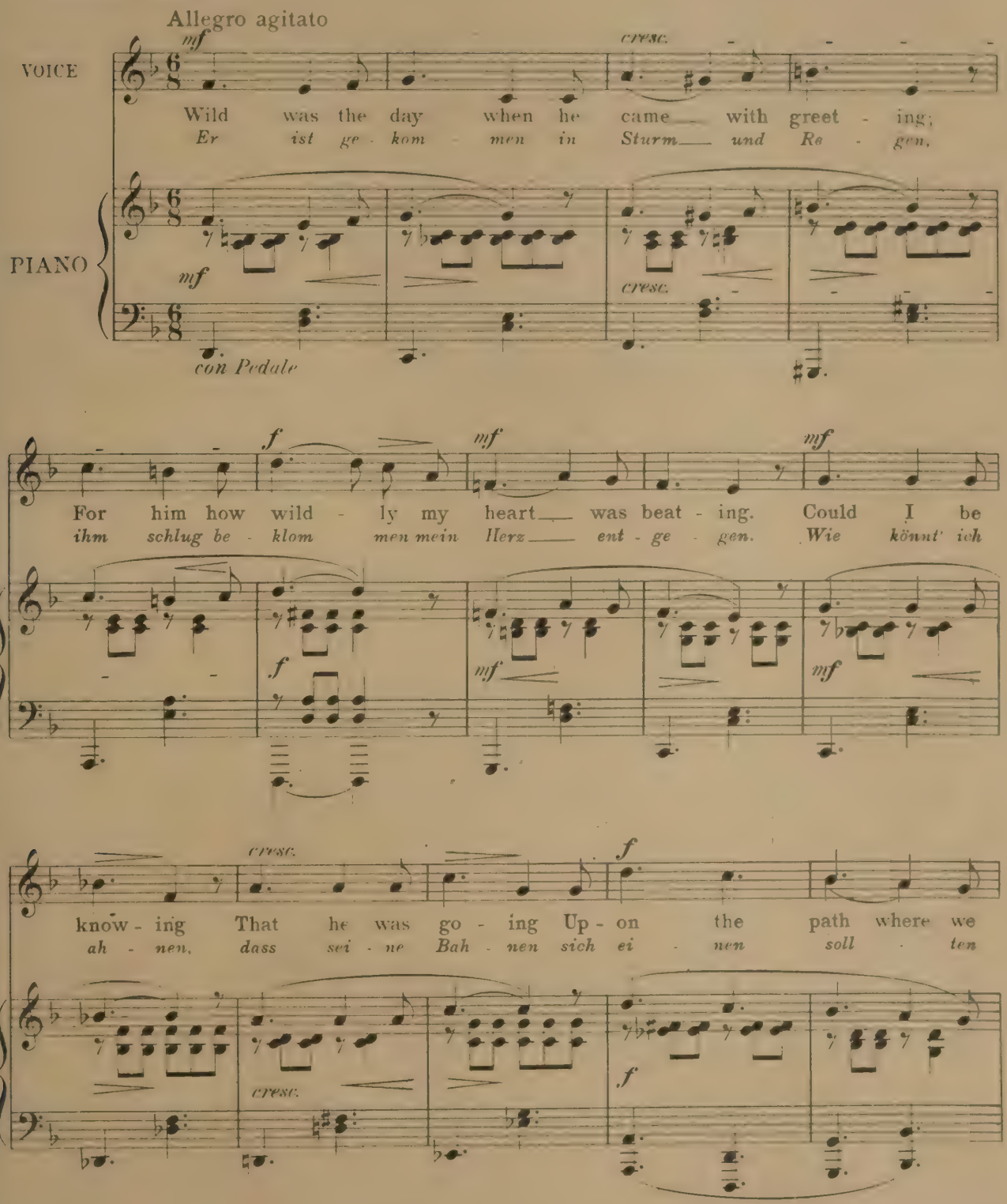

spur-ring. Then o-ver my grave will my Em-per-or ride, While
tra-be. Dann rei-tet mein Kai-ser wohl ü-ber mein Grab, viel
sf
swords with clash are de-scen-ding, While swords with clash are de-
Schwer-ter klir-ren und bli-tzen, viel Schwer-ter klir-ren und
scen-ding; Then, armed to the teeth, will I rise from my grave, My
bli-tzen; dann steig' ich ge-waff-net her-vor aus dem Grab-den
f
ff
rit.
Em-pror, my Em-pror de-fend-ing!"
Kai-ser, den Kai-ser zu schüt-zen!"
Adagio
rit.

HIS COMING
(ER IST GEKOMMEN)

(Original Key, Ab)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 4, No. 7


Allegro agitato
VOICE
PIANO
mf
cresc.
Wild was the day when he came with greet - ing;
Er ist ge - kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen,
con Pedale
f
For him how wild - ly my heart was beat - ing. Could I be
ihm schlug be - klom - men mein Herz ent - ge - gen. Wie könnt' ich
know - ing That he was go - ing Up - on the path where we
ah - nen, dass sei - ne Bah - nen sich ei - nen soll - ten

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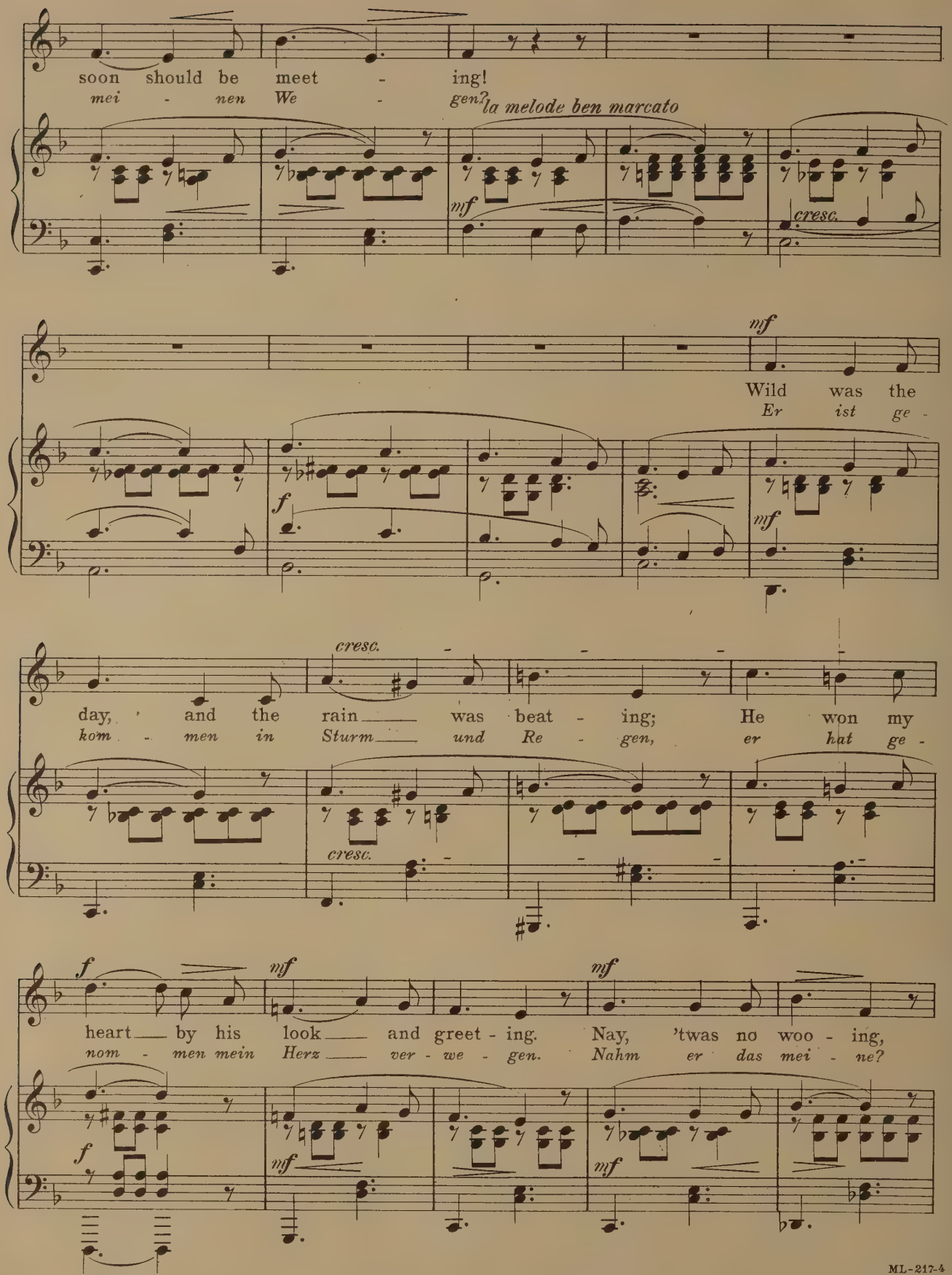
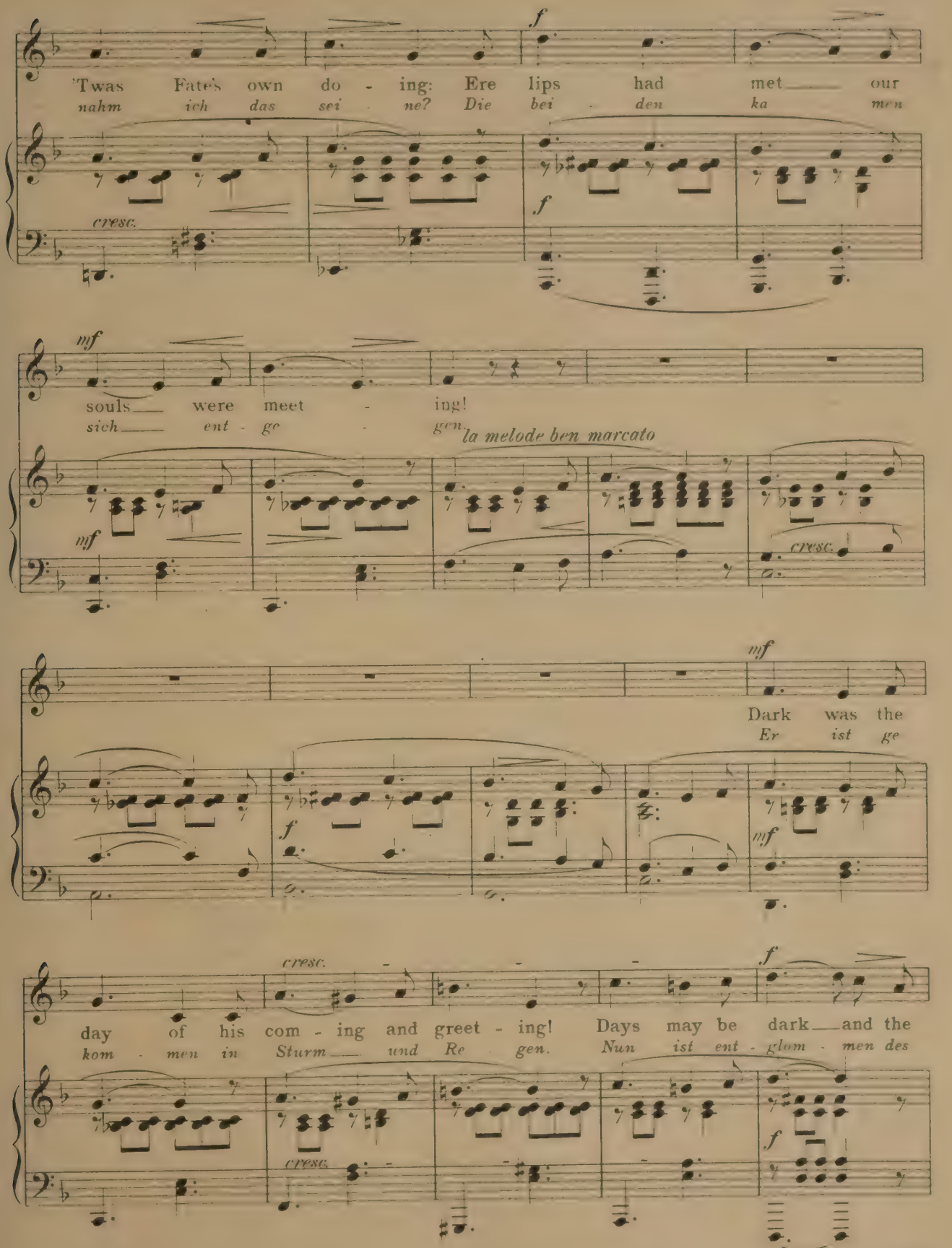
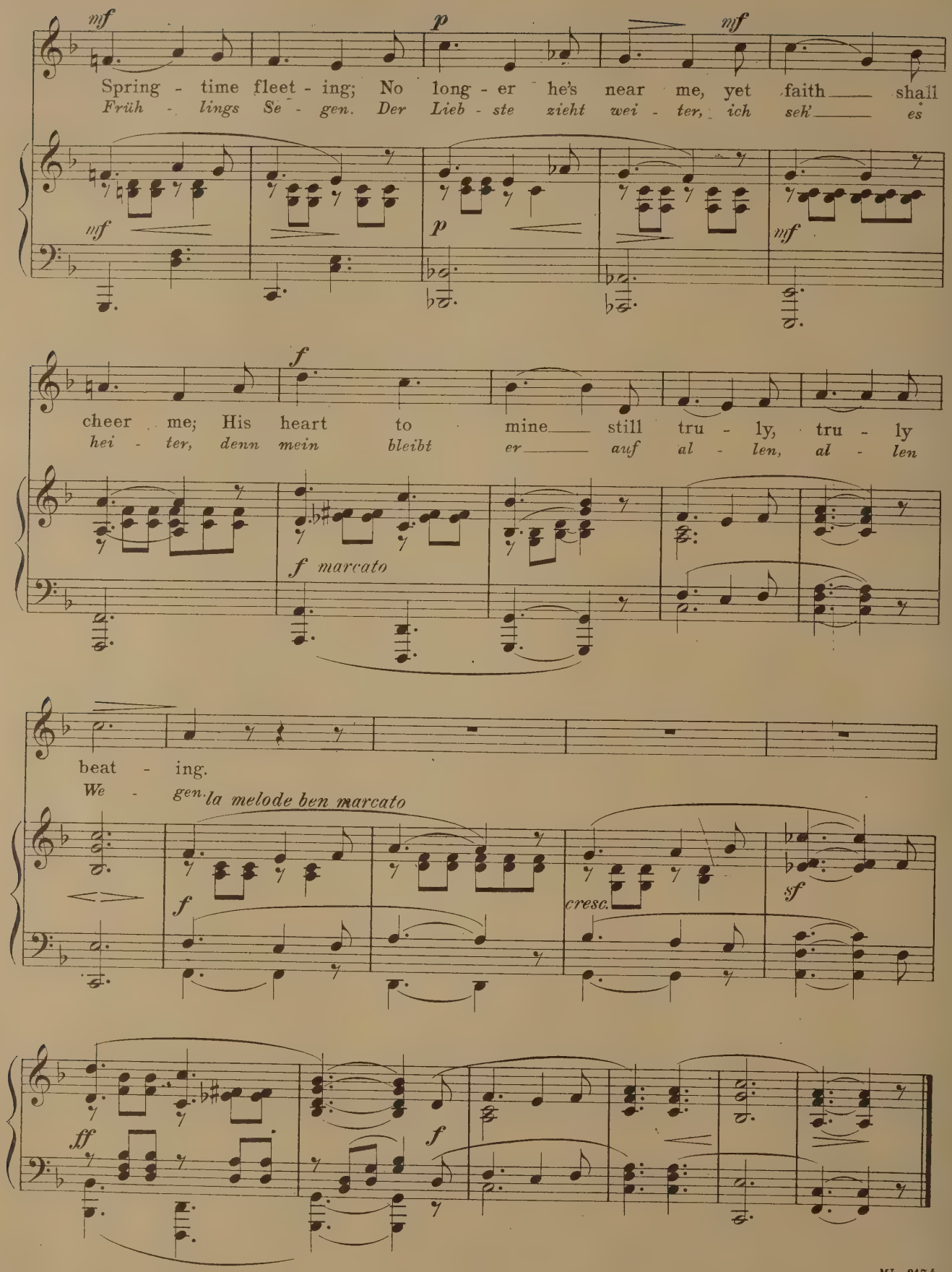

soon should be meet - ing!
mei - nen We - gen?
la melode ben marcato
mf
cresc.
mf
Wild was the
Er ist ge -
f
mf
cresc.
day, and the rain was beat - ing; He won my
kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen, er hat ge -
cresc.
f
mf
mf
heart by his look and greet - ing. Nay, 'twas no woo - ing,
nom - men mein Herz ver - we - gen. Nahm er das mei - ne?
f
mf
mf


'Twas Fate's own do - ing: Ere lips had met our
nahm ich das sei - ne? Die bei - den ka men
cresc.
f
f
mf
souls were meet - ing!
sich ent - ge - gen
la melode ben marcato
mf
cresc.
mf
Dark was the
Er ist ge
f
mf
cresc.
f
day of his com - ing and greet - ing! Days may be dark and the
kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen. Nun ist ent - glom - men des
cresc.
f


mf
p
mf
Spring - time fleet - ing; No long - er he's near me, yet faith shall
Früh - lings Se - gen. Der Lieb - ste zieht wei - ter, ich seh' es
mf
p
mf
f
cheer me; His heart to mine still tru - ly, tru - ly
hei - ter, denn mein bleibt er auf al - len, al - len
f marcato
beat - ing.
We - gen la melode ben marcato
f
cresc.
sf
ff
f

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

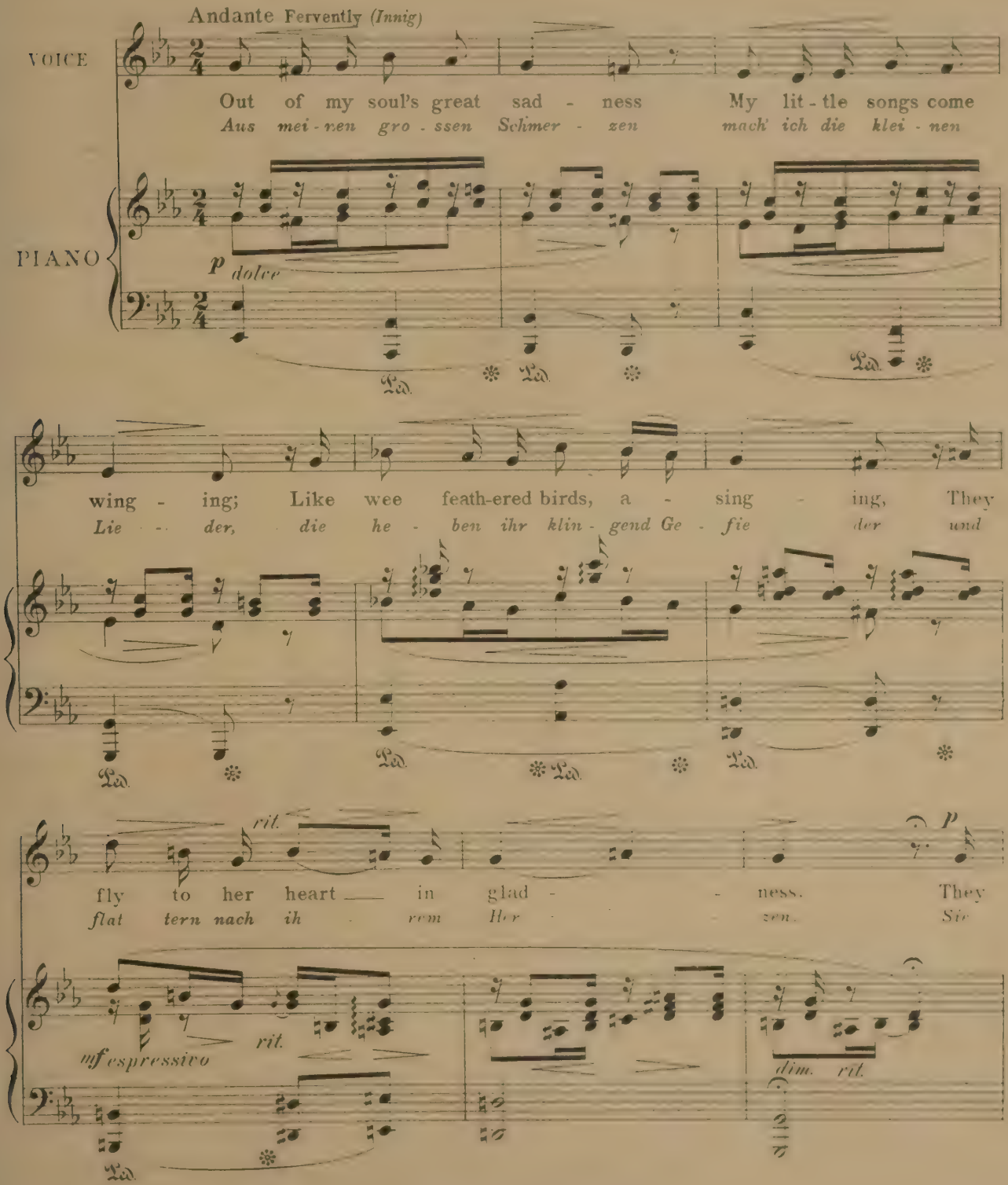
OUT OF MY SOUL'S GREAT SADNESS

(AUS MEINEN GROSSEN SCHMERZEN)

(Original Key, D minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 1


Andante Fervently (Innig)
VOICE
PIANO
Out of my soul's great sad - ness My lit - tle songs come
Aus mei - nen gro - ssen Schmer - zen mach' ich die klei - nen
p dolce
wing - ing; Like wee feath-ered birds, a - sing - ing, They
Lie - der, die he - ben ihr klin - gend Ge - fie der und
rit.
fly to her heart in glad - ness. They
flat tern nach ih rem Her zen. Sie
mf espressivo
rit.
dim. rit.

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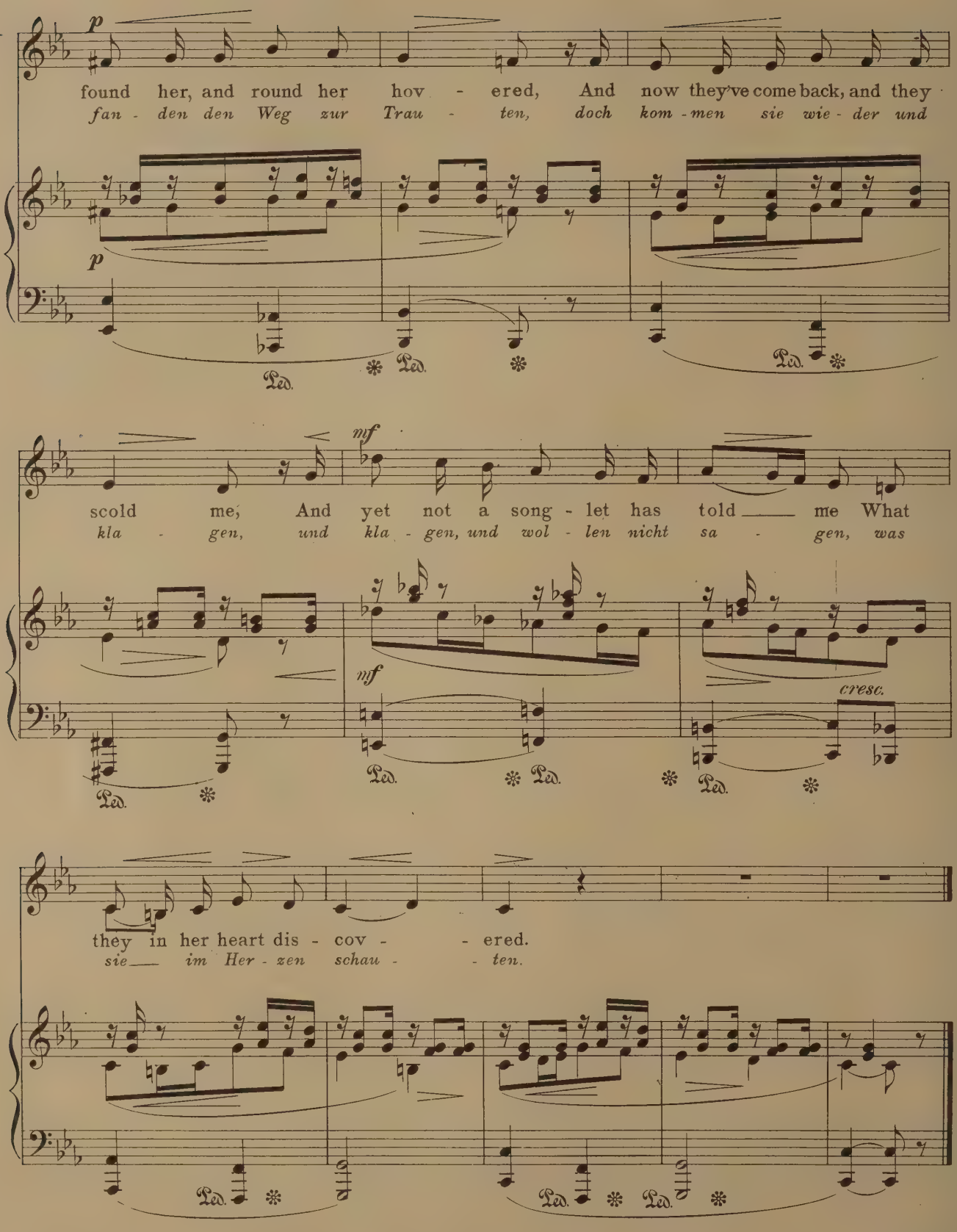

p
found her, and round her hov - ered, And now they've come back, and they
fan - den den Weg zur Trau - ten, doch kom - men sie wie - der und
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mf
scold me, And yet not a song - let has told me What
kla - gen, und kla - gen, und wol - len nicht sa - gen, was
mf
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
they in her heart dis - cov - ered.
sie im Her - zen schau - ten.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

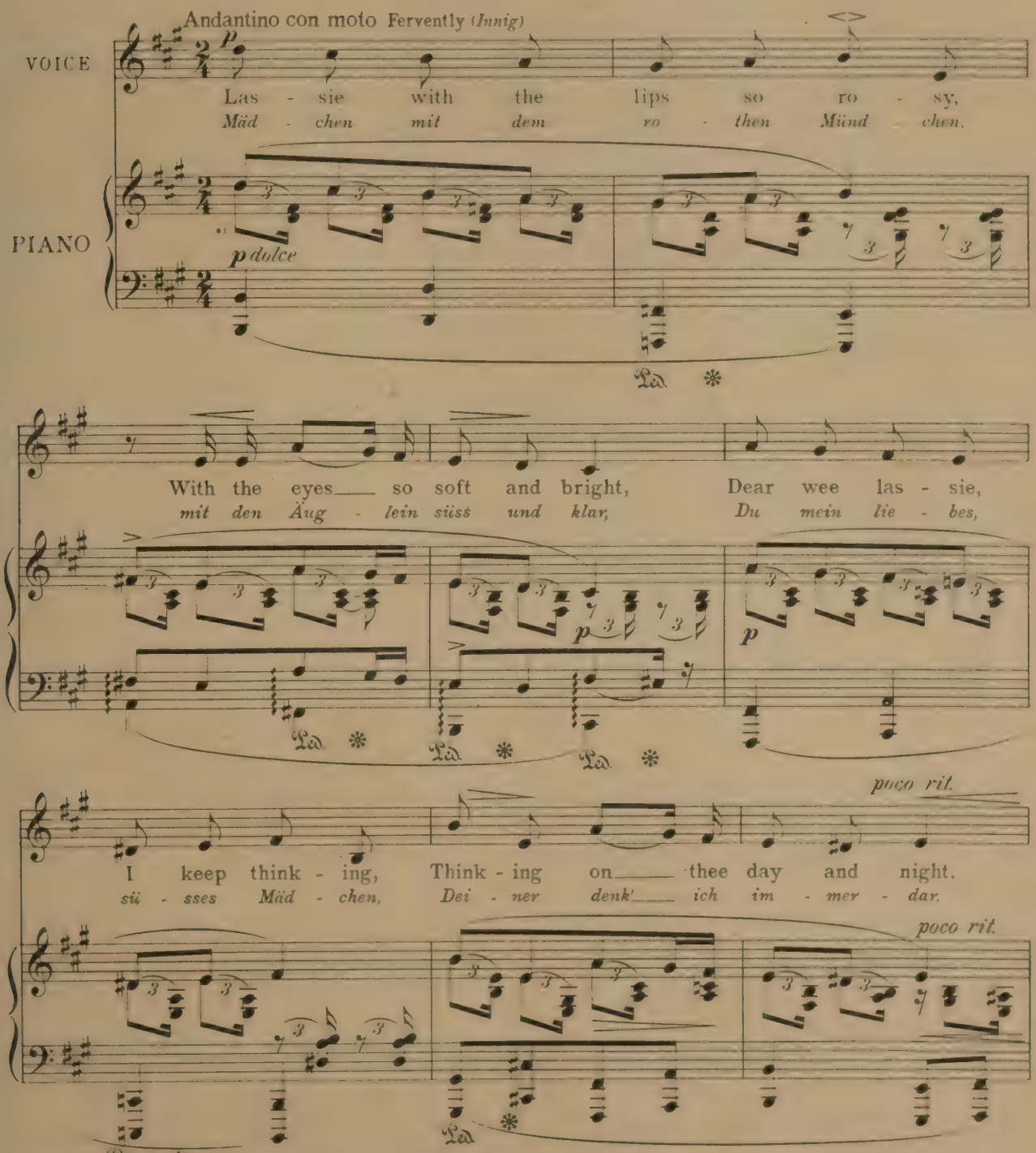
LASSIE WITH THE LIPS SO ROSY

(MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTHEN MÜNDCHEN)

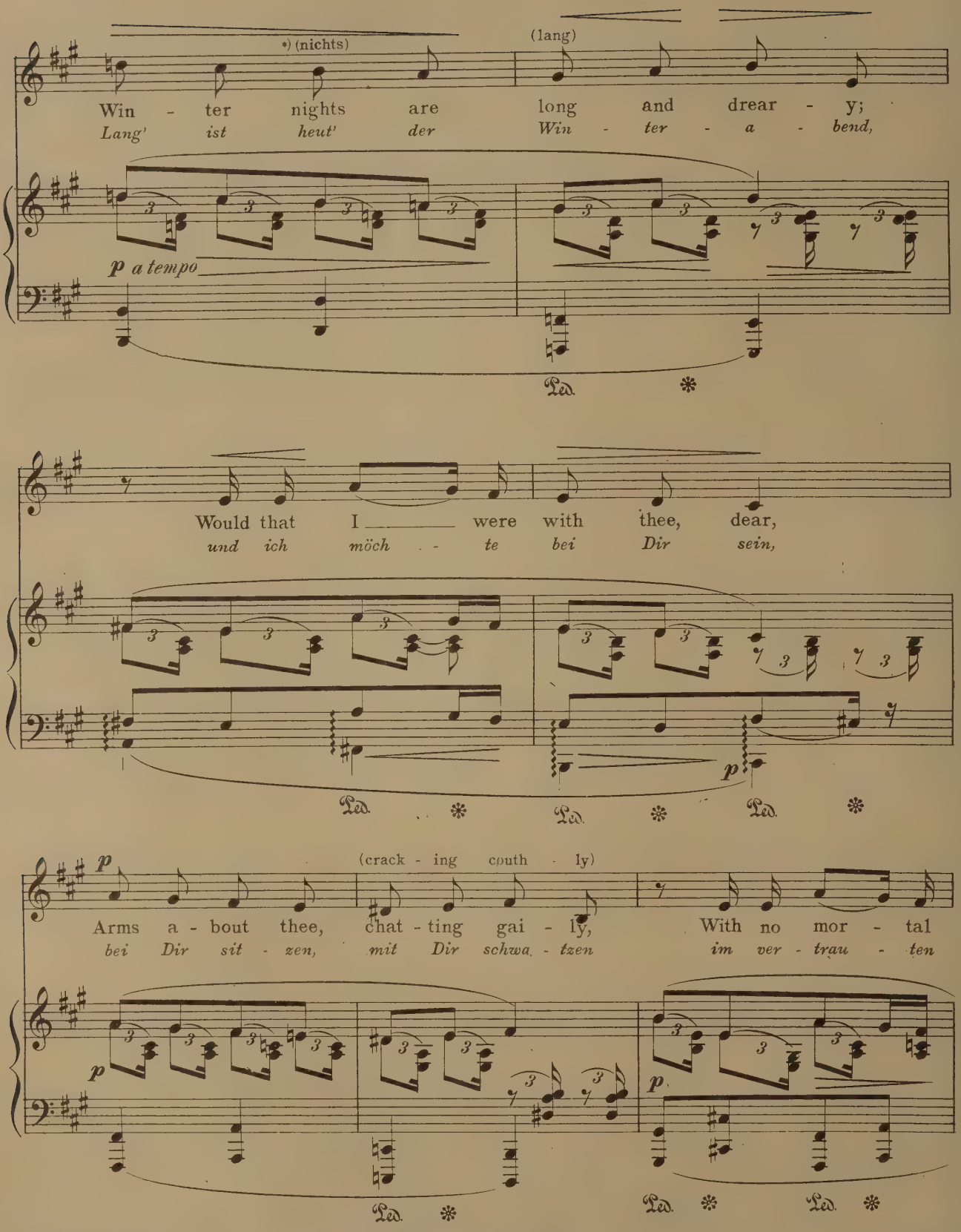
(Original Key, Db)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1853)
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

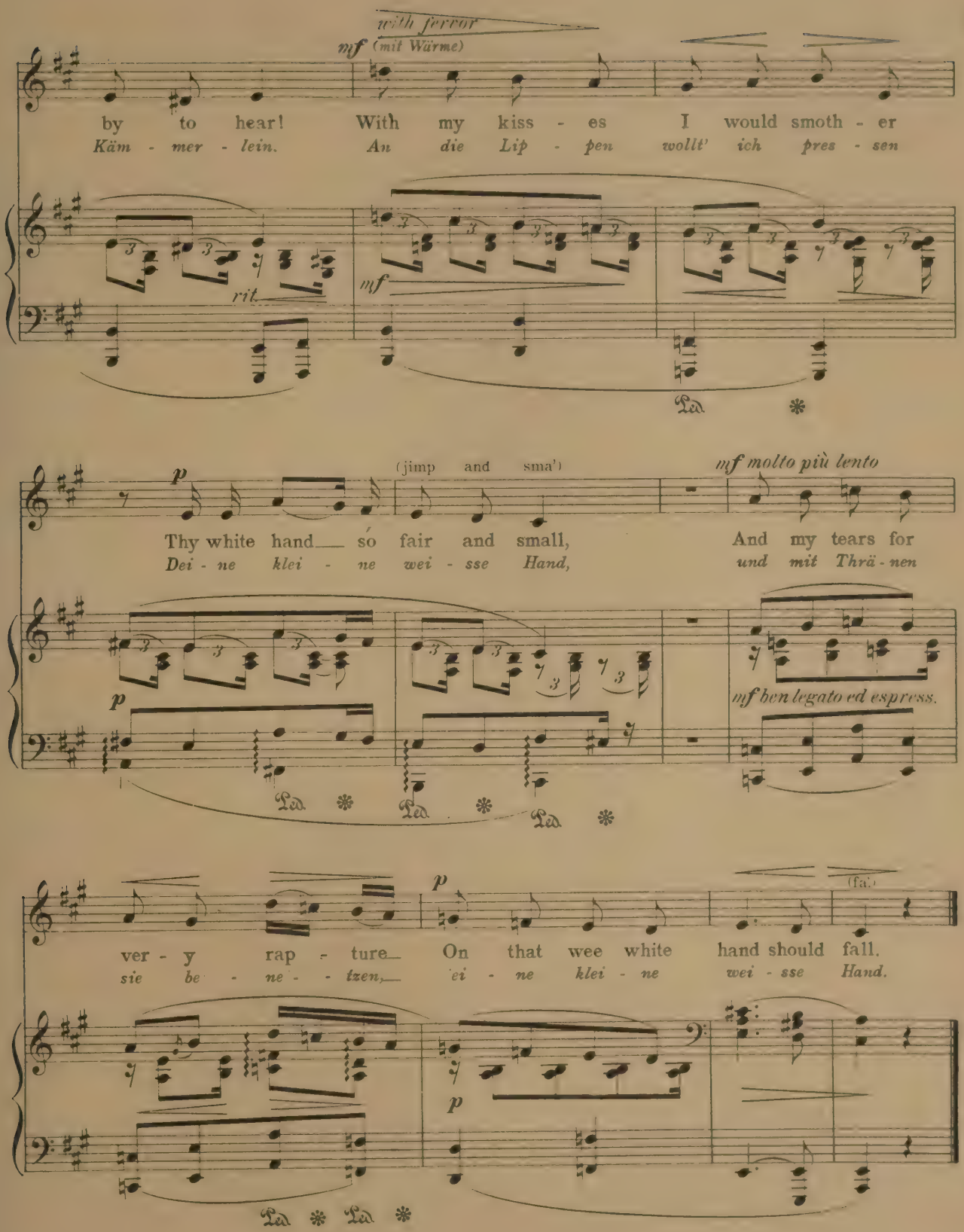
ROBERT FRANZ, Op.5, Nº 5


Andantino con moto Fervently (Innig)
VOICE
PIANO
p
Las - sie with the lips so ro - sy,
Mäd - chen mit dem ro - then Münd - chen,
p dolce
With the eyes so soft and bright, Dear wee las - sie,
mit den Äug - lein süss und klar, Du mein lie - bes,
poco rit.
I keep think - ing, Think - ing on thee day and night.
sü - sses Mäd - chen, Dei - ner denk' ich im - mer - dar.
poco rit.

*) Remark: The sixteenth notes of the triplets must throughout be light and short.
Anmerk: Die Sechszehntheile der Triolenfiguren müssen durchaus leicht und kurz angeschlagen werden.


*) (nichts)
(lang)
Win - ter nights are long and drear - y;
Lang' ist heut' der Win - ter - a - bend,
p a tempo
Would that I were with thee, dear,
und ich möch - te bei Dir sein,
p
(crack - ing couth - ly)
Arms a - bout thee, chat - ting gai - ly, With no mor - tal
bei Dir sit - zen, mit Dir schwa - tzen im ver - trau - ten
p
p
p

*) The Scotch words in parentheses are in Sir Theodore Martin's translation.


with fervor
mf (mit Wärme)
by to hear! With my kiss - es I would smoth - er
Käm - mer - lein. An die Lip - pen wollt' ich pres - sen
rit.
mf
Ped. *
p
(jimp and sma')
mf molto più lento
Thy white hand so fair and small, And my tears for
Dei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand, und mit Thrä - nen
mf ben legato ed espress.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p
(fa.)
ver - y rap - ture On that wee white hand should fall.
sie be - ne - - tzen, ei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand.
p
Ped. * Ped. *

To Otto Dresel

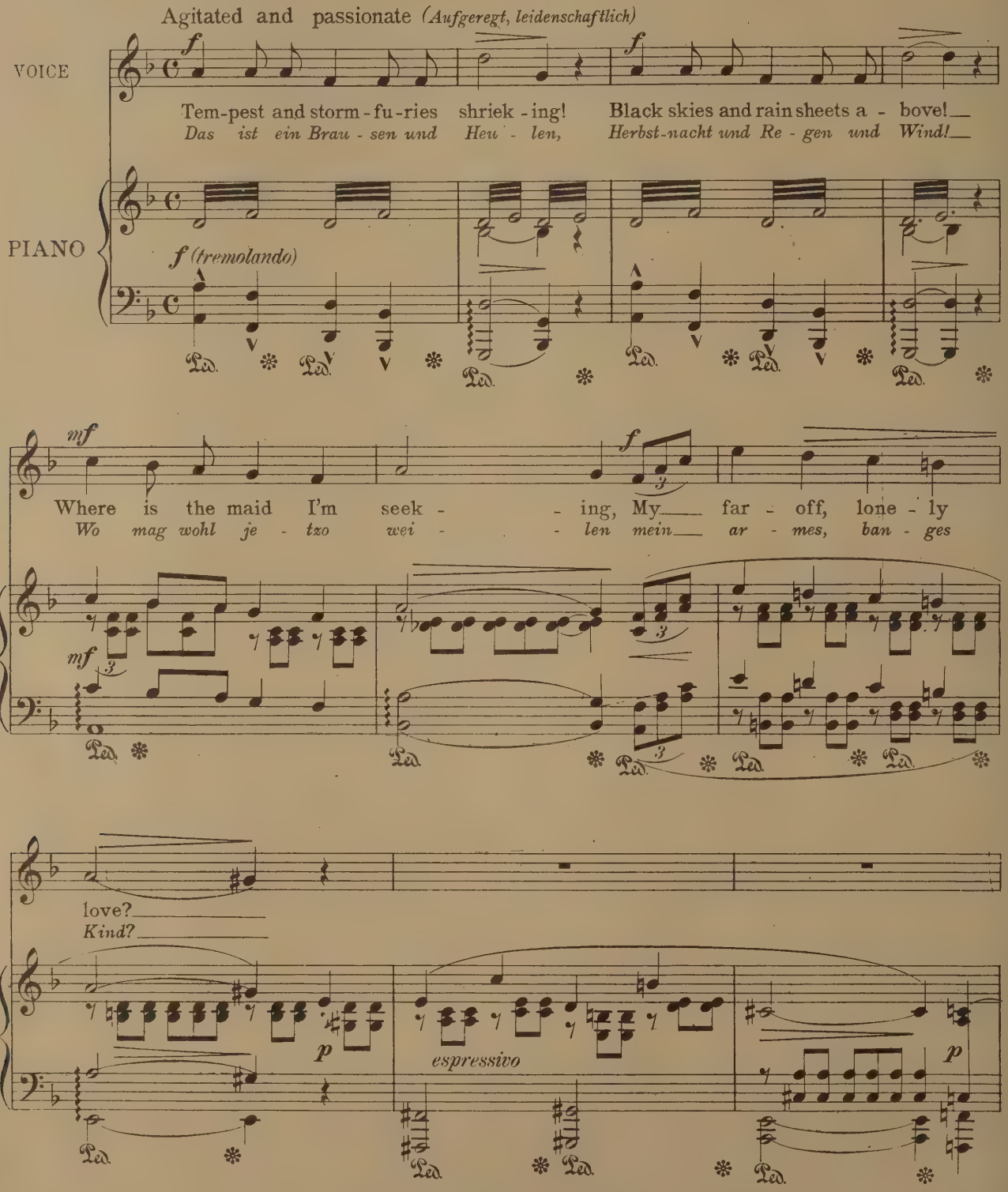
TEMPEST AND STORM-FURIES SHRIEKING!

(DAS IST EIN BRAUSEN UND HEULEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, F minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No 4



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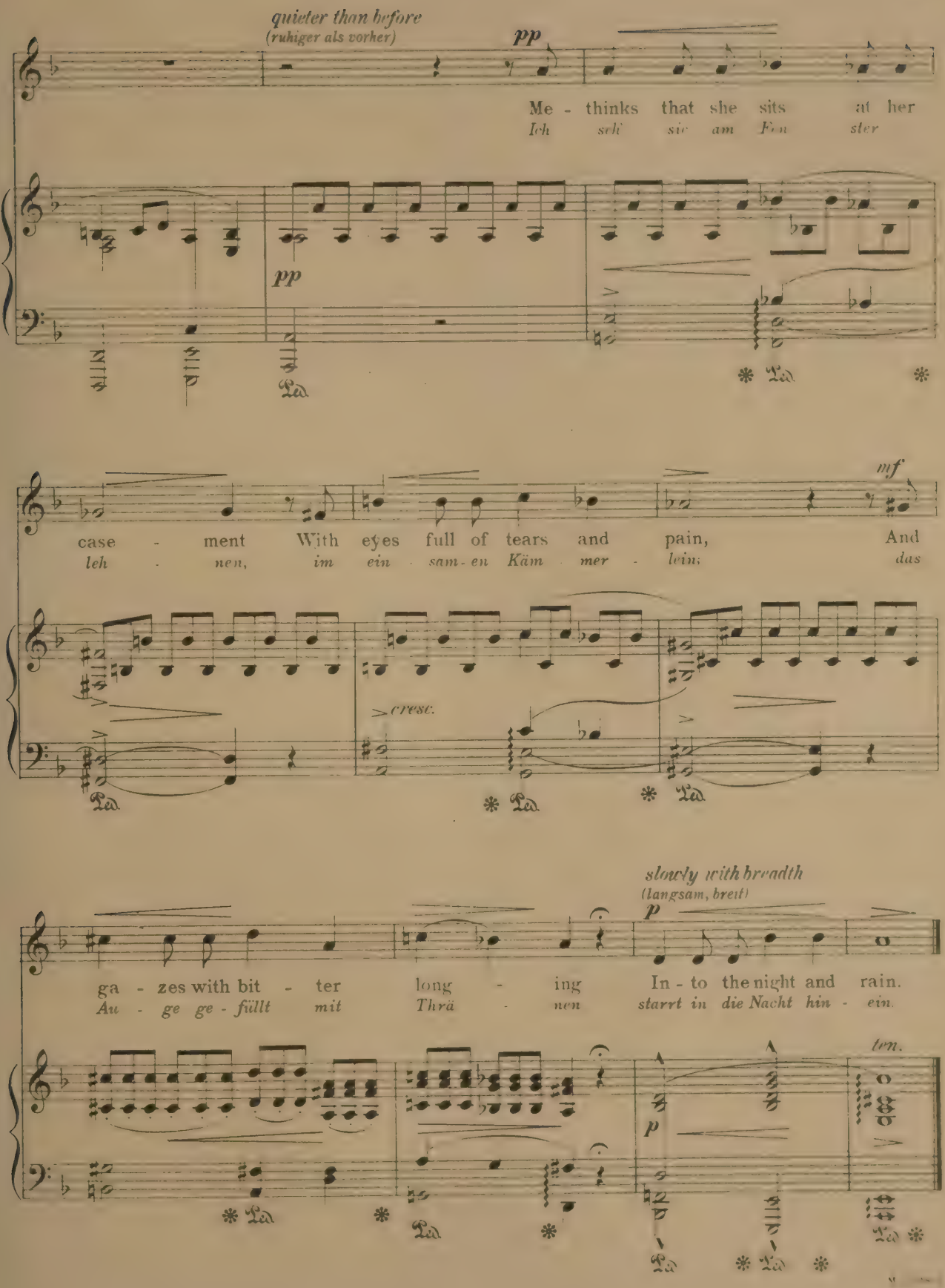
quieter than before
(ruhiger als vorher)
pp
Me - thinks that she sits at her
Ich seh' sie am Fen ster
pp
mf
case - ment With eyes full of tears and pain, And
leh - nen, im ein - sam - en Käm - mer - lein; das
cresc.
slowly with breadth
(langsam, breit)
p
ga - zes with bit - ter long - ing In - to the night and rain.
Au - ge ge - füllt mit Thrä - nen starrt in die Nacht hin - ein.
ten.
p

To Joseph Fischhof

REQUEST
(BITTE)

(Original Key, D♭)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)

a) Translated by Arthur Westbrook
b) Translated by J. C. Johnson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 9, No 3
(1815-1892)

Larghetto sostenuto *(mit tiefster Innigkeit)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

Turn to me, dark eye so ten - der, Let me

a) *Weil' auf mir, du dunk - les Au - ge, ü - be*

b) On me turn thy spark - ling lus - tre, Dark eye,

p *legato*

feel thy gen - tle might. With thy grave and dream - y

dei - ne gan - ze Macht, ern - ste, mil - de, träu - me -

fill'd with gen - tle light, Ear - nest, mild, with dream - light

sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.

ri - sche, un - er - gründ - lich sü - sse Nacht.

beam - ing, Fair as day, and calm as night!

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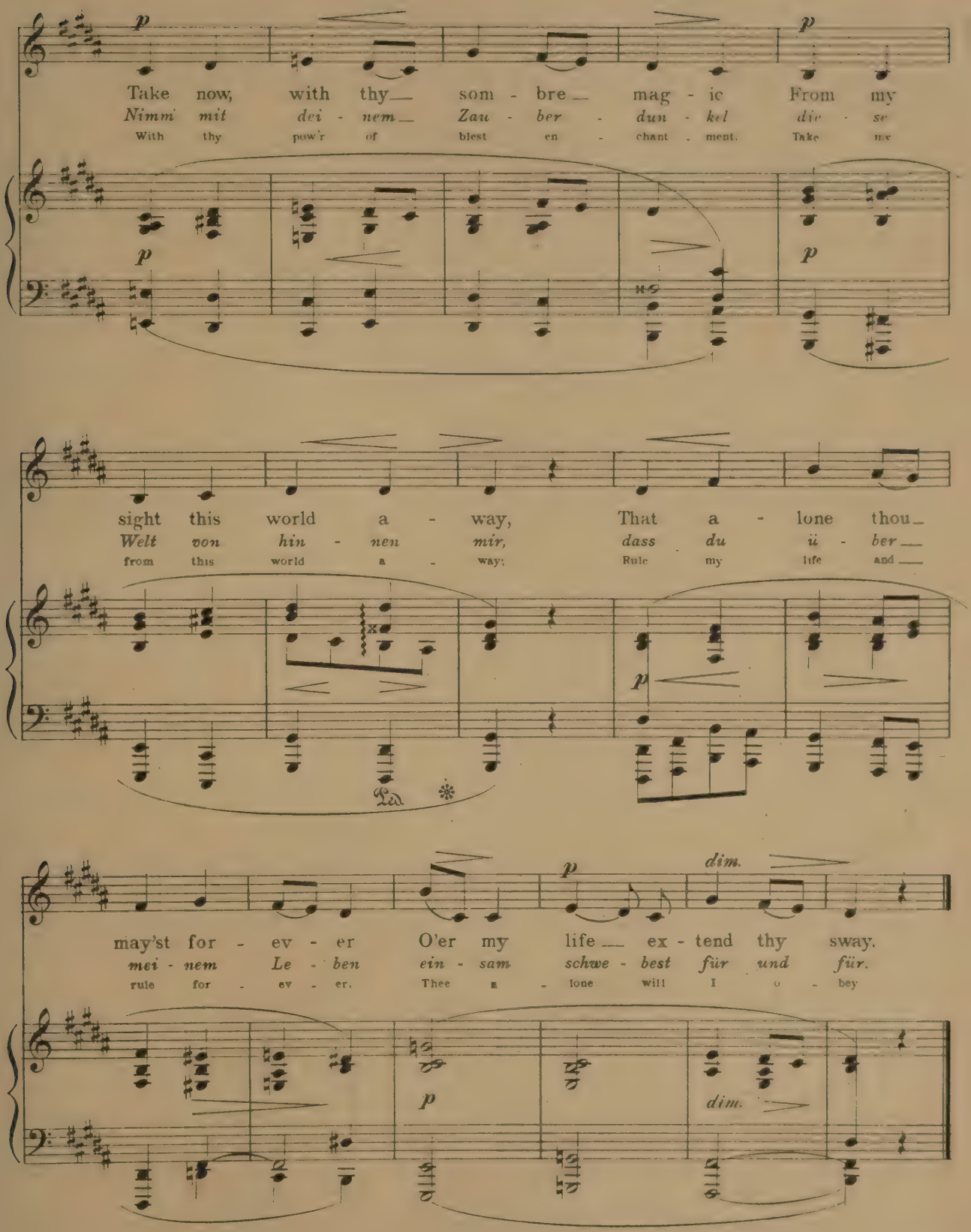

Take now, with thy som - bre mag - ic From my
Nimm mit dei - nem Zau - ber - dun - kel die - se
With thy pow'r of blest en - chant - ment. Take me
sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou
Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber
from this world a - way; Rule my life and
may'st for - ev - er O'er my life ex - tend thy sway.
mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best für und für.
rule for - ev - er, Thee a - lone will I o - bey
p
dim.

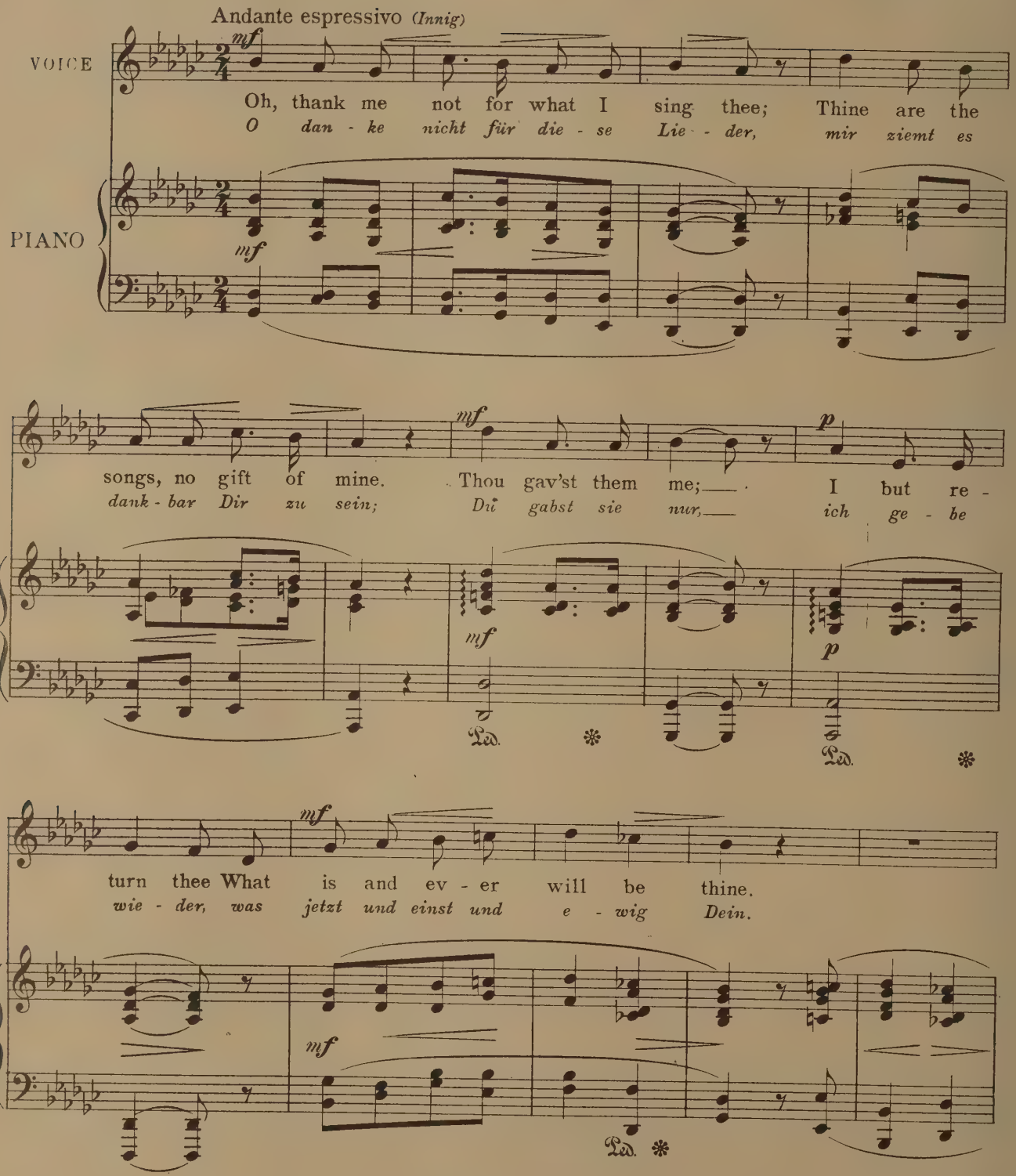
To Frl. Hermine Haller

DEDICATION
(WIDMUNG)

(Original Key, A♭)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816 - 1873)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 1
(1815 - 1892)


Andante espressivo (Innig)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
Oh, thank me not for what I sing thee; Thine are the
O dan - ke nicht für die - se Lie - der, mir ziemt es
songs, no gift of mine. Thou gav'st them me; I but re -
dank - bar Dir zu sein; Dir gabst sie nur, ich ge - be
p
turn thee What is and ev - er will be thine.
wie - der, was jetzt und einst und e - wig Dein.
Ped.

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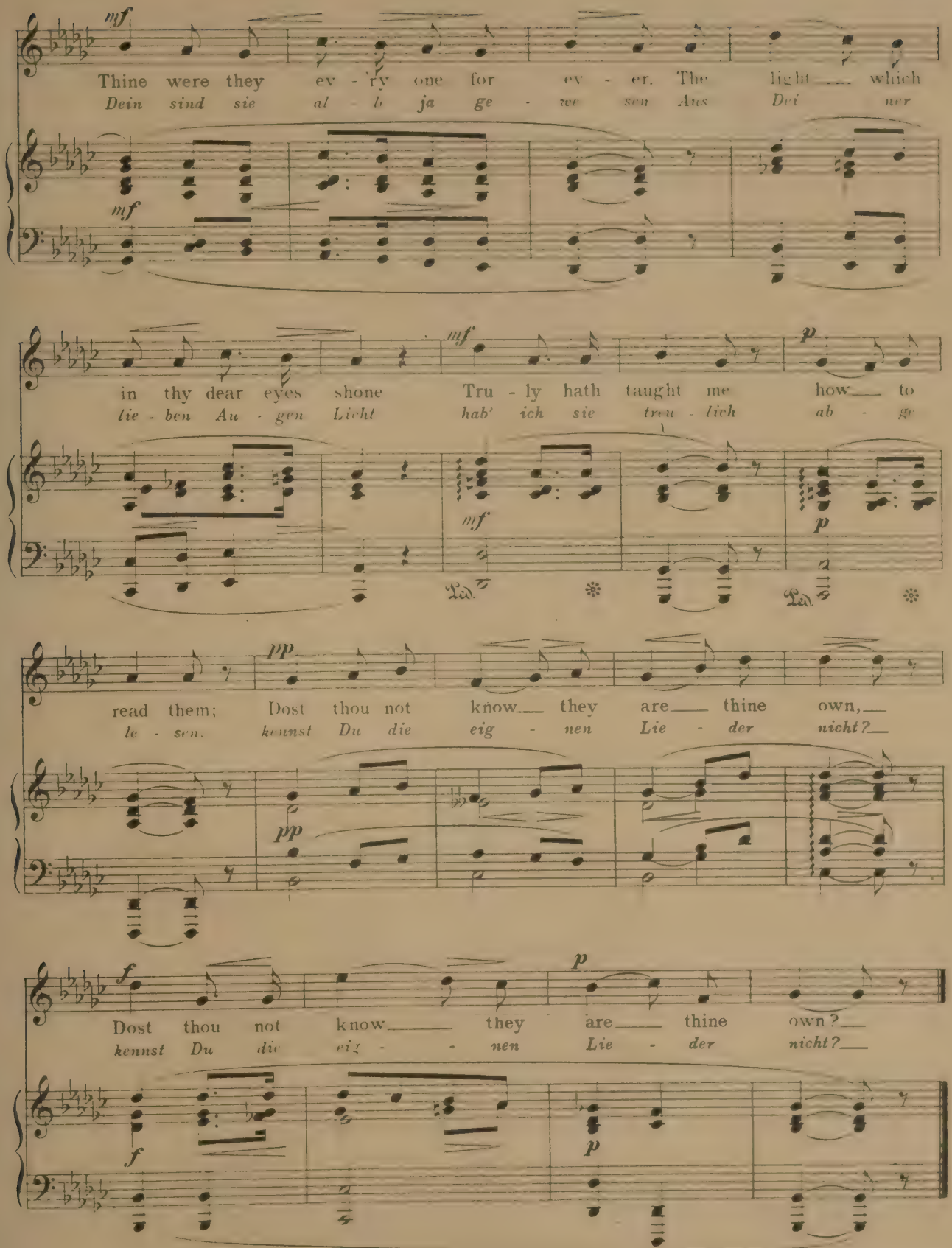
mf
Thine were they ev - 'ry one for ev - er. The light which
Dein sind sie al - le ja ge - we - sen Aus Dei - ner
mf
mf
p
in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how to
lie - ben Au - gen Licht hab' ich sie treu - lich ab - ge
mf
p
pp
read them; Dost thou not know they are thine own,
le - sen. kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht?
pp
f
p
Dost thou not know they are thine own?
kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht?
f
p

NOW WELCOME, MY WOOD
(WILLKOMMEN, MEIN WALD)

OTTO ROQUETTE
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, E♭)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 21, №1

Vivace
Gay and animated (Frisch und lebhaft)

VOICE

PIANO

f

Now wel - come, my wood, green - shad - ed re-
Will - kom - men, mein Wald, grün - schat - ti - ges

treat! What a greet - ing I hear in thy mur - mur - ing
Haus! durch die Wi - pfel schon hallt mir dein grü - ssend Ge-

mf

sweet! How grate - ful a draught is thy pine - la - den
braus! Wie trink' ich in Zü - gen mich frisch und ge-

cresc.

f

air, Re - viv - ing my heart free of ev - 'ry
sund, hier athm' ich Ge - nü - gen aus Her - zens -

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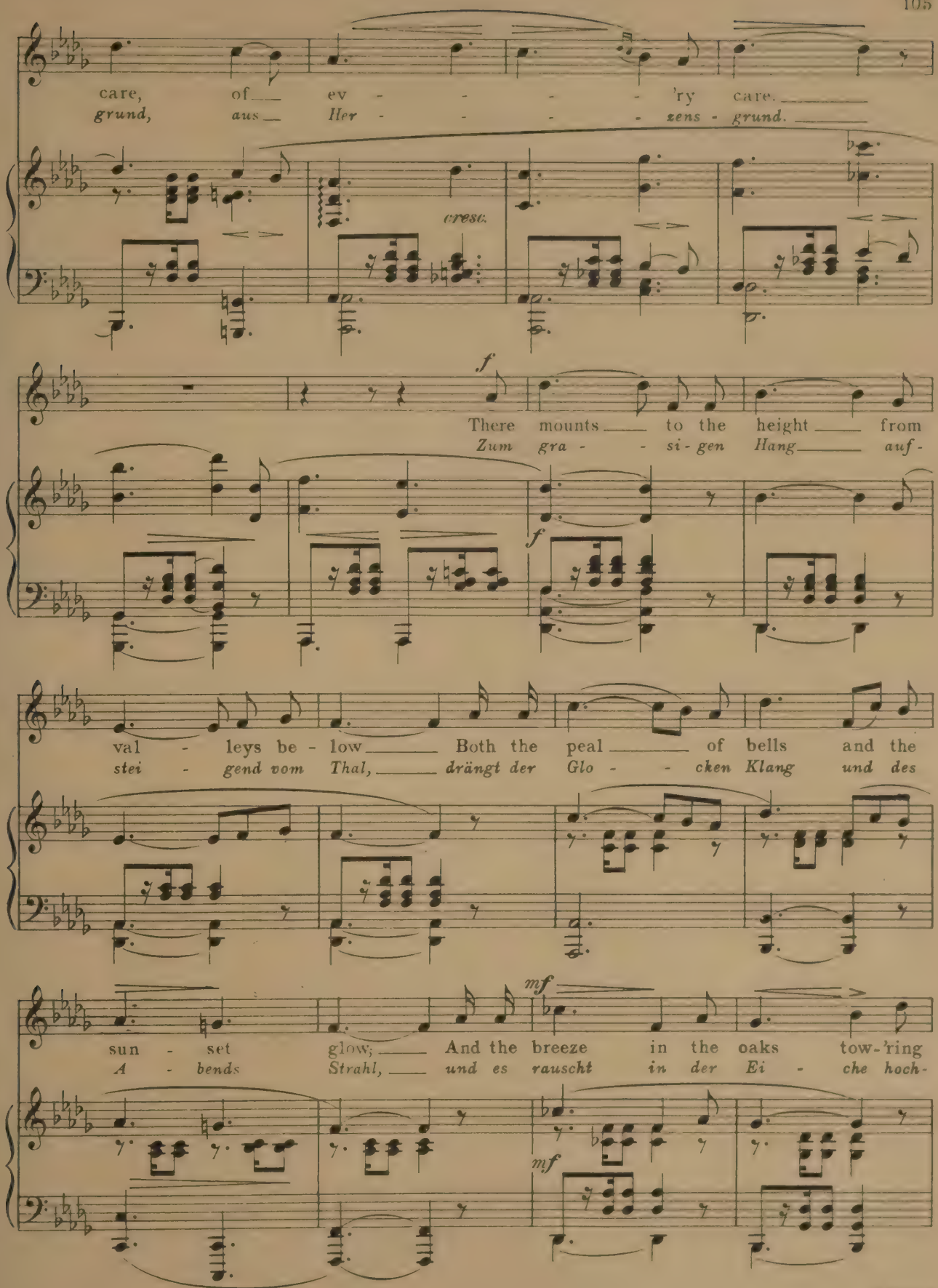
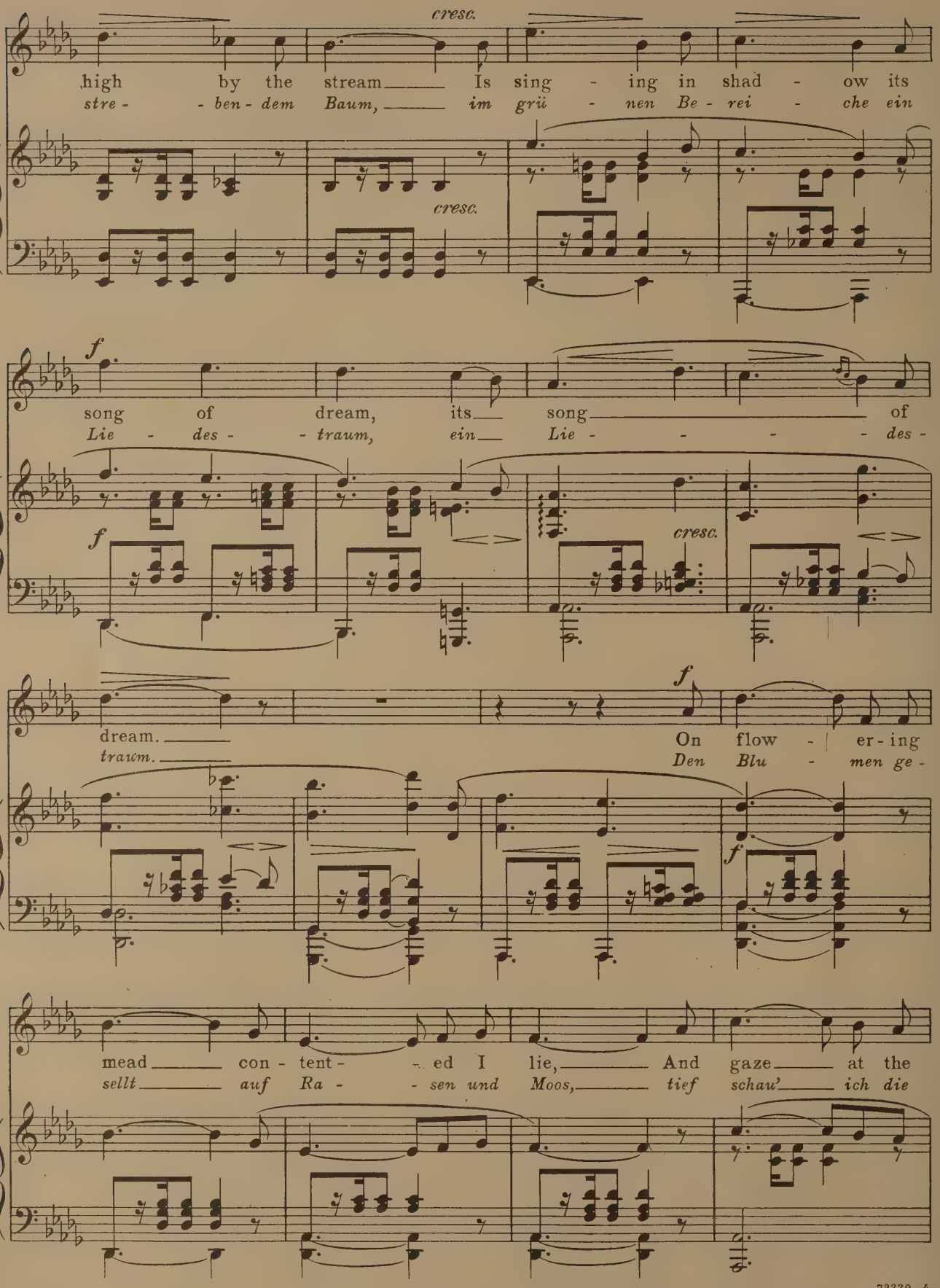
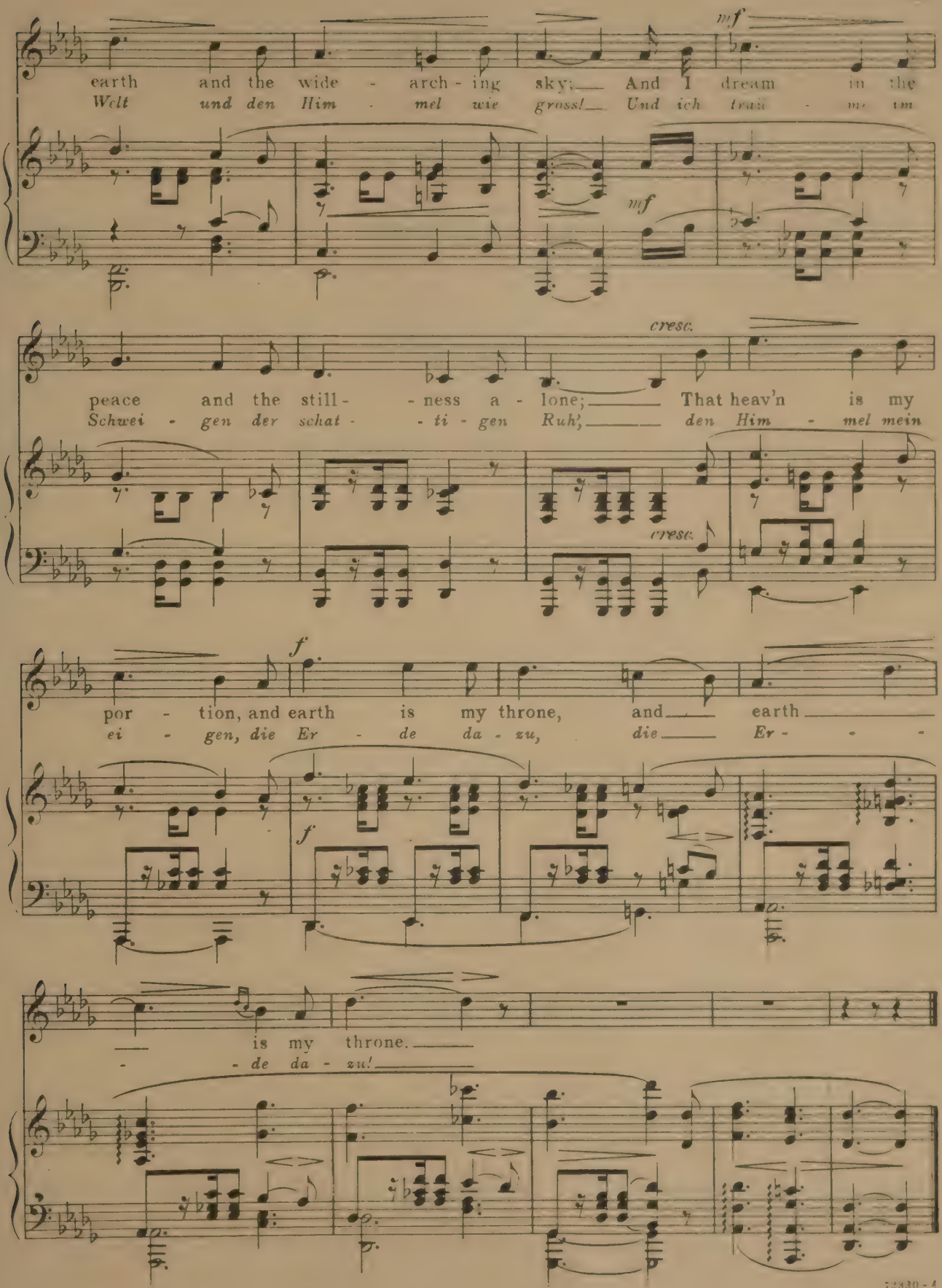

care, of ev - - - - 'ry care.
grund, aus Her - - - - zens - grund.
cresc.
f
There mounts to the height from
Zum gra - - si - gen Hang auf -
f
val - leys be - low Both the peal of bells and the
stei - gend vom Thal, drängt der Glo - - cken Klang und des
mf
sun - set glow; And the breeze in the oaks tow-'ring
A - bends Strahl, und es rauscht in der Ei - che hoch -
mf


cresc.
high by the stream Is sing - ing in shad - ow its
stre - - ben - dem Baum, im grü - nen Be - rei - che ein
cresc.
f
song of dream, its song of
Lie - des - traum, ein Lie - - - - des -
f
cresc.
f
dream.
traum.
On flow - er - ing
Den Blu - men ge -
f
mead con - tent - ed I lie, And gaze at the
sellt auf Ra - sen und Moos, tief schau' ich die


mf
earth and the wide - arch - ing sky; And I dream in the
Welt und den Him - mel wie gross! Und ich träu - me im
mf
cresc.
peace and the still - - ness a - lone; That heav'n is my
Schwei - gen der schat - - ti - gen Ruh', den Him - mel mein
cresc.
f
por - tion, and earth is my throne, and earth
ei - gen, die Er - de da - zu, die Er - -
f
is my throne.
- de da - zu!

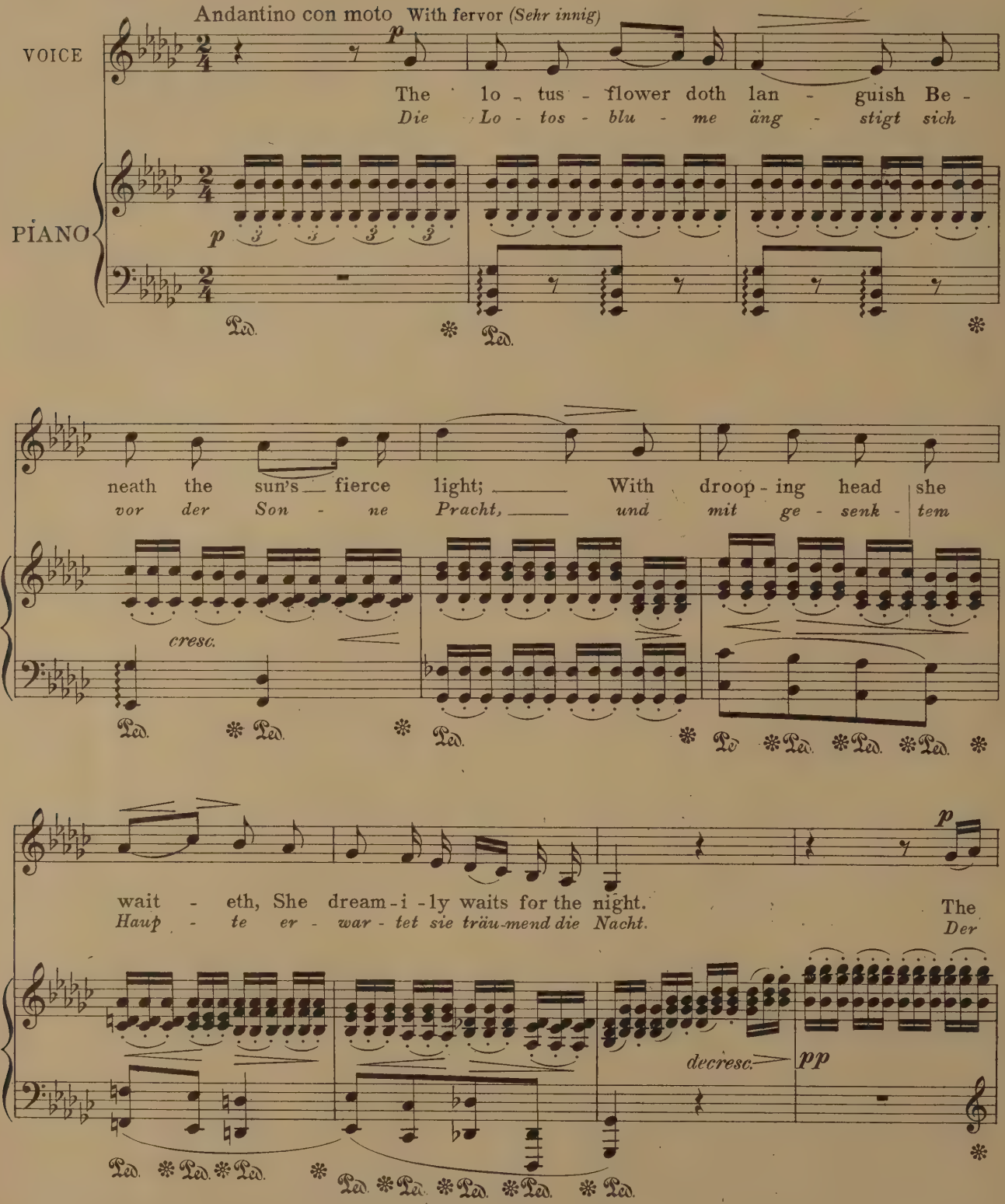
To Johanna Wagner

THE LOTUS FLOWER
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Original Key, G minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No. 1


Andantino con moto With fervor (Sehr innig)
VOICE
PIANO
The lo - tus - flower doth lan - guish Be -
Die Lo - tos - blu - me äng - stigt sich
neath the sun's fierce light; With droop - ing head she
vor der Son - ne Pracht, und mit ge - senk - tem
cresc.
wait - eth, She dream - i - ly waits for the night.
Haup - te er - war - tet sie träu-mend die Nacht.
The
Der
decresc.
pp

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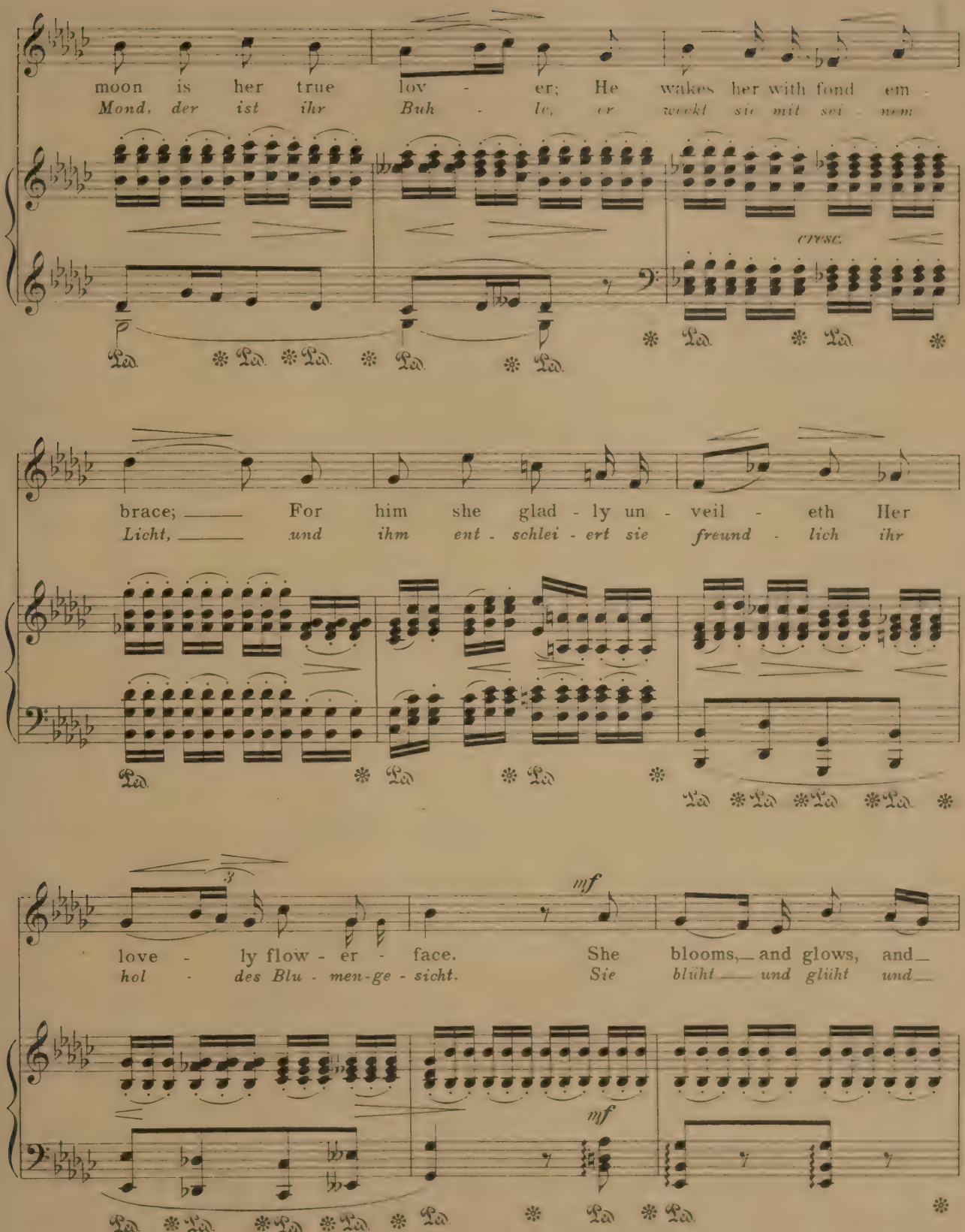
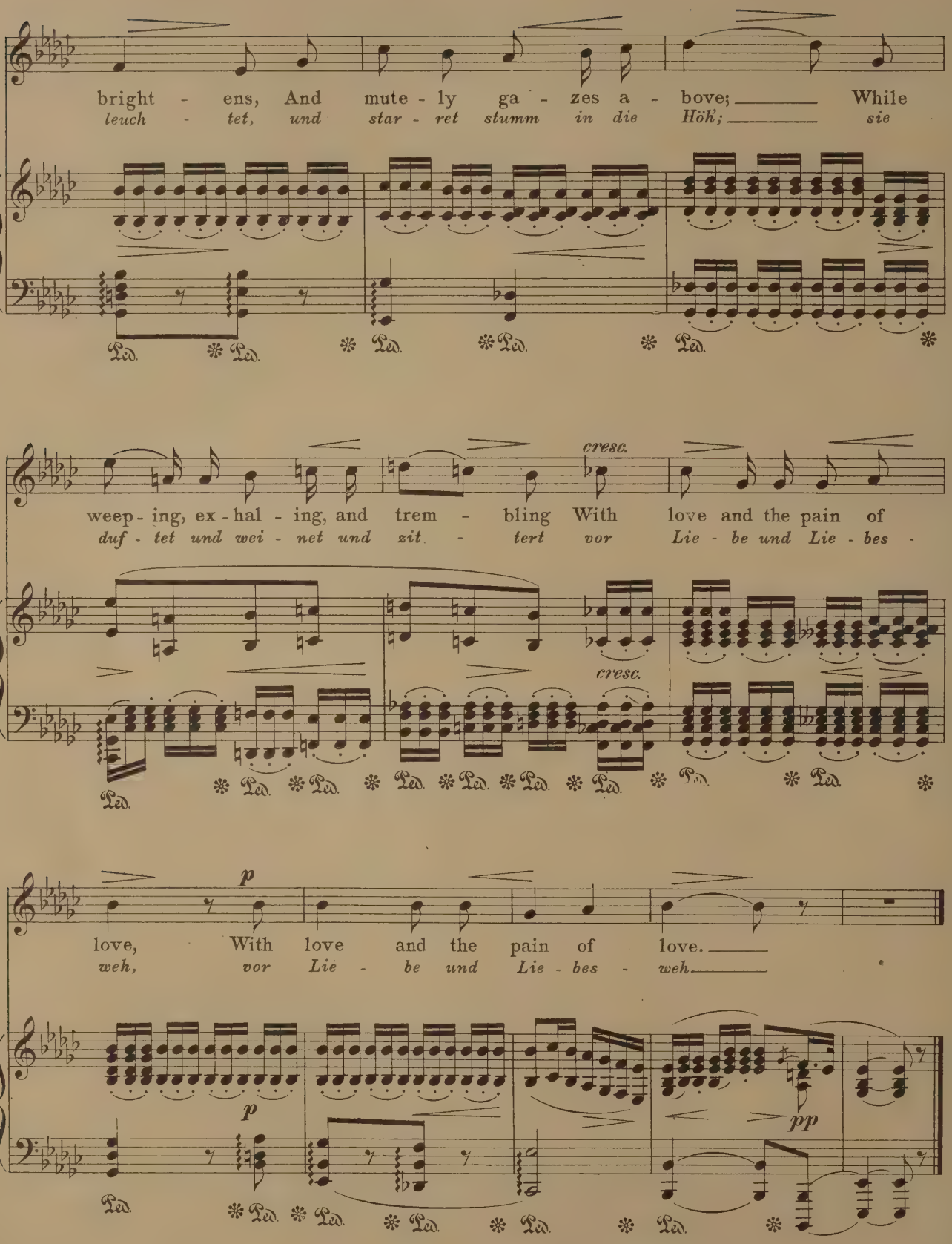

moon is her true lov - er; He wakes her with fond em -
Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem
cresc.
brace; For him she glad - ly un - veil - eth Her
Licht, und ihm ent - schlei - ert sie freund - lich ihr
love - ly flow - er - face. She blooms, and glows, and
hol - des Blu - men-ge - sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und
mf
mf


bright - ens, And mute - ly ga - zes a - bove; While
leuch - tet, und star - ret stumm in die Höh'; sie
cresc.
weep - ing, ex - hal - ing, and trem - bling With love and the pain of
duf - tet und wei - net und zit - tert vor Lie - be und Lie - bes -
cresc.
p
love, With love and the pain of love.
weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.
p
pp

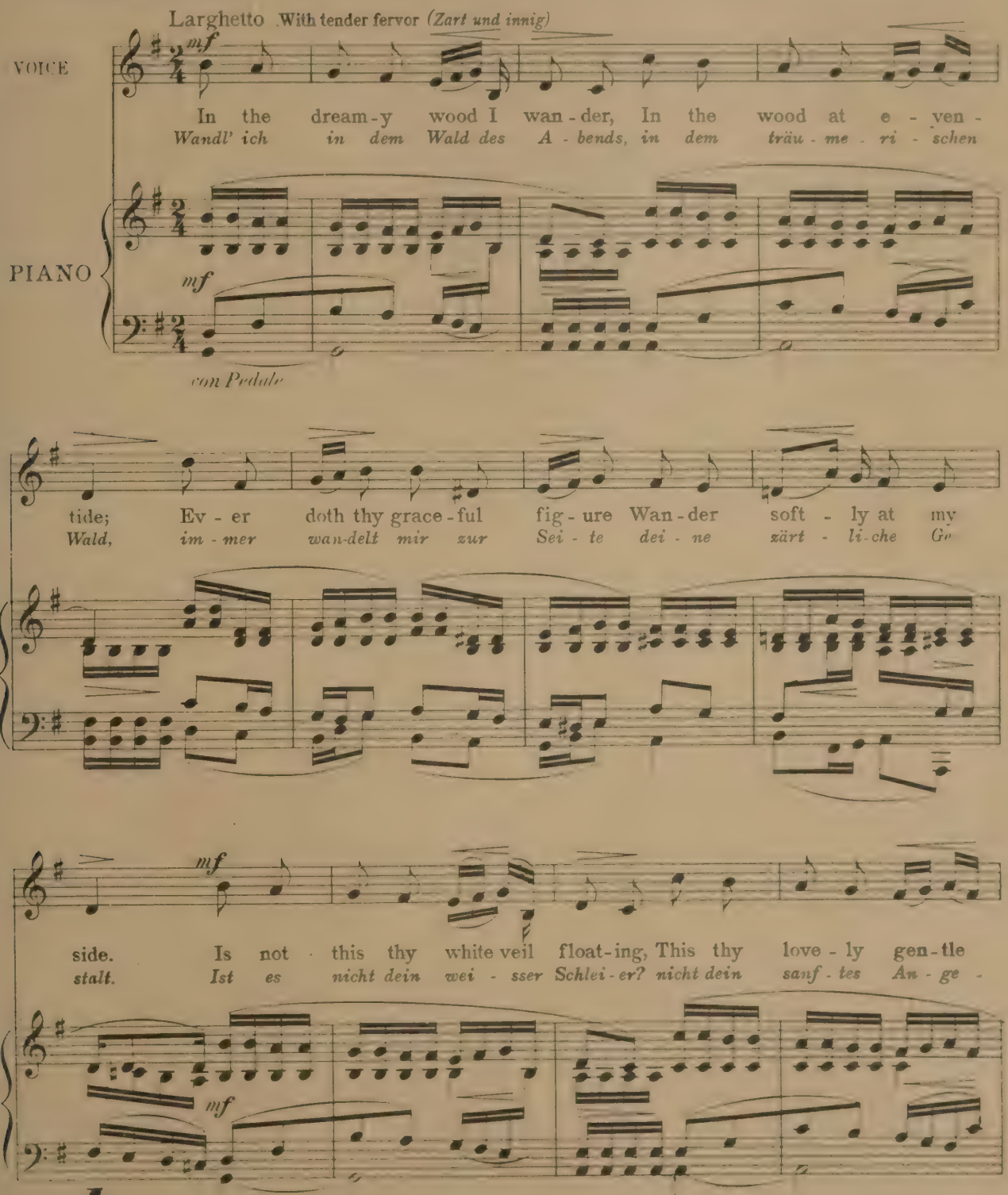
IN THE DREAMY WOOD I WANDER

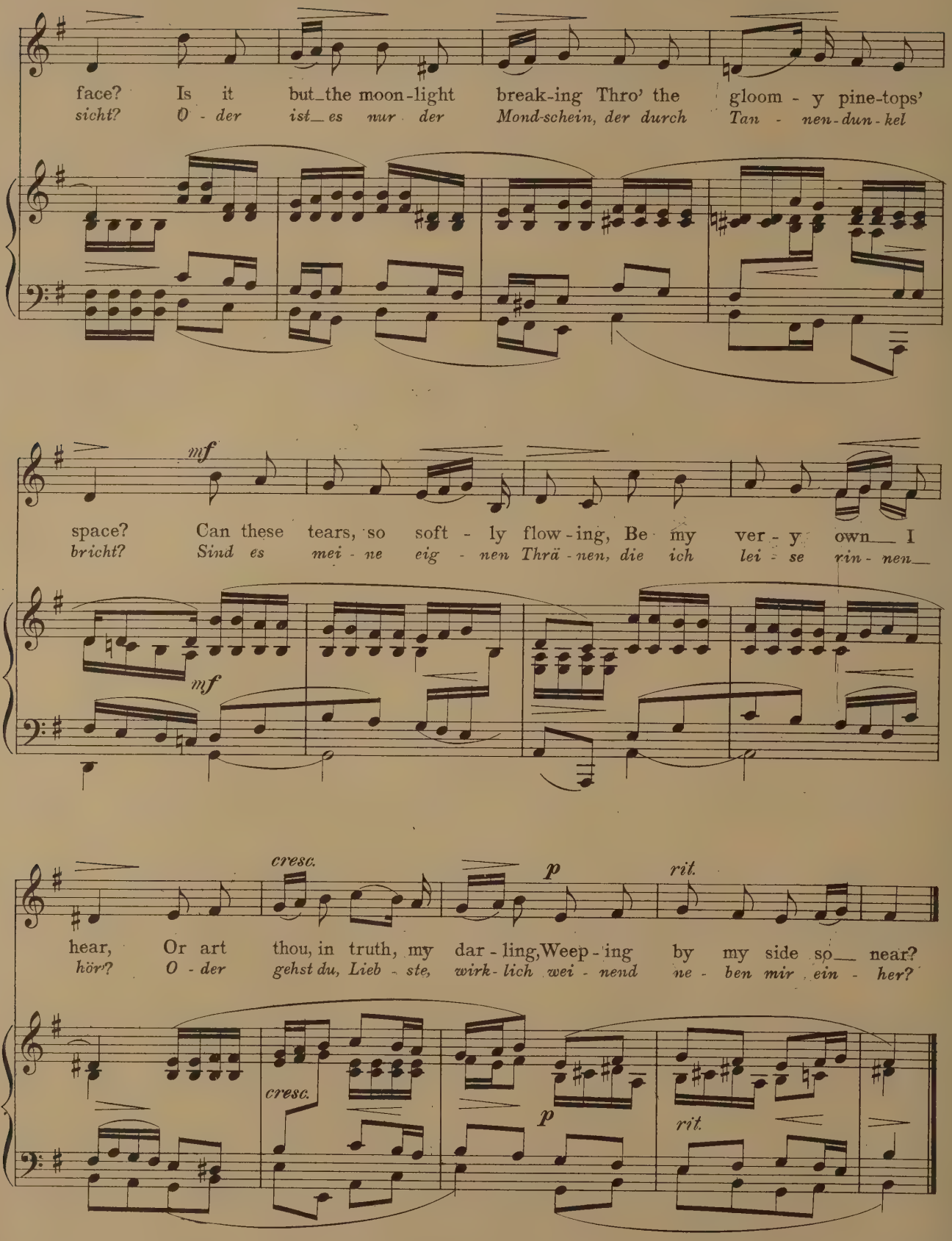
(WANDL' ICH IN DEM WALD DES ABENDS)

(Original Key, B♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Emma Lazarus

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No. 4


Larghetto With tender fervor (Zart und innig)
VOICE
PIANO
mf
In the dream-y wood I wan-der, In the wood at e-ven-
Wandl' ich in dem Wald des A-bends, in dem träu-me-ri-schen
con Pedale
tide; Ev-er doth thy grace-ful fig-ure Wan-der soft-ly at my
Wald, im-mer wan-delt mir zur Sei-te dei-ne zärt-li-che Ge
side. Is not this thy white veil float-ing, This thy love-ly gen-tle
stalt. Ist es nicht dein wei-sser Schlei-er? nicht dein sanf-tes An-ge-

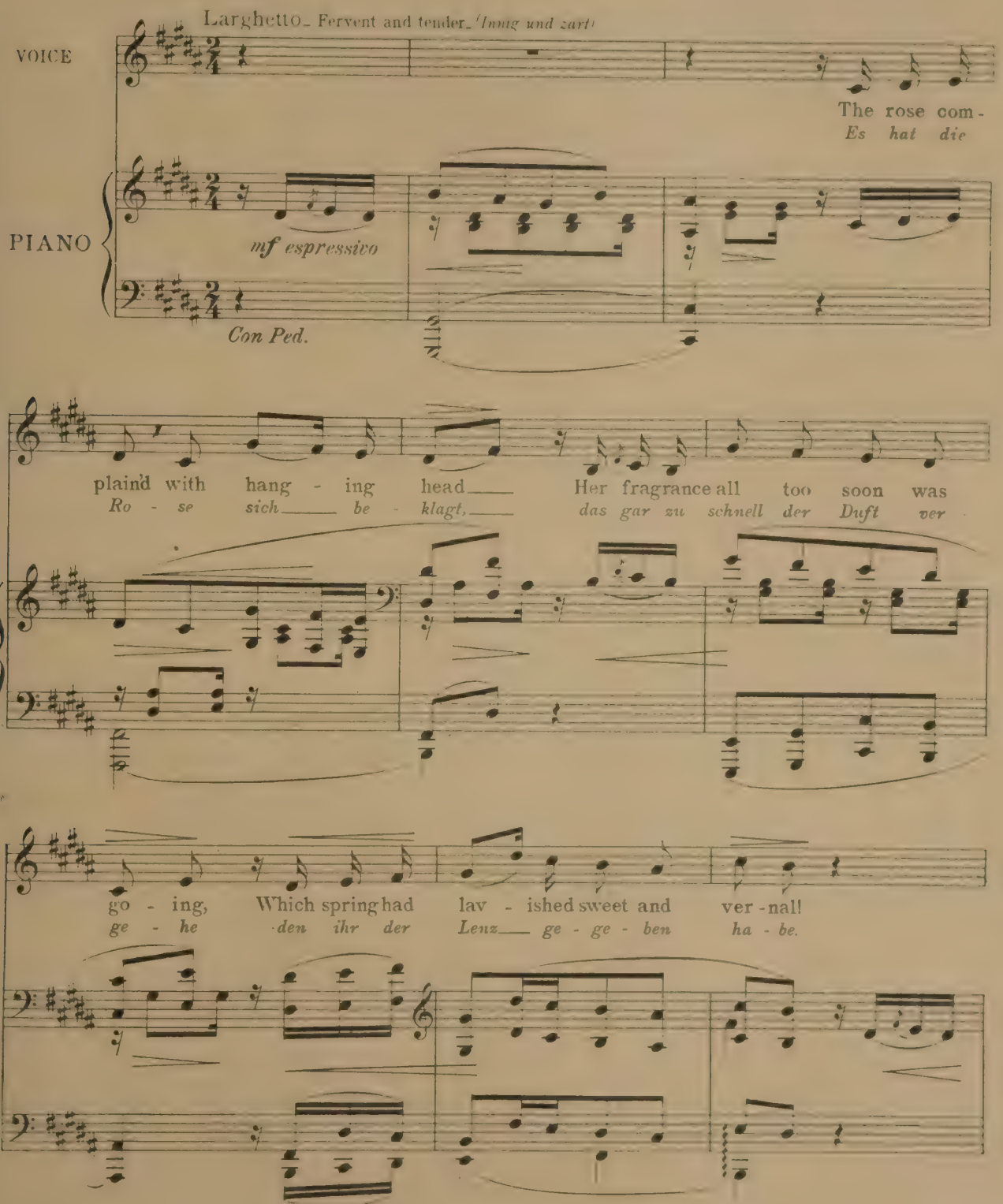

face? Is it but the moon-light break-ing Thro' the gloom - y pine-tops'
sicht? O - der ist es nur der Mond-schein, der durch Tan - nen-dun-kel
mf
space? Can these tears, so soft - ly flow-ing, Be my ver - y own I
bricht? Sind es mei - ne eig - nen Thrä - nen, die ich lei - se rin - nen
mf
cresc.
p
rit.
hear, Or art thou, in truth, my dar - ling, Weep - ing by my side so near?
hör? O - der gehst du, Lieb - ste, wirk - lich wei - nend ne - ben mir ein - her?
cresc.
p
rit.

THE ROSE COMPLAINED
(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)
(From the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)
Translated by George L. Osgood

(Original Key, D♭)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 5
(1815-1892)


Larghetto. Fervent and tender. (Innig und zart)
VOICE
PIANO
The rose com-
Es hat die
mf espressivo
Con Ped.
plaind with hang - ing head
Ro - se sich be - klagt,
Her fragrance all too soon was
das gar zu schnell der Duft ver
go - ing,
ge - he
Which spring had lav - ished sweet and ver - nal!
den ihr der Lenz ge - ge - ben ha - be.

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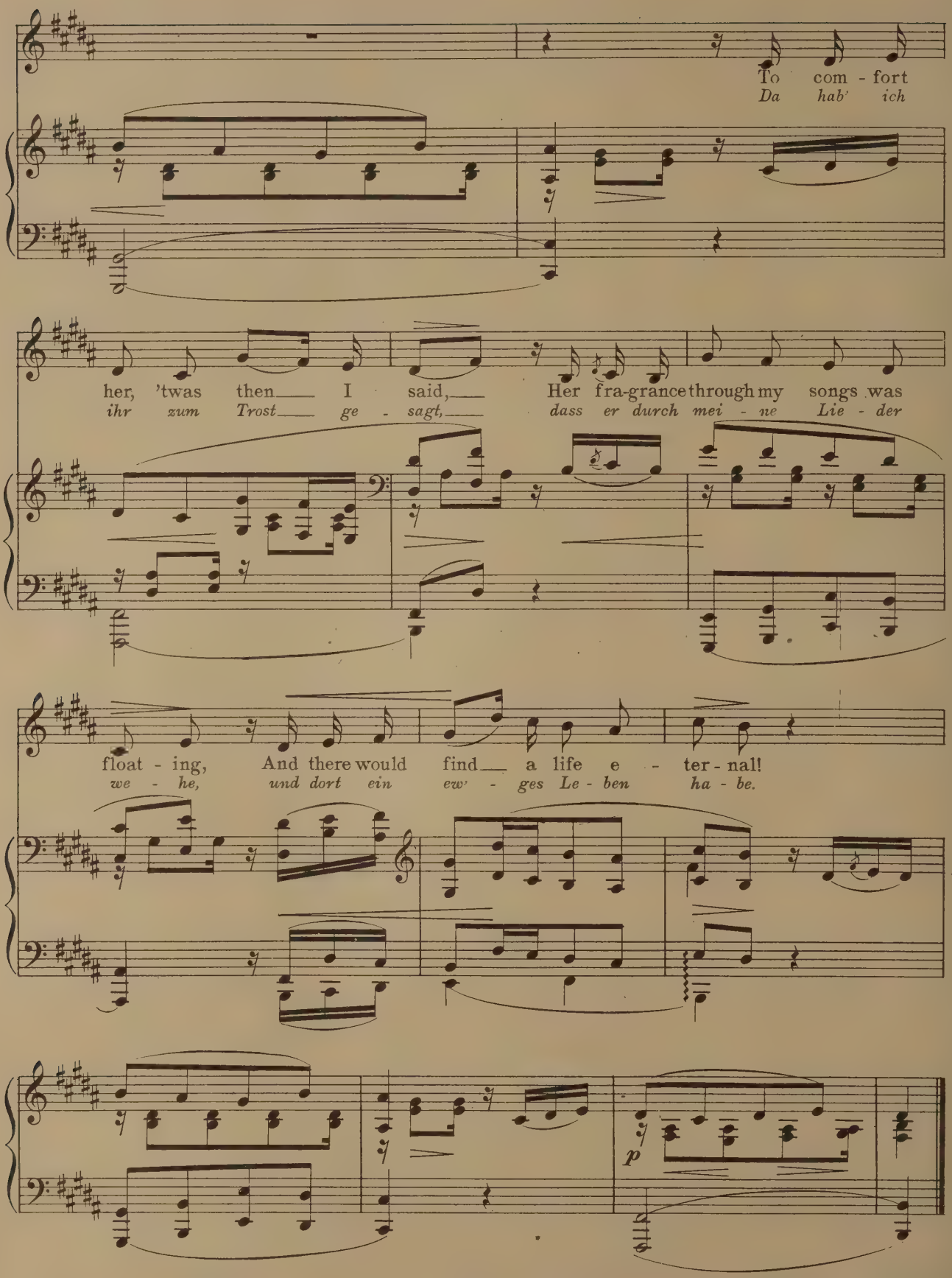
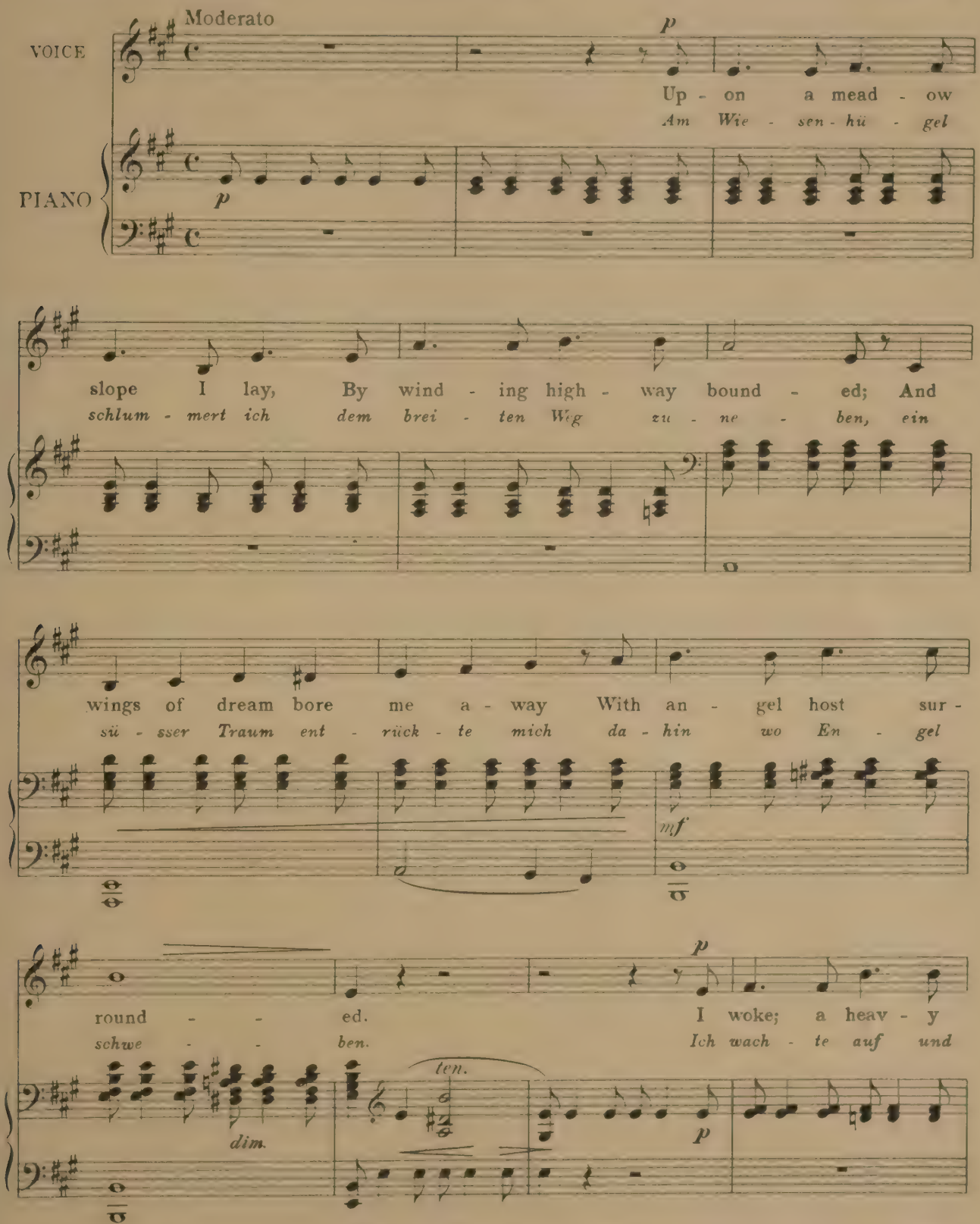

To com - fort
Da hab' ich
her, 'twas then I said, Her fra-grance through my songs was
ihr zum Trost ge - sagt, dass er durch mei - ne Lie - der
float - ing, And there would find a life e - ter - nal!
we - he, und dort ein ew' - ges Le - ben ha - be.
p

THE DREAM
(DER TRAUM)

(Original Key, Db)

W. OSTERWALD
(after the Russian of SCHUKOWSKY)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 8, №1


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
Up - on a mead - ow
Am Wie - sen - hü - gel
slope I lay, By wind - ing high - way bound - ed; And
schlum - mert ich dem brei - ten Weg zu - ne - ben, ein
wings of dream bore me a - way With an - gel host sur -
sü - sser Traum ent - rück - te mich da - hin wo En - gel
mf
round - - ed. I woke; a heav - y
schwe - - ben. Ich wach - te auf und
ten.
dim.

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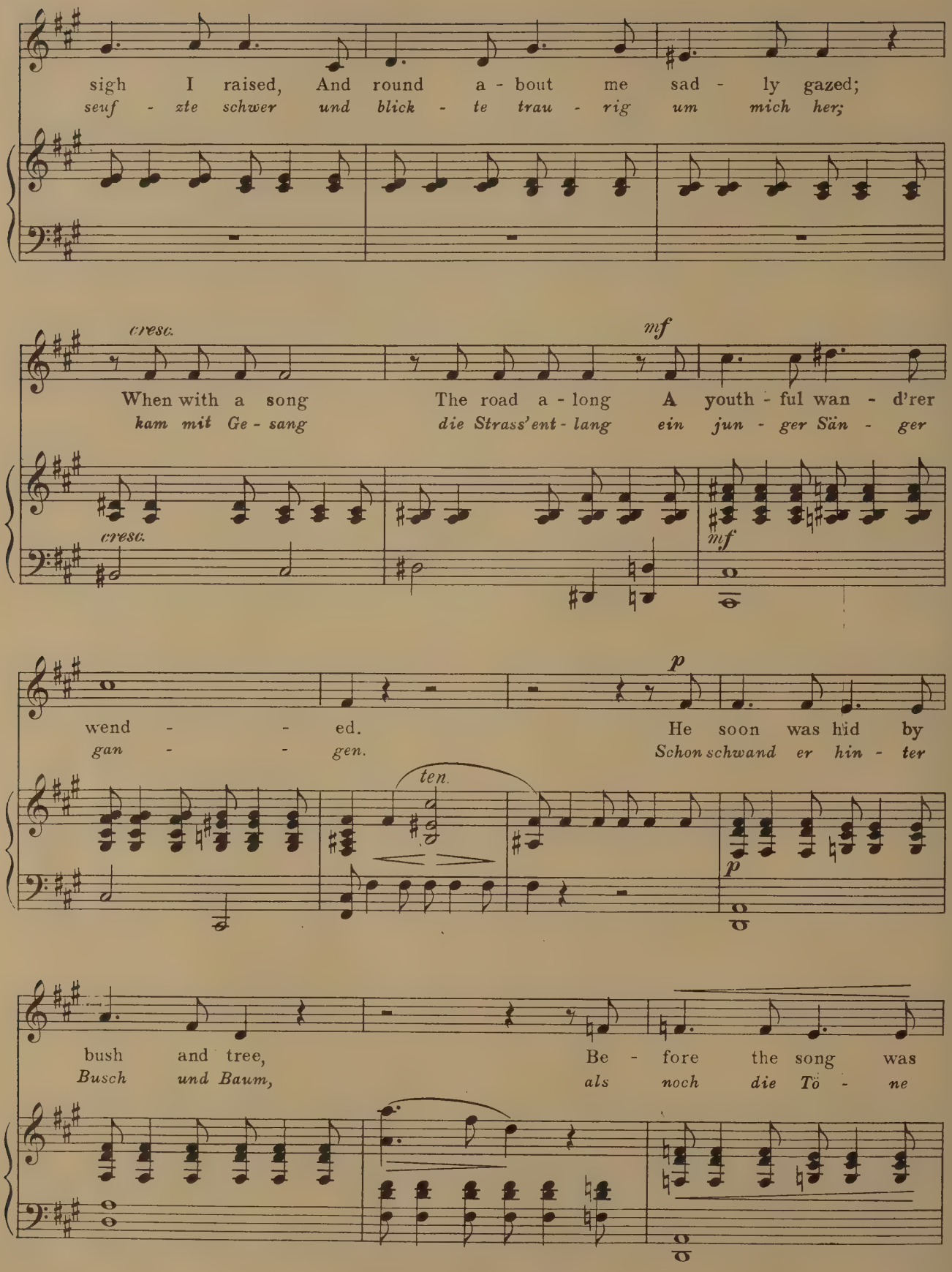
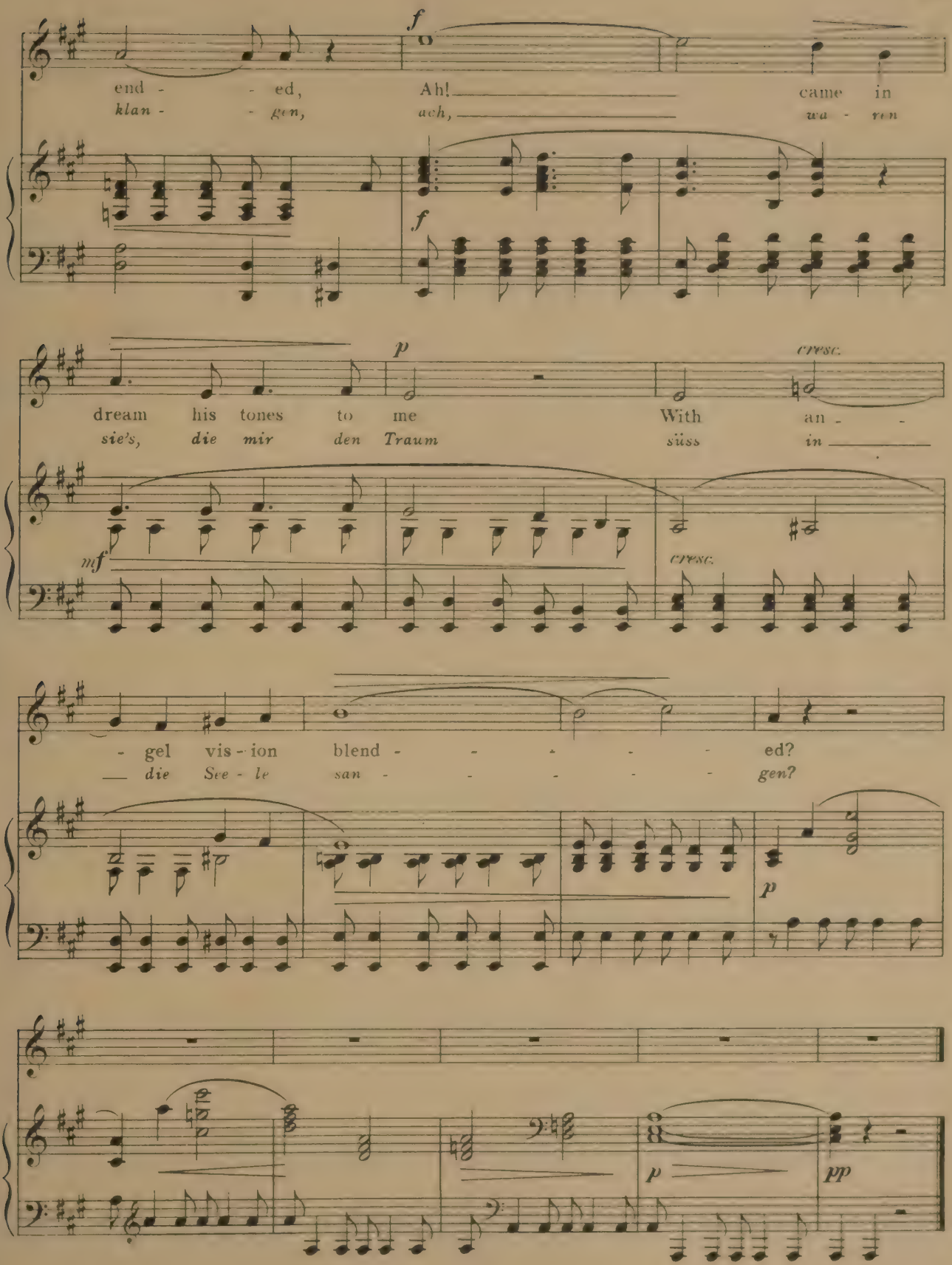
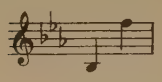

sigh I raised, And round a - bout me sad - ly gazed;
seuf - zte schwer und blick - te trau - rig um mich her;
cresc.
mf
When with a song The road a - long A youth - ful wan - d'rer
kam mit Ge - sang die Strass'ent - lang ein jun - ger Sän - ger
cresc.
mf
p
wend - - ed. He soon was hid by
gan - - gen. Schon schwand er hin - ter
ten.
p
bush and tree, Be - fore the song was
Busch und Baum, als noch die Tö - ne


f
end - - ed,
klan - - gen,
Ah! _____
ach, _____
came in
wa - ren
f
p
cresc.
dream his tones to me
sie's, die mir den Traum
With an - -
süss in _____
mf
cresc.
- gel vis - ion blend - - - - - - ed?
die See - le san - - - - - - gen?
p
p
pp

YEARNINGS
(SEHNSUCHT)

W. OSTERWALD
(after the Russian of Lermontoff)
Translated by W. Stigand

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 8, No 5



Appassionato

VOICE

PIANO

Give me days of gold - en glo - ry, And my dun - geon o - pen wide,
Gönnt mir gold - ne Ta - ges-hel - le, öff - net mir des Ker-kes Schloss,

f

And the fair-est maid of sto - ry With a black-maned steed to ride: O'er the
ei - ne Maid gebt mir zur Stel - le und mit schwar - zer Mähn ein Ross: Lasst mich

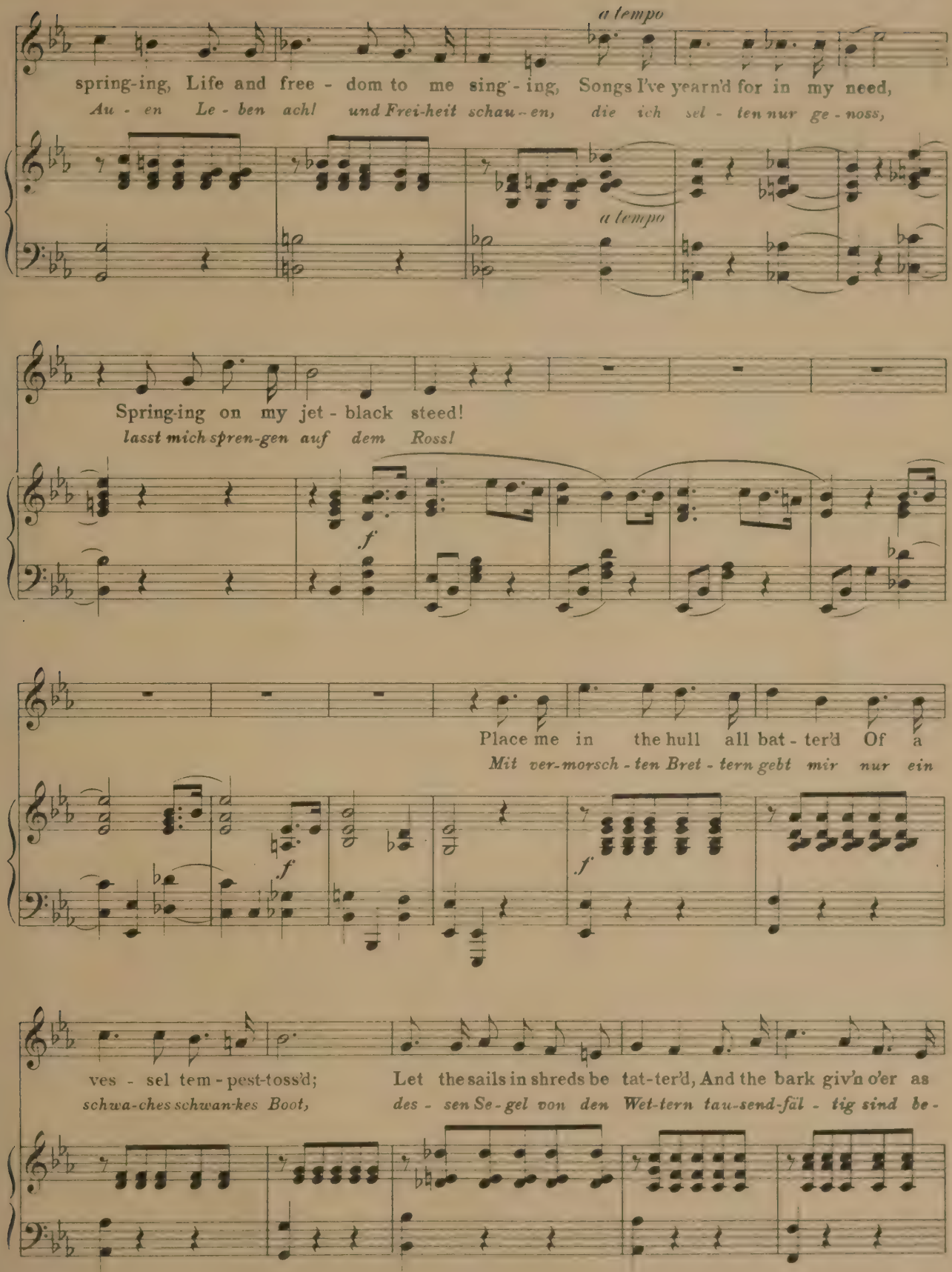
leas let me go spring-ing, Spring-ing on my jet - black steed, O'er the
ein - mal durch die Au - en sau - send spren - gen auf dem Ross, lasst mich

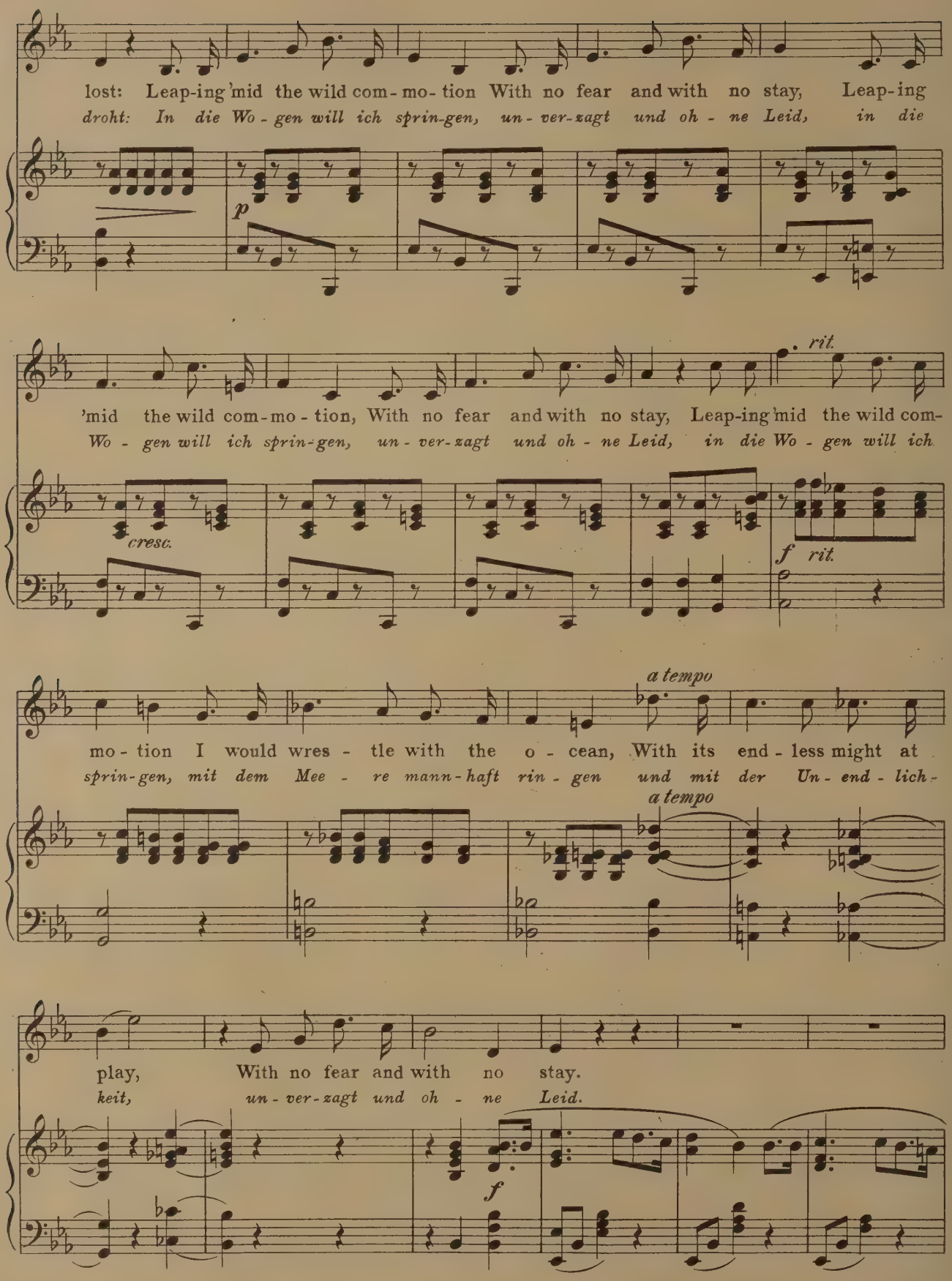
pp

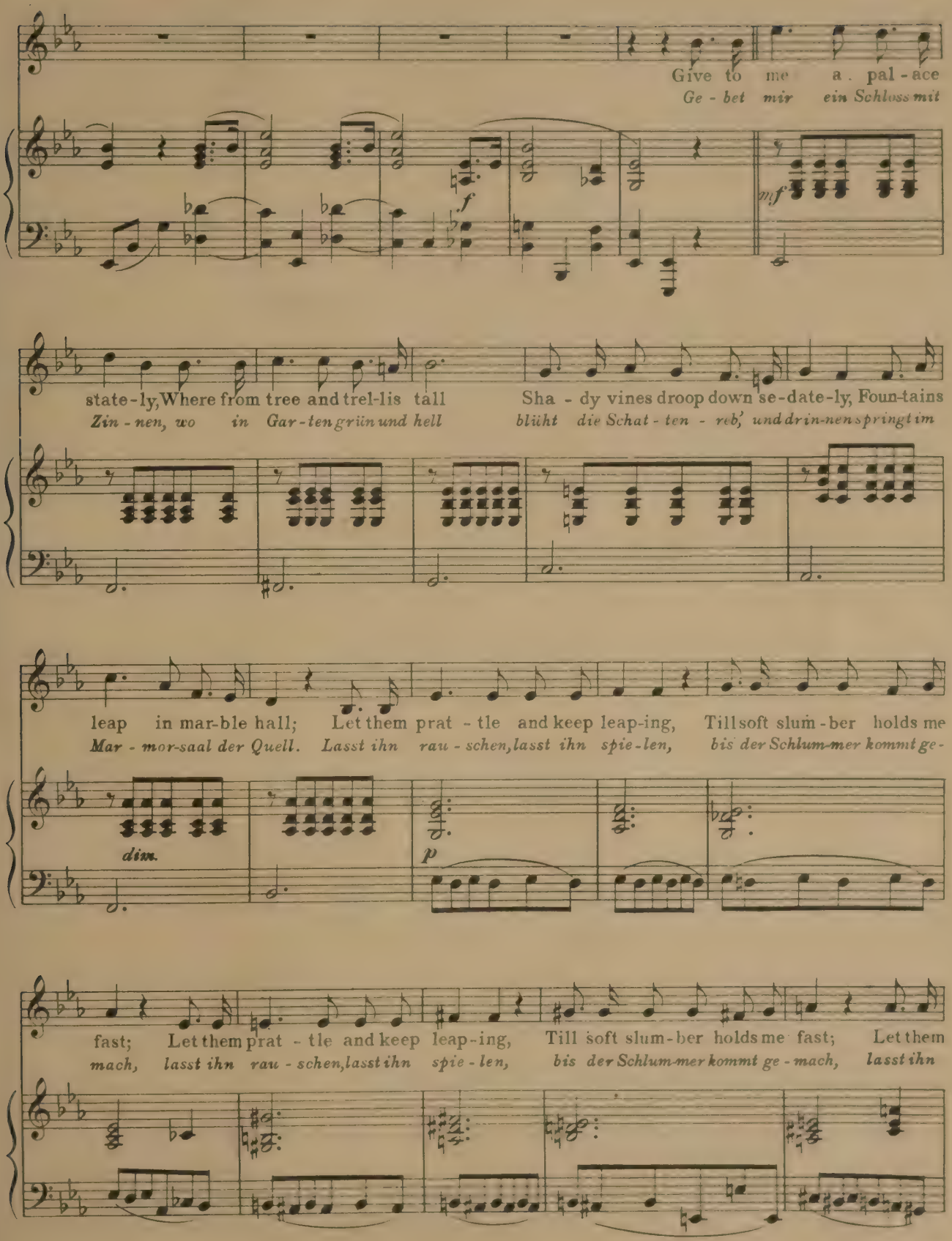
leas let me go spring-ing, Spring-ing on my jet-black steed, O'er the leas let me go
ein - mal durch die Au - en sau - send spren-gen auf dem Ross, lasst mich ein - mal auf den

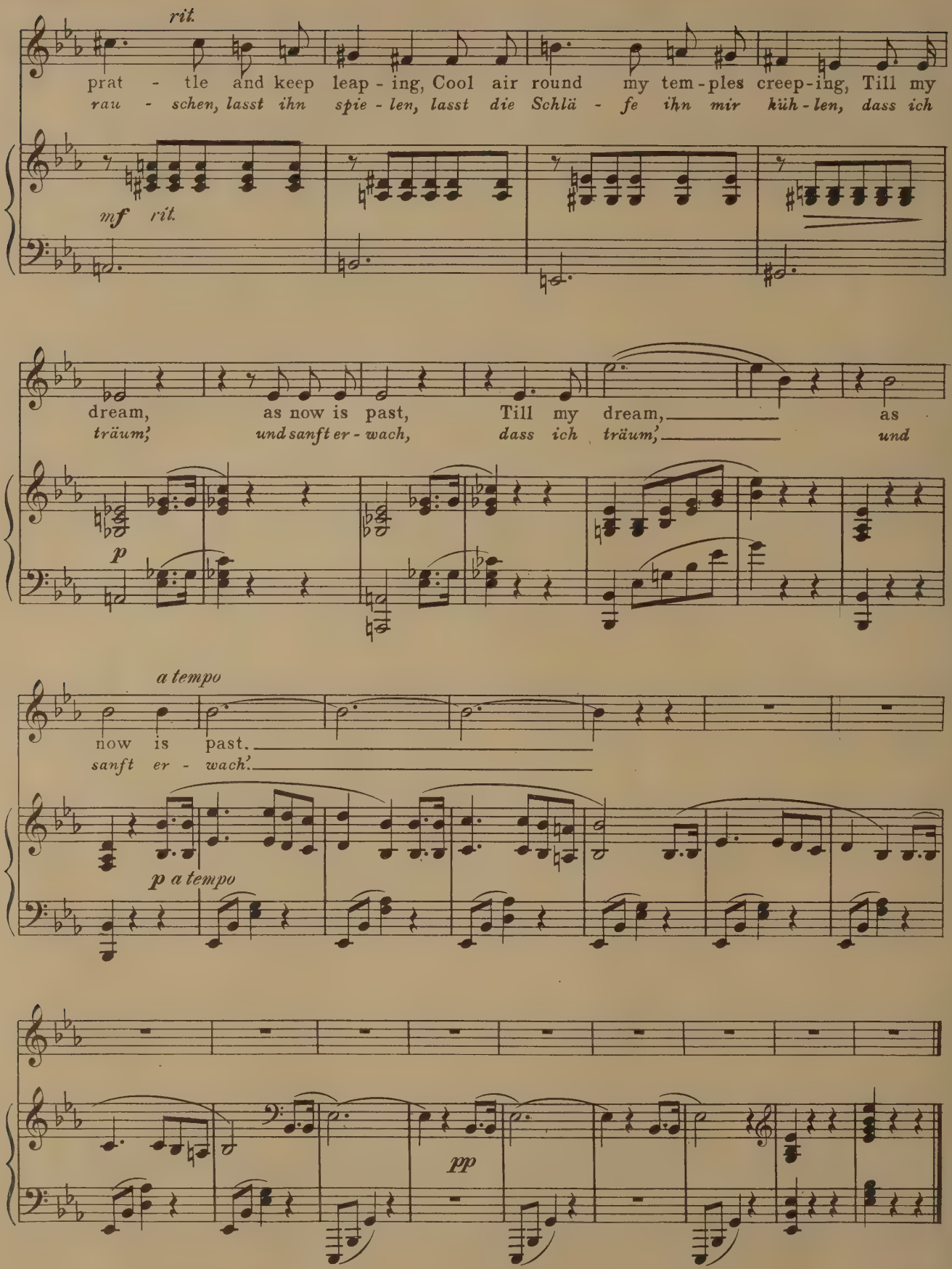
rit.

f *rit.*


a tempo
spring-ing, Life and free - dom to me sing - ing, Songs I've yearn'd for in my need,
Au - en Le - ben ach! und Frei-heit schau-en, die ich sel - ten nur ge - noss,
a tempo
Spring-ing on my jet - black steed!
lasst mich spren-gen auf dem Ross!
f
Place me in the hull all bat - ter'd Of a
Mit ver-morsch - ten Bret - tern gebt mir nur ein
f
f
ves - sel tem - pest-toss'd; Let the sails in shreds be tat-ter'd, And the bark giv'n o'er as
schwa-ches schwan-kes Boot, des - sen Se - gel von den Wet-tern tau-send-fäl - tig sind be -


lost: Leap-ing 'mid the wild com-mo-tion With no fear and with no stay, Leap-ing
droht: In die Wo-gen will ich sprin-gen, un-ver-zagt und oh-ne Leid, in die
p
'mid the wild com-mo-tion, With no fear and with no stay, Leap-ing 'mid the wild com-
Wo-gen will ich sprin-gen, un-ver-zagt und oh-ne Leid, in die Wo-gen will ich
rit.
cresc.
f rit.
a tempo
mo-tion I would wres-tle with the o-cean, With its end-less might at
sprin-gen, mit dem Mee-re mann-haft rin-gen und mit der Un-end-lich-
a tempo
play, With no fear and with no stay.
keit, un-ver-zagt und oh-ne Leid.
f

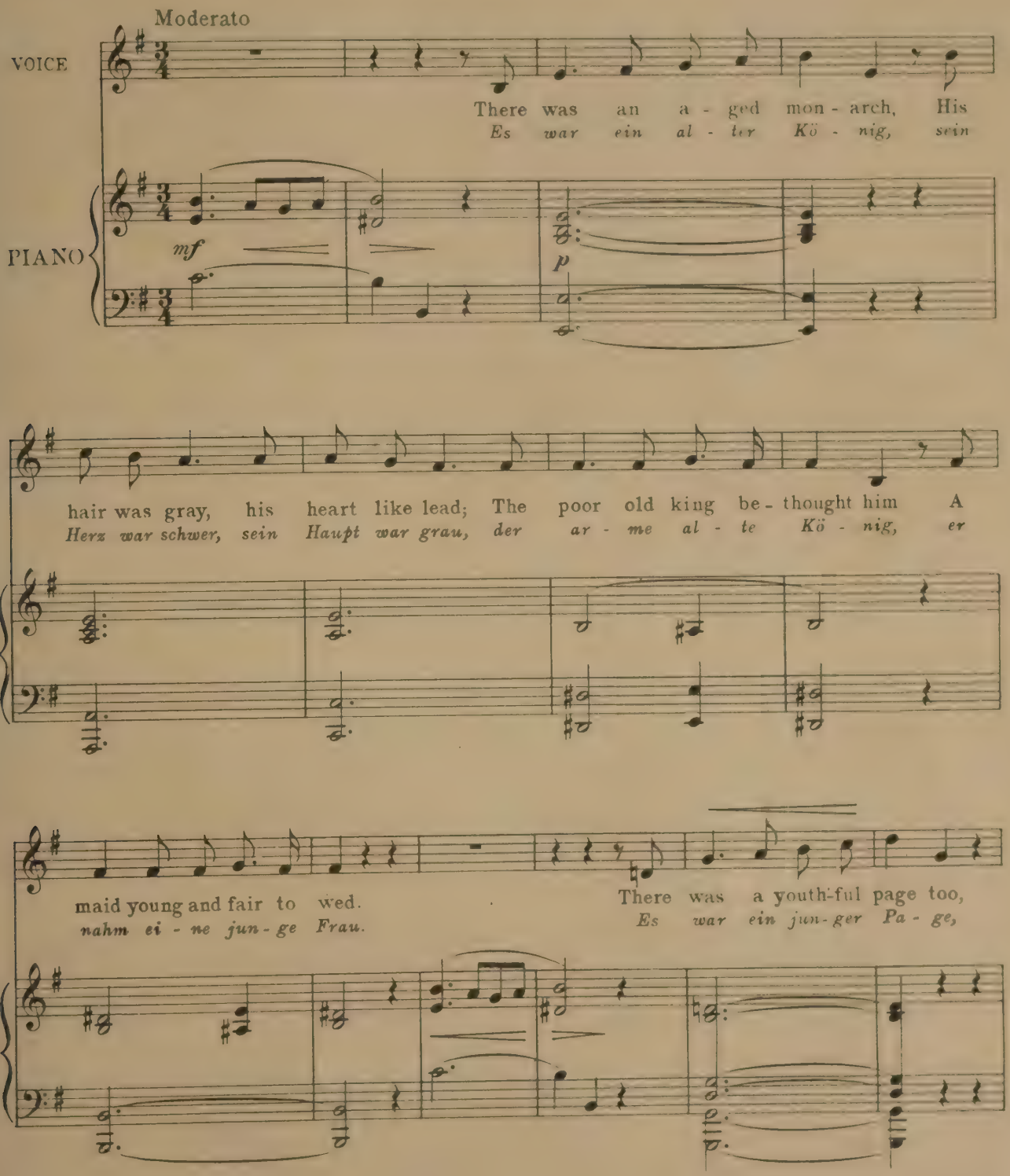

Give to me a. pal-ace
Ge-bet mir ein Schloss mit
f
mf
state-ly, Where from tree and trel-lis tall
Zin-nen, wo in Gar-ten grün und hell
Sha-dy vines droop down se-date-ly, Foun-tains
blüht die Schat-ten-reb', und drin-nen springt im
leap in mar-ble hall; Let them prat-tle and keep leap-ing, Till soft slum-ber holds me
Mar-mor-saal der Quell. Lasst ihn rau-schen, lasst ihn spie-len, bis der Schlum-mer kommt ge-
dim.
p
fast; Let them prat-tle and keep leap-ing, Till soft slum-ber holds me fast; Let them
mach, lasst ihn rau-schen, lasst ihn spie-len, bis der Schlum-mer kommt ge-mach, lasst ihn


rit.
prat - tle and keep leap - ing, Cool air round my tem - ples creep - ing, Till my
rau - schen, lasst ihn spie - len, lasst die Schlä - fe ihn mir küh - len, dass ich
mf rit.
dream, as now is past, Till my dream, as
träum', und sanft er - wach, dass ich träum', und
p
a tempo
now is past.
sanft er - wach'.
p a tempo
pp

THERE WAS AN AGED MONARCH
(ES WAR EIN ALTER KÖNIG)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 32, №4


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
mf
p
There was an a - ged mon - arch, His
Es war ein al - ter Kö - nig, sein
hair was gray, his heart like lead; The poor old king be - thought him A
Herz war schwer, sein Haupt war grau, der ar - me al - te Kö - nig, er
maid young and fair to wed.
nahm ei - ne jun - ge Frau.
There was a youth-ful page too,
Es war ein jun - ger Pa - ge,

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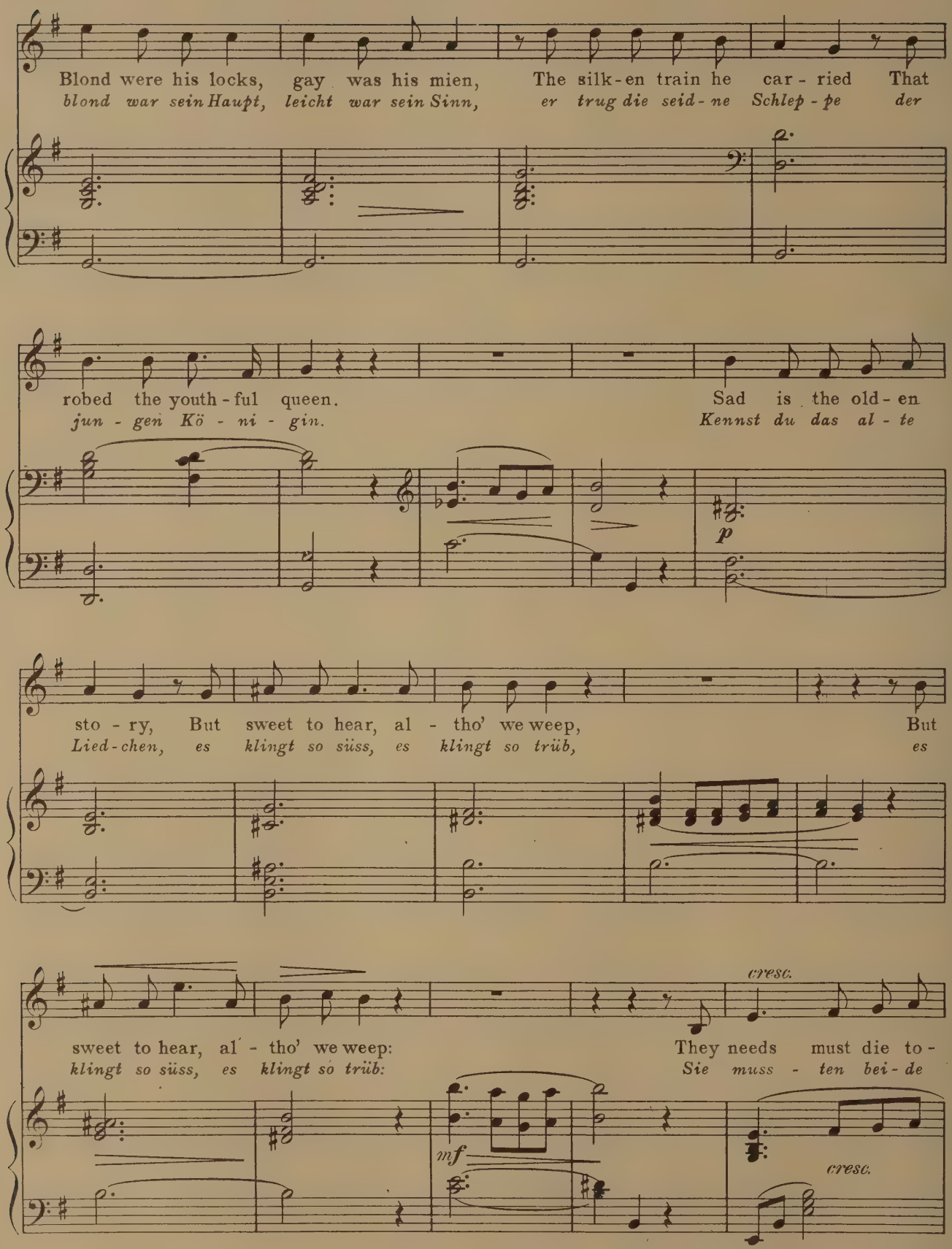
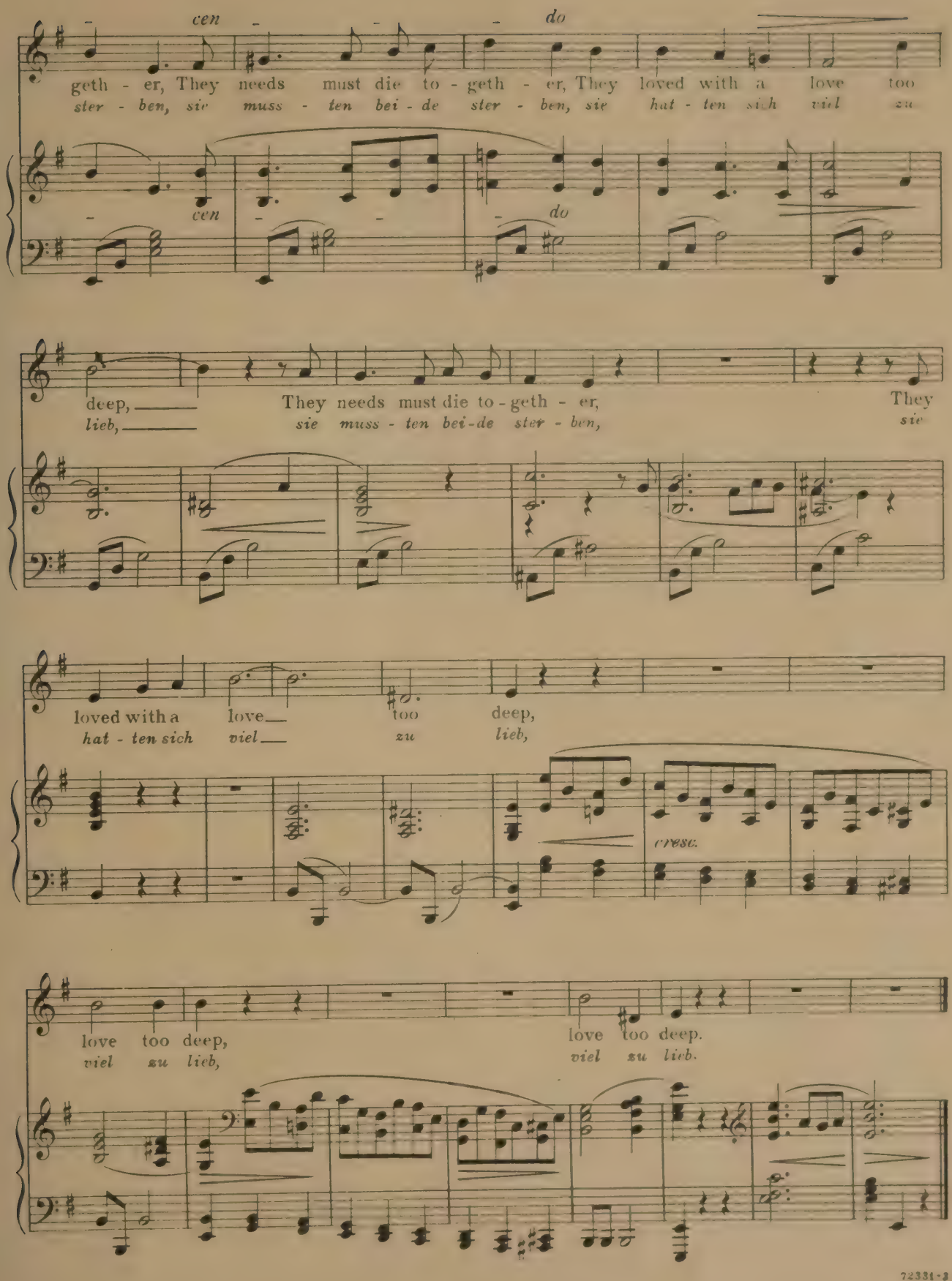

Blond were his locks, gay was his mien, The silk-en train he car-ried That
blond war sein Haupt, leicht war sein Sinn, er trug die seid-ne Schlep-pe der
robed the youth-ful queen. Sad is the old-en
jun-gen Kö-ni-gin. Kennst du das al-te
p
sto-ry, But sweet to hear, al-tho' we weep, But
Lied-chen, es klingt so süss, es klingt so trüb, es
cresc.
sweet to hear, al-tho' we weep: They needs must die to-
klingt so süss, es klingt so trüb: Sie muss-ten bei-de
mf
cresc.


cen - - - do
geth - er, They needs must die to - geth - er, They loved with a love too
ster - ben, sie muss - ten bei - de ster - ben, sie hat - ten sich viel zu
cen - - - do
deep, They needs must die to - geth - er, They
lieb, sie muss - ten bei - de ster - ben, sie
loved with a love too deep,
hat - ten sich viel zu lieb,
cresc.
love too deep, love too deep.
viel zu lieb, viel zu lieb.

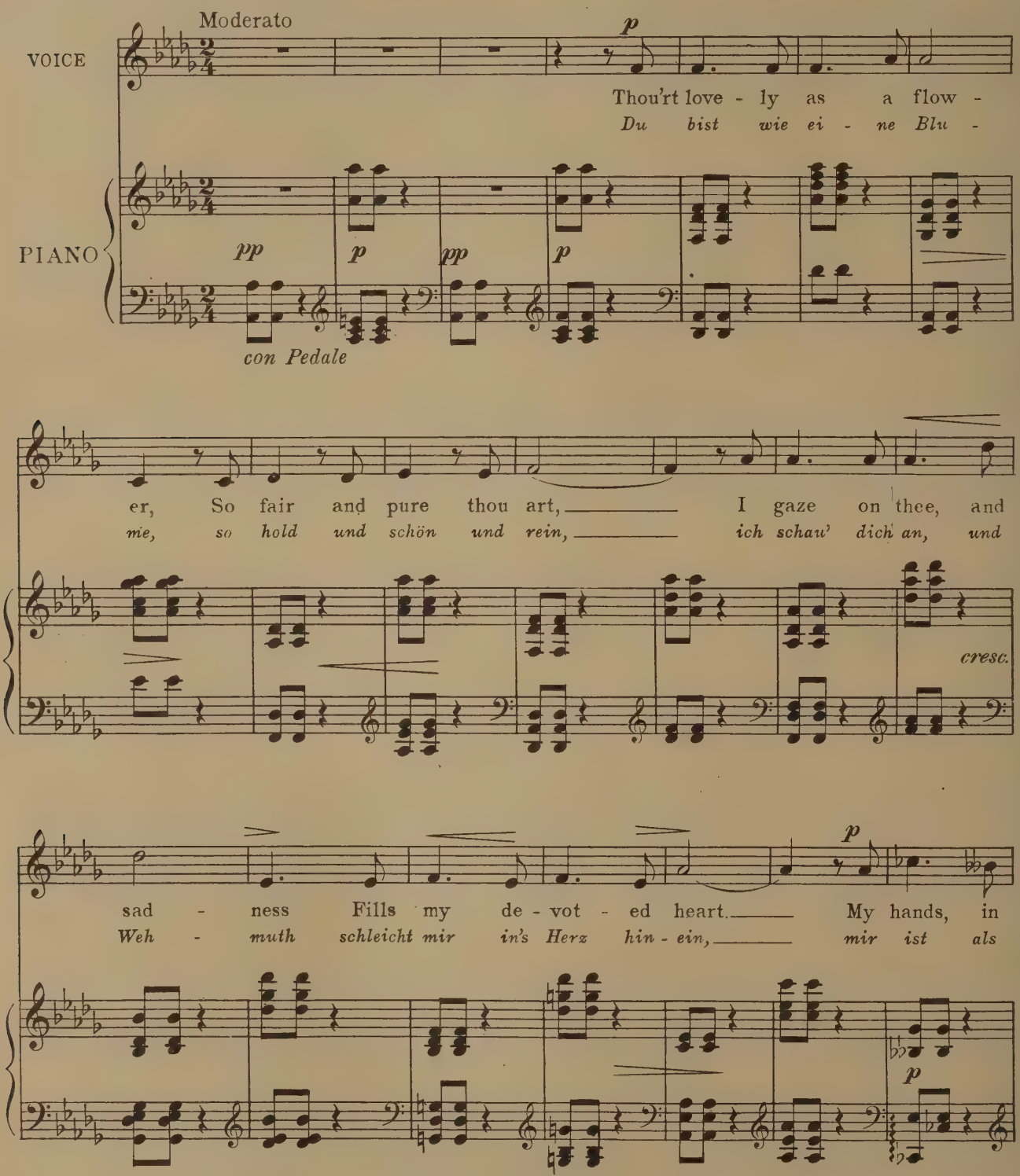
THOU'RT LOVELY AS A FLOWER

(DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME)

(Original Key, F)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 32, № 5


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
Thou'rt love - ly as a flow -
Du bist wie ei - ne Blu -
pp
p
pp
p
con Pedale
er, So fair and pure thou art, I gaze on thee, and
me, so hold und schön und rein, ich schau' dich an, und
cresc.
p
sad - ness Fills my de - vot - ed heart. My hands, in
Weh - muth schleicht mir in's Herz hin - ein, mir ist als
p

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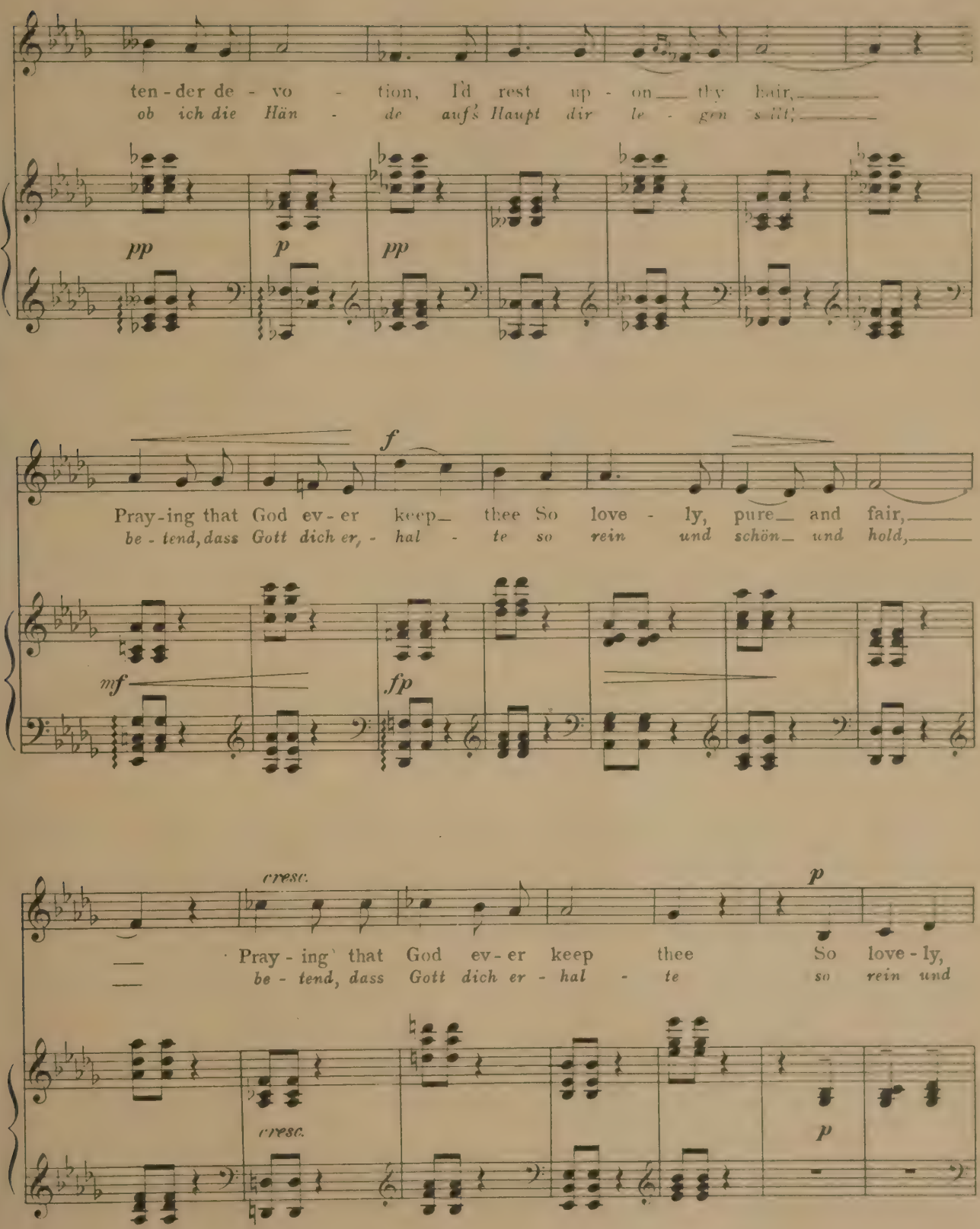
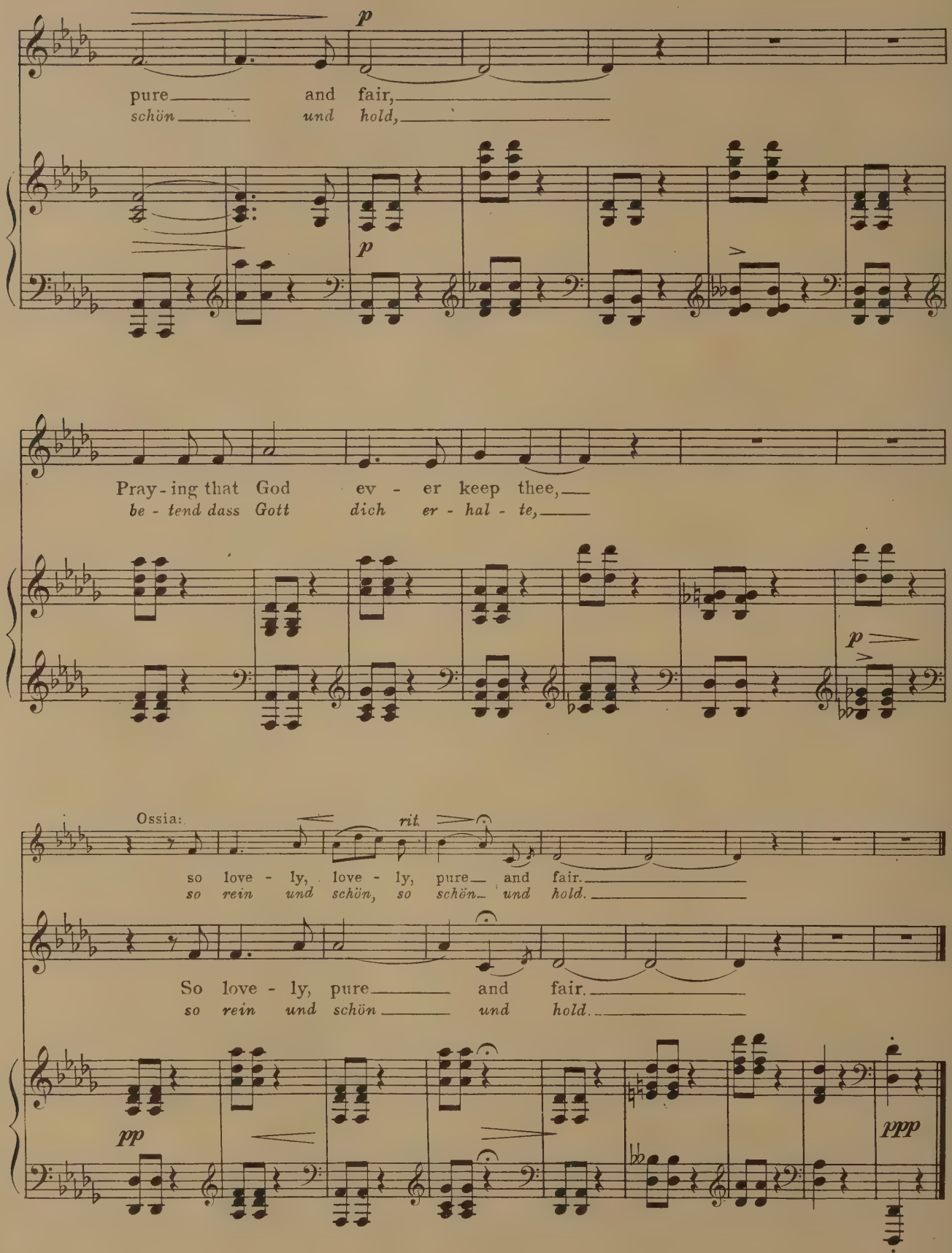

ten - der de - vo - tion, I'd rest up - on thy hair,
ob ich die Hän - de auf's Haupt dir le - gen s'llt,
pp
p
pp
f
Pray-ing that God ev - er keep thee So love - ly, pure and fair,
be - tend, dass Gott dich er, - hal - te so rein und schön und hold,
mf
fp
cresc.
p
Pray - ing that God ev - er keep thee So love - ly,
be - tend, dass Gott dich er - hal - te so rein und
cresc.
p

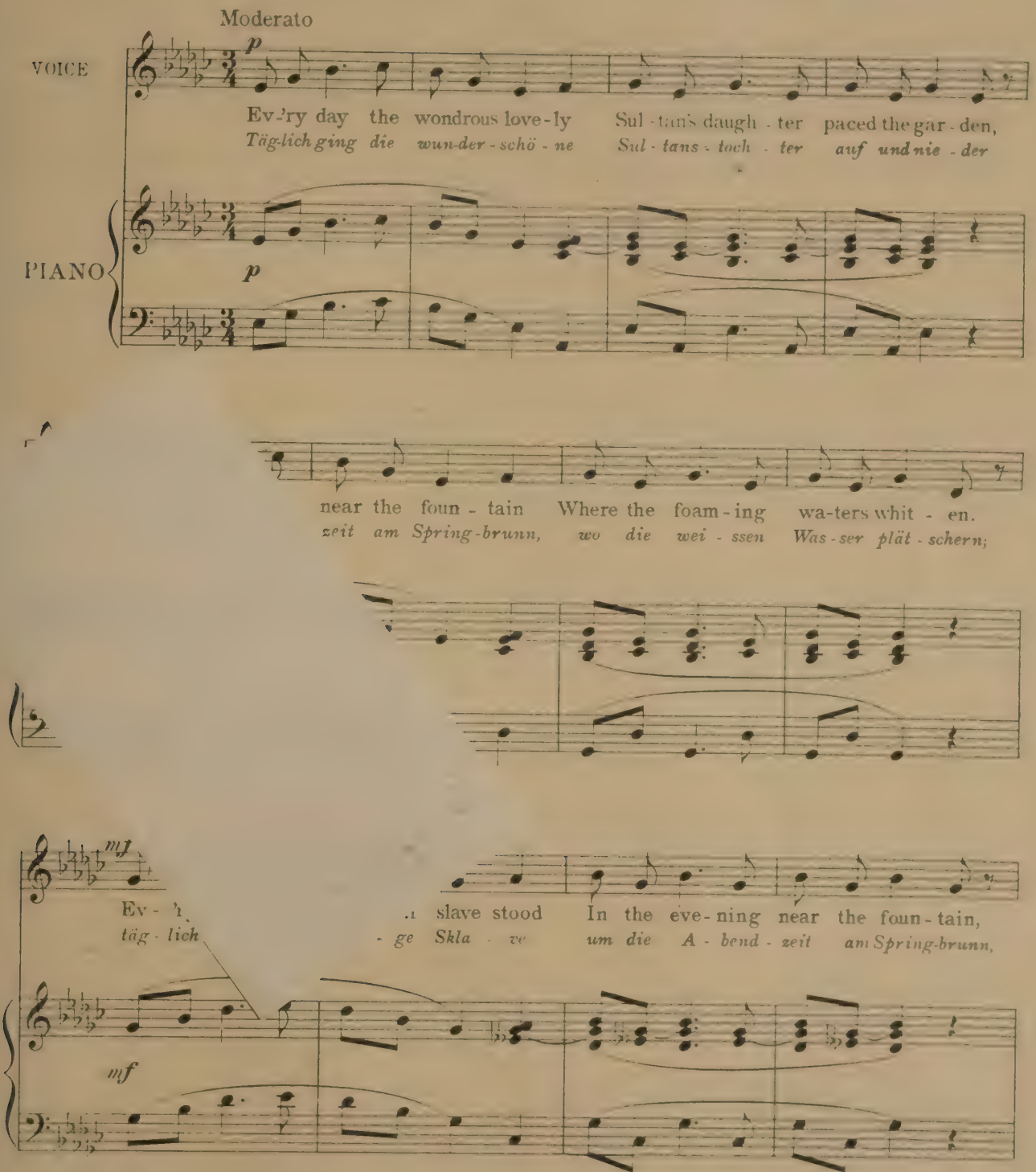

p
pure and fair,
schön und hold,
p
Pray-ing that God ev - er keep thee,
be - tend dass Gott dich er - hal - te,
p
Ossia:
rit.
so love - ly, love - ly, pure and fair.
so rein und schön, so schön und hold.
So love - ly, pure and fair.
so rein und schön und hold.
pp
ppp

THE ASRA
(DER ASRA)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, G minor)

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, Op. 32, No. 6
(1829 - 1894)



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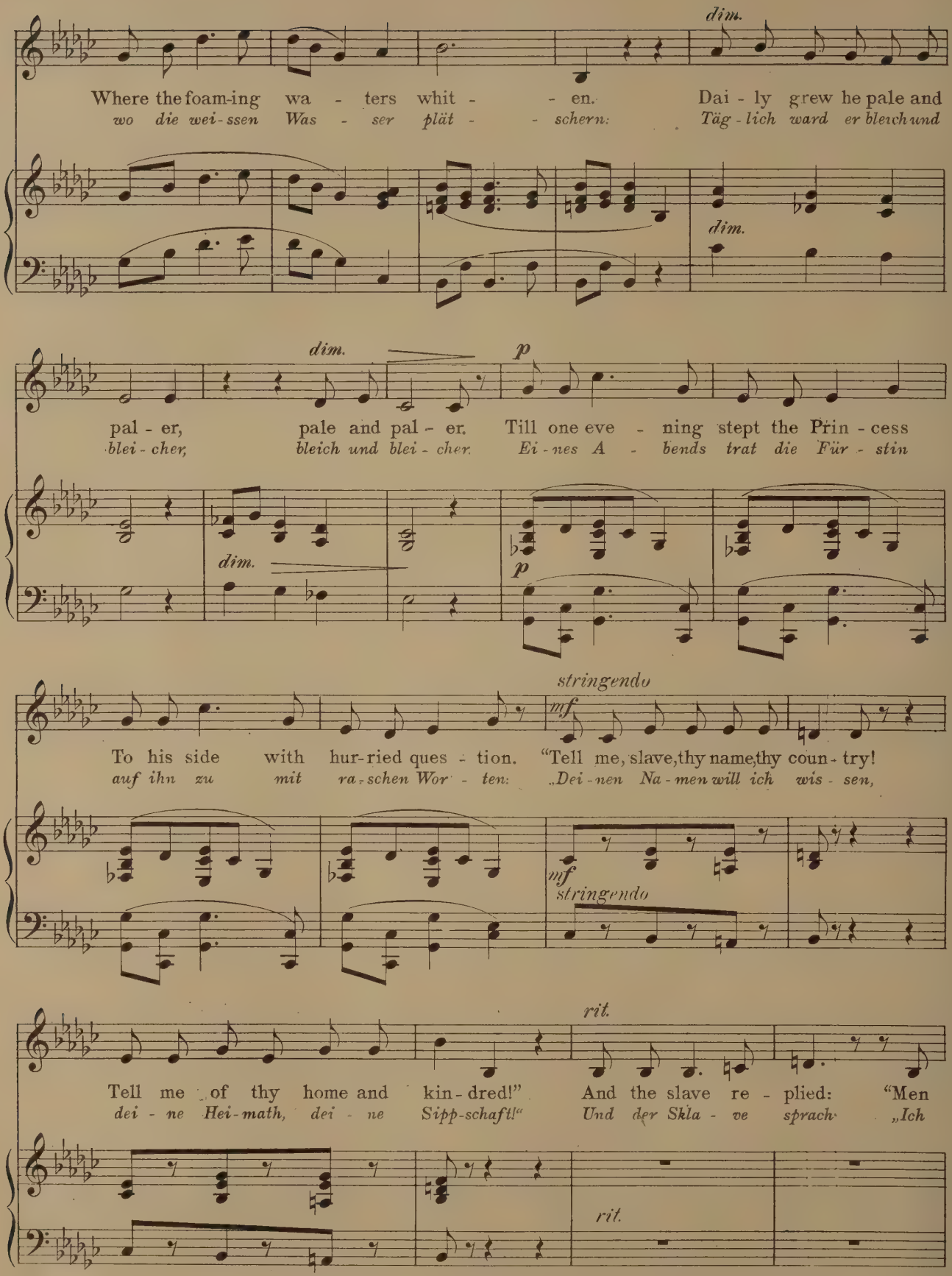
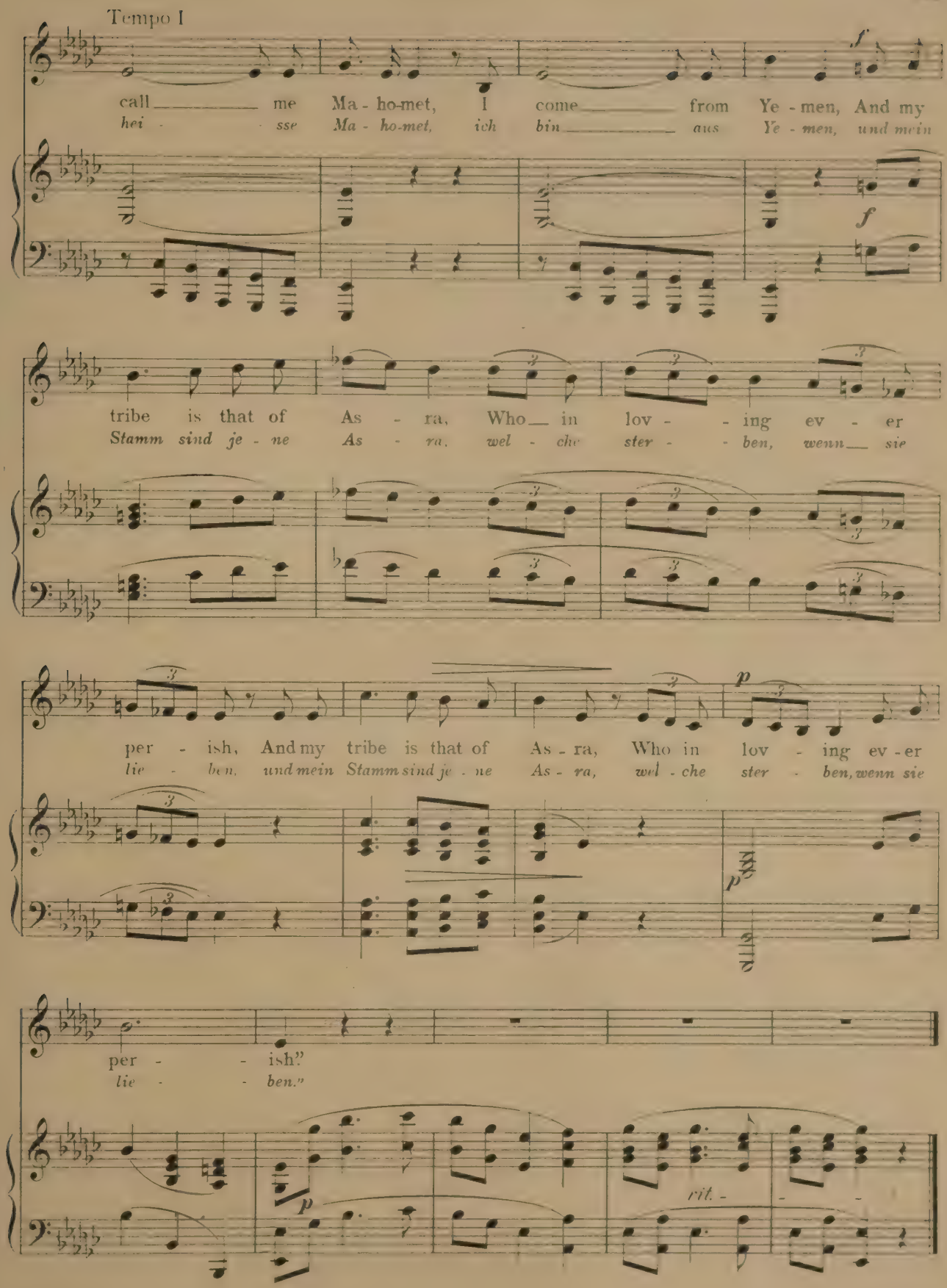

dim.
Where the foam-ing wa - ters whit - - en.
wo die wei-ssen Was - ser plät - - schern.
Dai - ly grew he pale and
Täg - lich ward er bleich und
dim.
dim.
p
pal - er,
blei - cher,
pale and pal - er.
bleich und blei - cher.
Till one eve - ning stept the Prin - cess
Ei - nes A - bends trat die Für - stin
dim.
p
stringendo
mf
To his side with hur-ried ques - tion.
auf ihn zu mit ra-schen Wor - ten:
"Tell me, slave, thy name, thy coun - try!
„Dei - nen Na - men will ich wis - sen,
mf
stringendo
rit.
Tell me of thy home and kin - dred!"
dei - ne Hei-math, dei - ne Sipp-schaft!"
And the slave re - plied: "Men
Und der Skla - ve sprach: „Ich
rit.

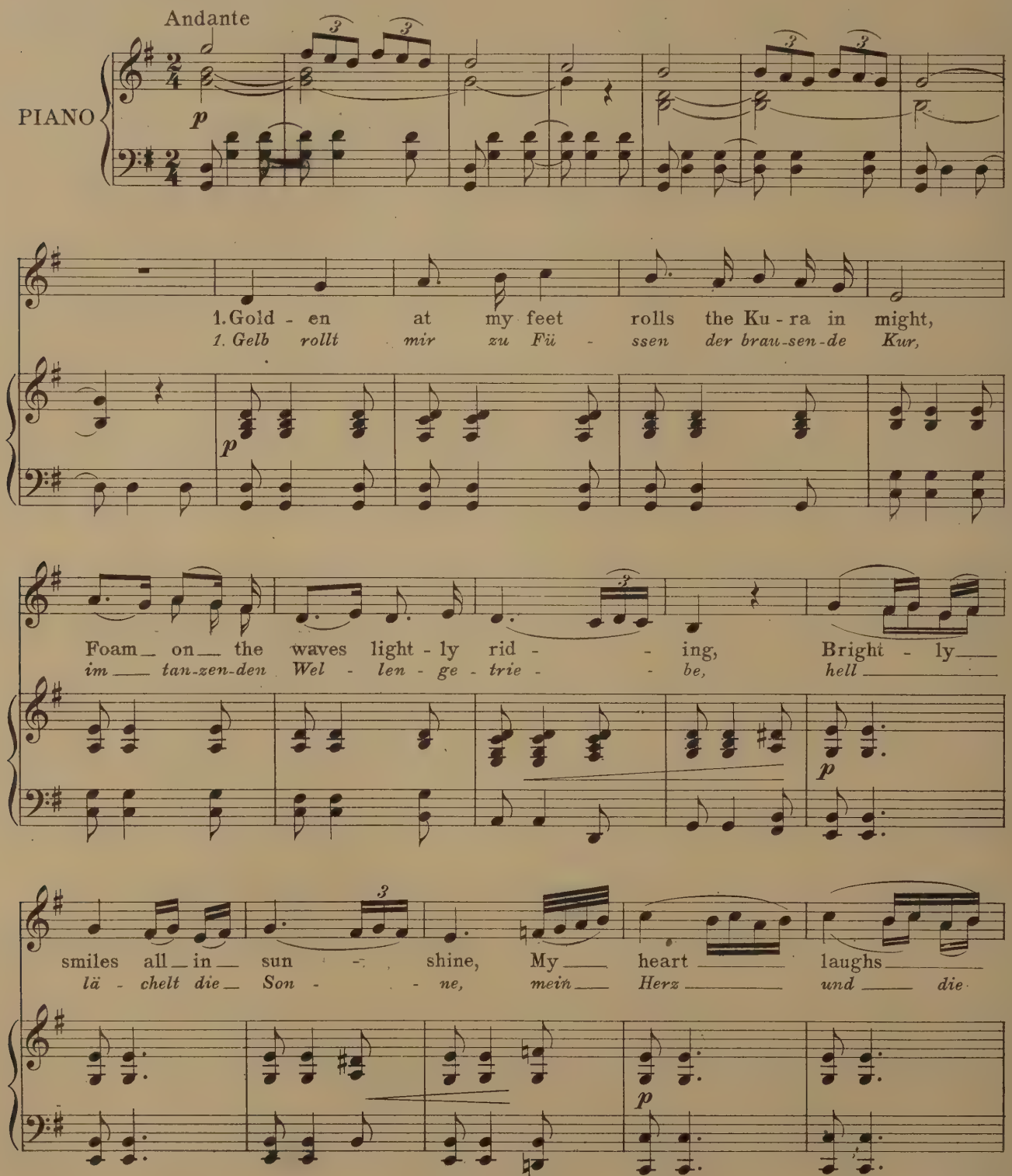

Tempo I
call me Ma - ho-met, I come from Ye - men, And my
hei - sse Ma - ho-met, ich bin aus Ye - men, und mein
tribe is that of As - ra, Who in lov - ing ev - er
Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che ster - ben, wenn sie
per - ish, And my tribe is that of As - ra, Who in lov - ing ev - er
lie - ben, und mein Stamm sind je - ne As - ra, wel - che ster - ben, wenn sie
per - ish."
lie - ben."
rit.

GOLDEN AT MY FEET
(GELB ROLLT MIR ZU FÜSSEN)

(Original Key, B♭)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)
(from the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN, Op. 34, No. 9
(1829-1894)


Andante
PIANO
p
1. Gold - en at my feet rolls the Ku - ra in might,
1. Gelb rollt mir zu Fü - ssen der brau-sen-de Kur,
Foam on the waves light - ly rid - ing, Bright - ly
im tan-zen-den Wel - len - ge - trie - be, hell
smiles all in sun - shine, My heart laughs
lä - chelt die Son - ne, mein Herz und die

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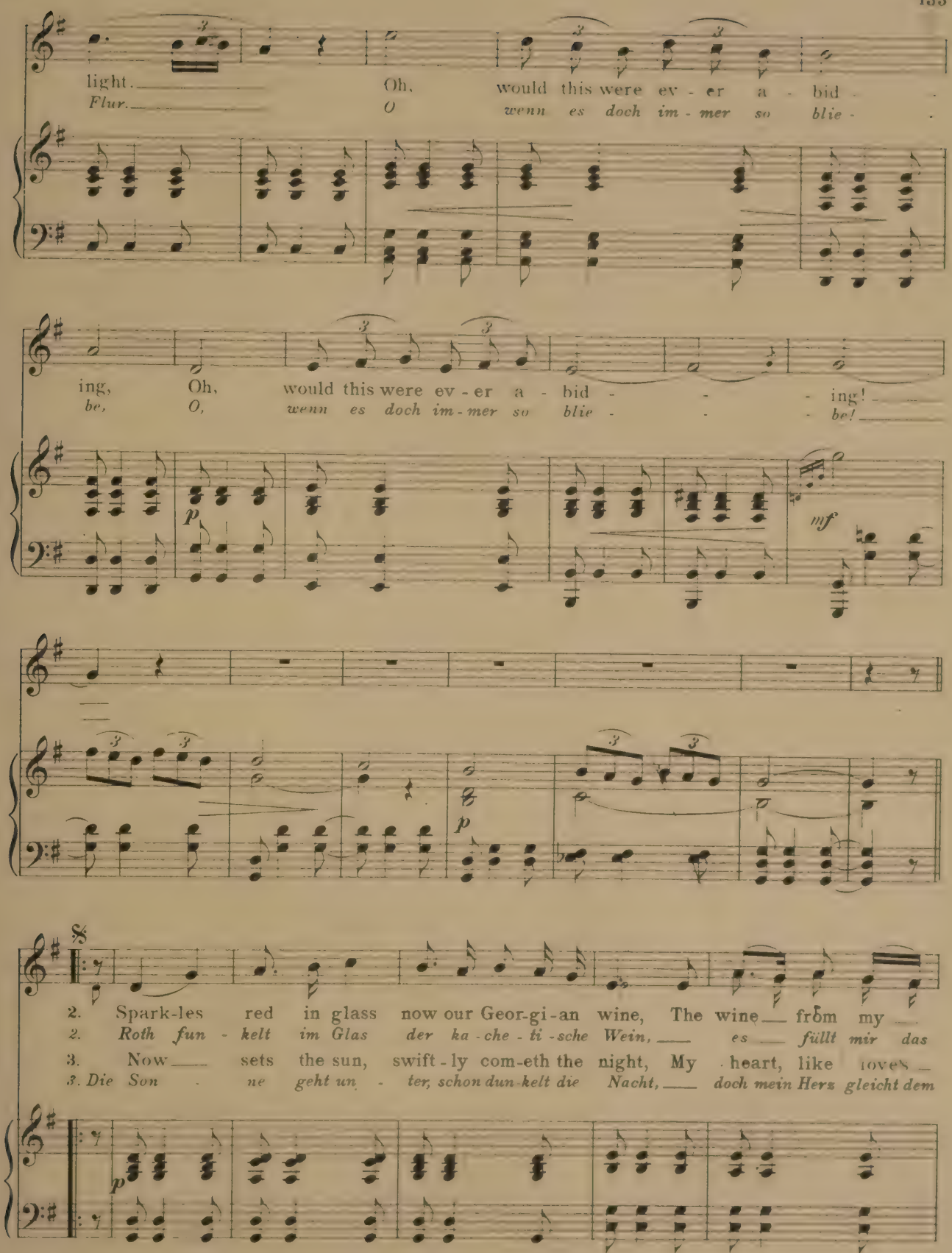
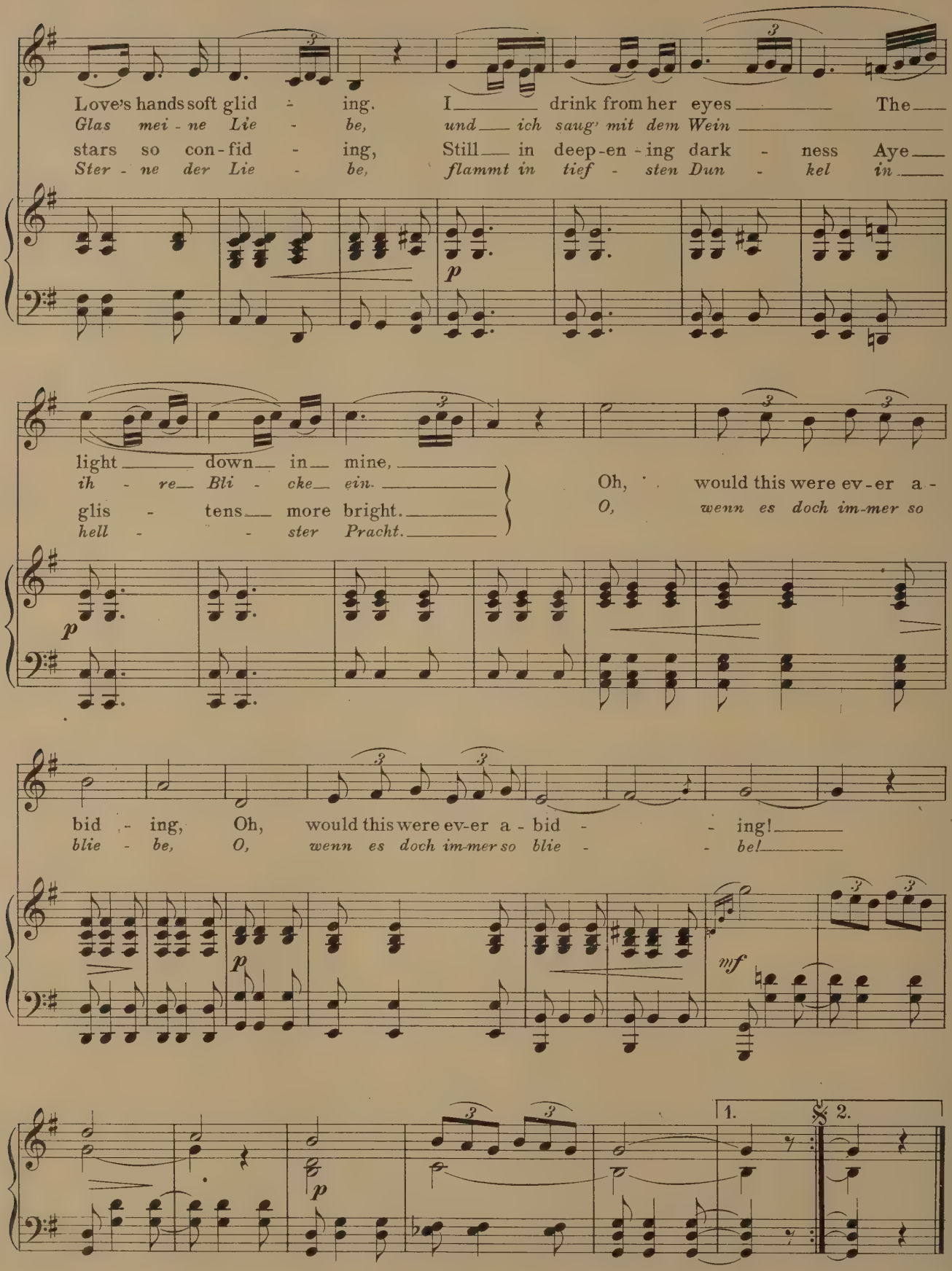
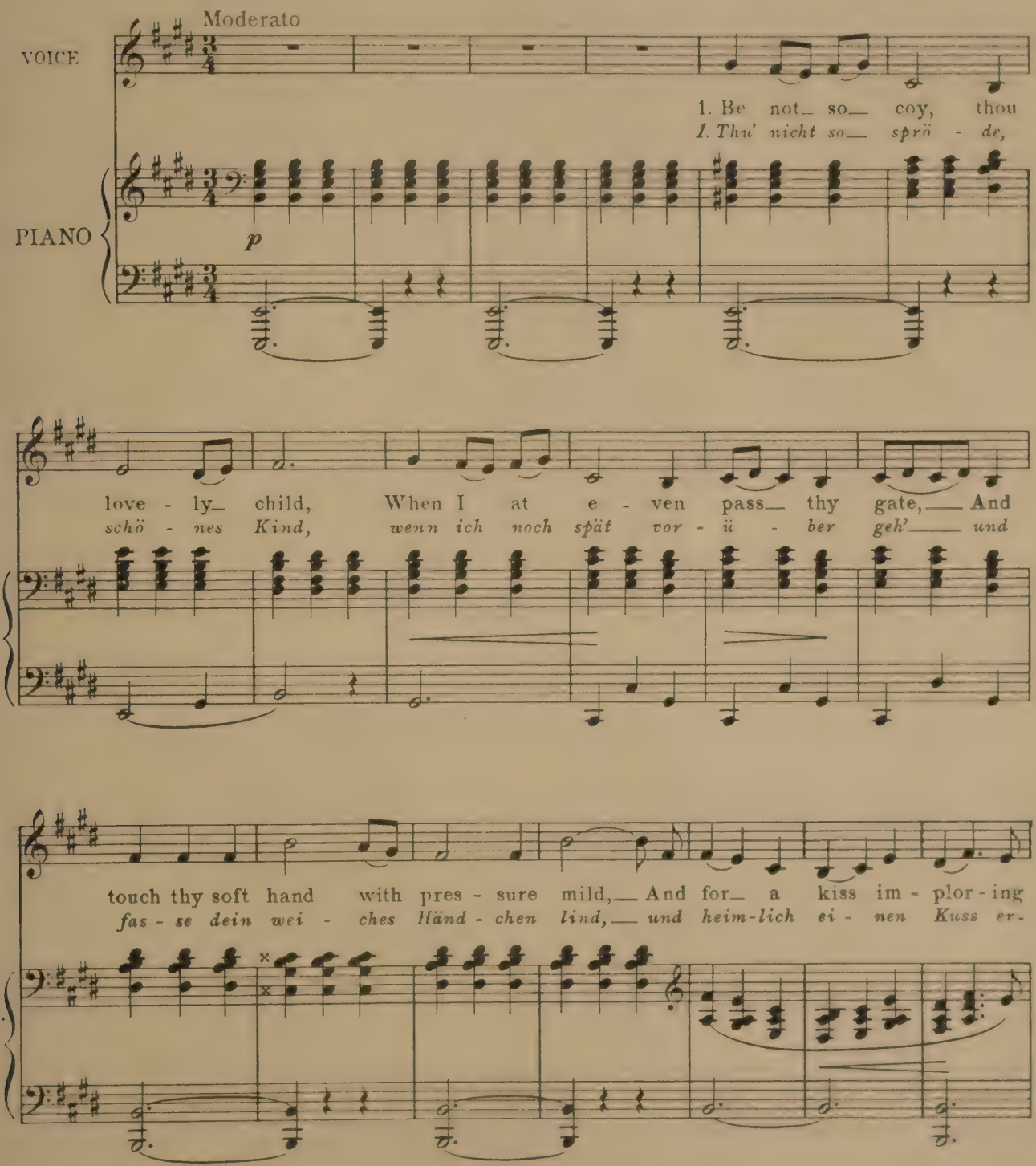

light. Oh, would this were ev - er a - bid -
Flur. O wenn es doch im - mer so blie -
ing, Oh, would this were ev - er a - bid - - - ing!
be, O, wenn es doch im - mer so blie - - - be!
p
mf
p
8
2. Spark-les red in glass now our Geor-gi-an wine, The wine from my
2. Roth fun - kelt im Glas der ka - che - ti - sche Wein, es füllt mir das
3. Now sets the sun, swift - ly com-eth the night, My heart, like loves
3. Die Son - ne geht un - ter, schon dun-kelt die Nacht, doch mein Herz gleicht dem
p


Love's hands soft glid - ing. I drink from her eyes The
Glas mei - ne Lie - be, und ich saug' mit dem Wein
stars so con-fid - ing, Still in deep-en-ing dark - ness Aye
Ster - ne der Lie - be, flammt in tief - sten Dun - kel in
p
light down in mine,
ih - re Bli - cke ein.
glis - tens more bright.
hell - - ster Pracht.
Oh, would this were ev-er a -
O, wenn es doch im-mer so
p
bid - ing, Oh, would this were ev-er a - bid - - ing!
blie - be, O, wenn es doch im-mer so blie - - be!
p
mf
1.
2.
p

BE NOT SO COY, THOU LOVELY CHILD
(THU' NICHT SO SPRÖDE, SCHÖNES KIND)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)
(from the Persian of MIRZA-SCHAFFY)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 34, №11


Moderato
VOICE
PIANO
p
1. Be not so coy, thou
I. Thu' nicht so sprö - de,
love - ly child, When I at e - ven pass thy gate, And
schö - nes Kind, wenn ich noch spät vor - ü - ber geh' und
touch thy soft hand with pres - sure mild, And for a kiss im - plor - ing
fas - se dein wei - ches Händ - chen lind, und heim-lich ei - nen Kuss er-

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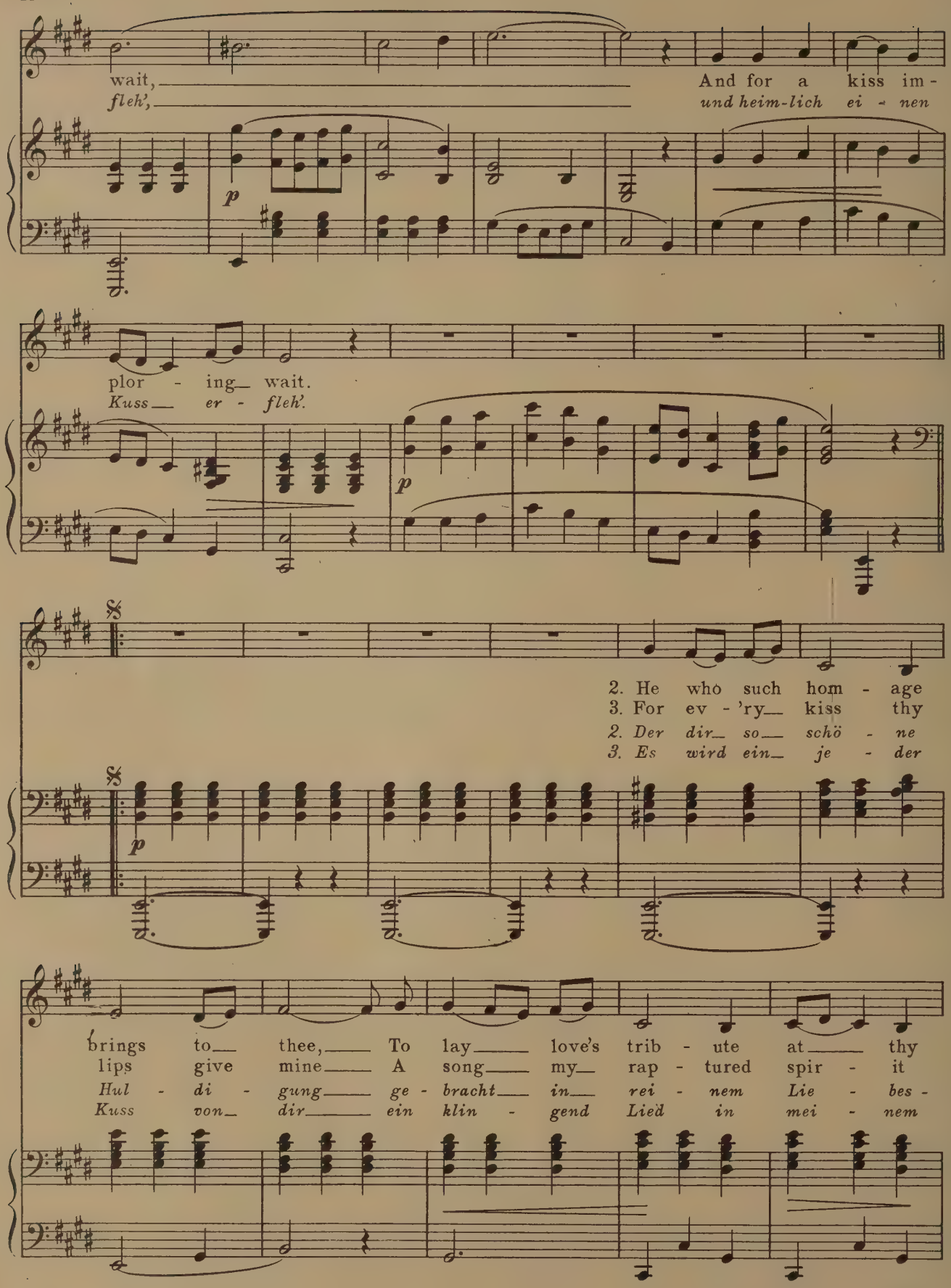
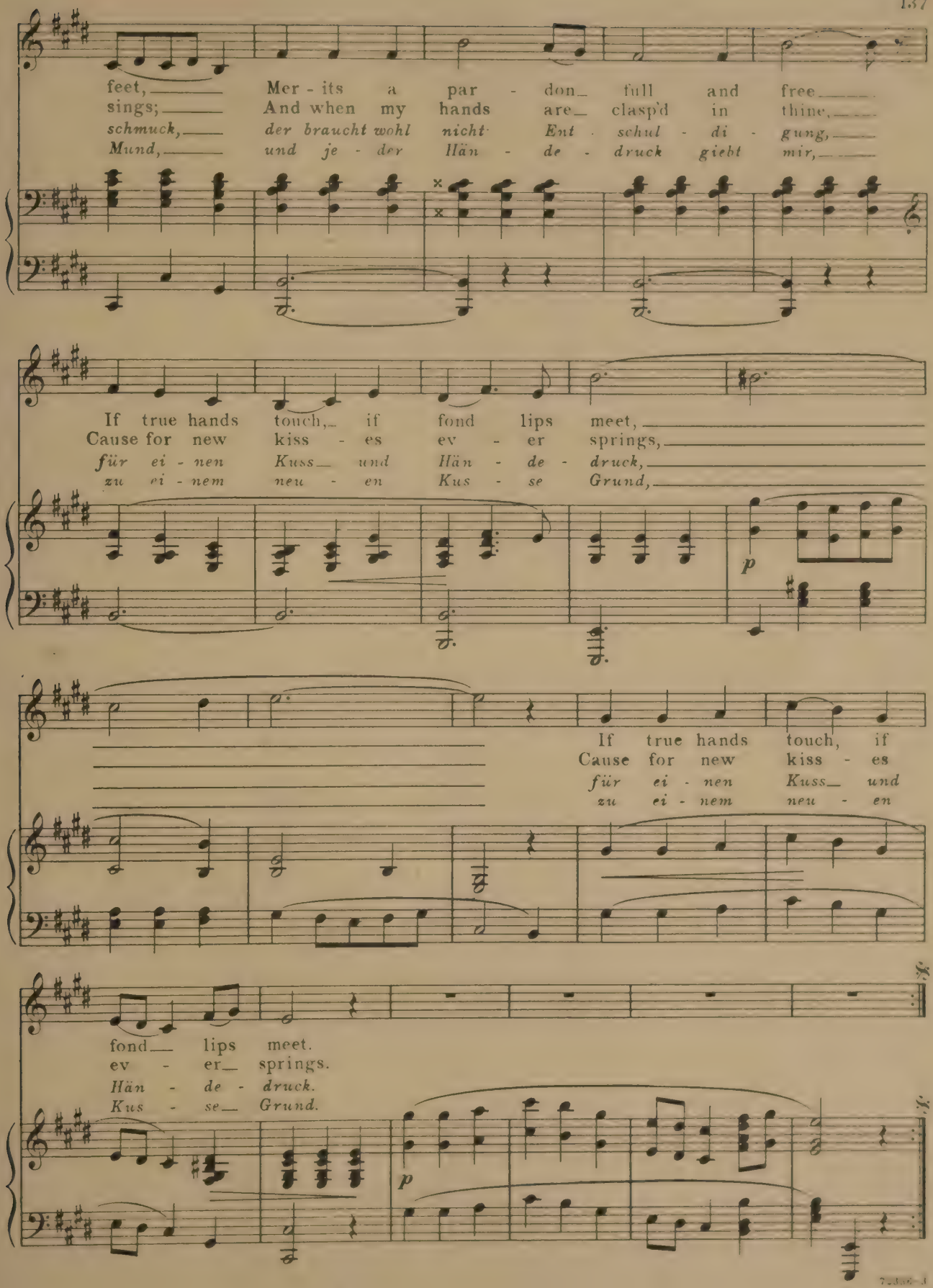

wait,
fleh',
And for a kiss im-
und heim-lich ei - nen
p
plor - ing wait.
Kuss er - fleh'.
p
2. He who such hom - age
3. For ev - 'ry kiss thy
2. Der dir so schö - ne
3. Es wird ein je - der
brings to thee, To lay love's trib - ute at thy
lips give mine A song my rap - tured spir - it
Hul - di - gung ge - bracht in rei - nem Lie - bes -
Kuss von dir ein klin - gend Lied in mei - nem

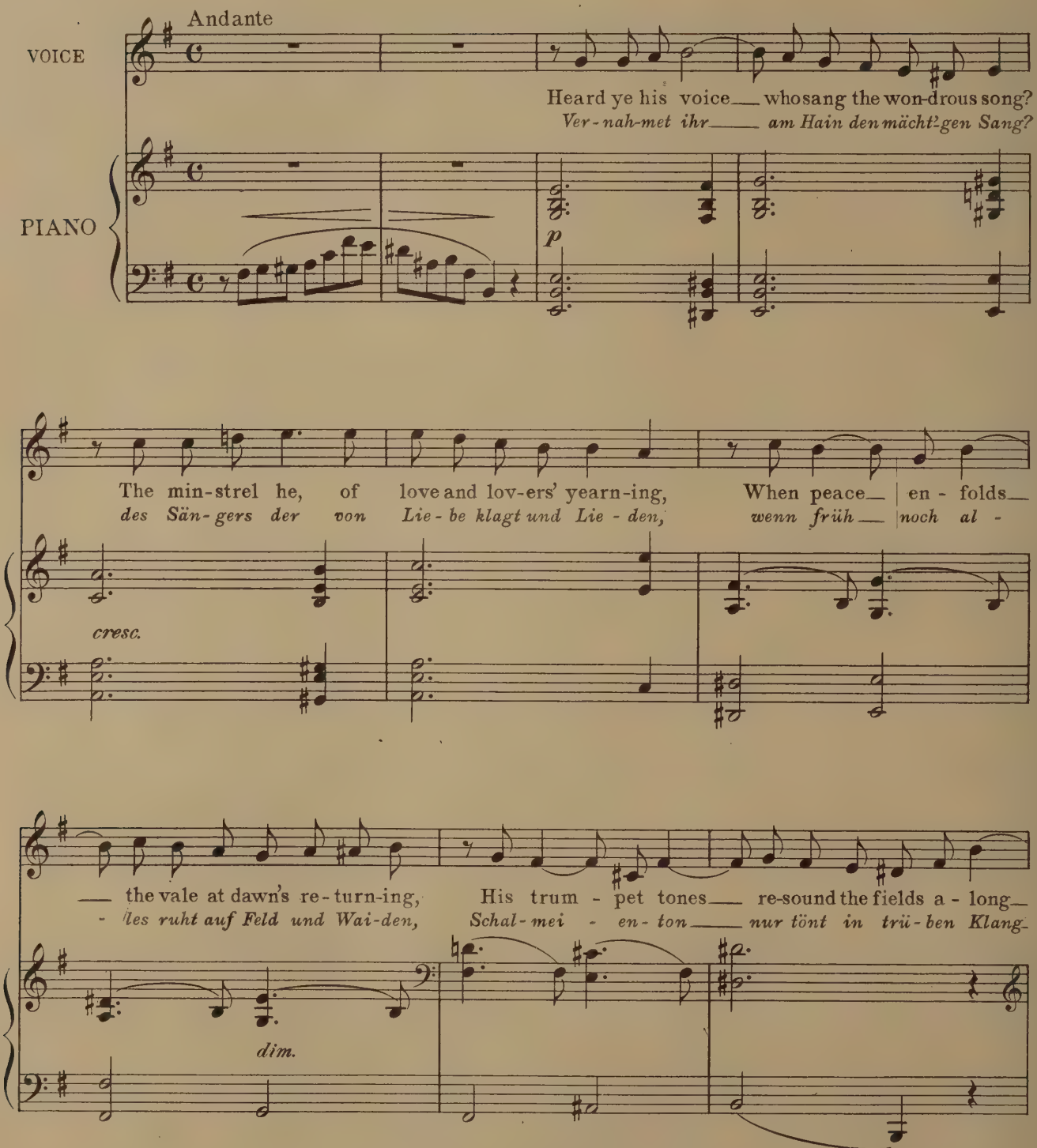

feet, Mer - its a par - don full and free
sings; And when my hands are clasp'd in thine,
schmuck, der braucht wohl nicht Ent - schul - di - gung,
Mund, und je - der Hän - de - druck giebt mir,
If true hands touch, if fond lips meet,
Cause for new kiss - es ev - er springs,
für ei - nen Kuss und Hän - de - druck,
zu ei - nem neu - en Kus - se Grund,
p
If true hands touch, if
Cause for new kiss - es
für ei - nen Kuss und
zu ei - nem neu - en
fond lips meet.
ev - er springs.
Hän - de - druck.
Kus - se Grund.
p

HEARD YE HIS VOICE?
(VERNAHMET IHR?)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)
(from the Russian of PUSCHKIN)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key)

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 36, №7


Andante
VOICE
PIANO
Heard ye his voice who sang the won-drous song?
Ver-nah-met ihr am Hain den mächt-gen Sang?
p
The min-strel he, of love and lov-ers' yearn-ing,
des Sän-gers der von Lie-be klagt und Lie-den,
When peace en-folds
wenn früh noch al-
cresc.
the vale at dawn's re-turn-ing,
-les ruht auf Feld und Wai-den,
His trum-pet tones re-sound the fields a-long
Schal-mei-en-ton nur tönt in trü-ben Klang
dim.

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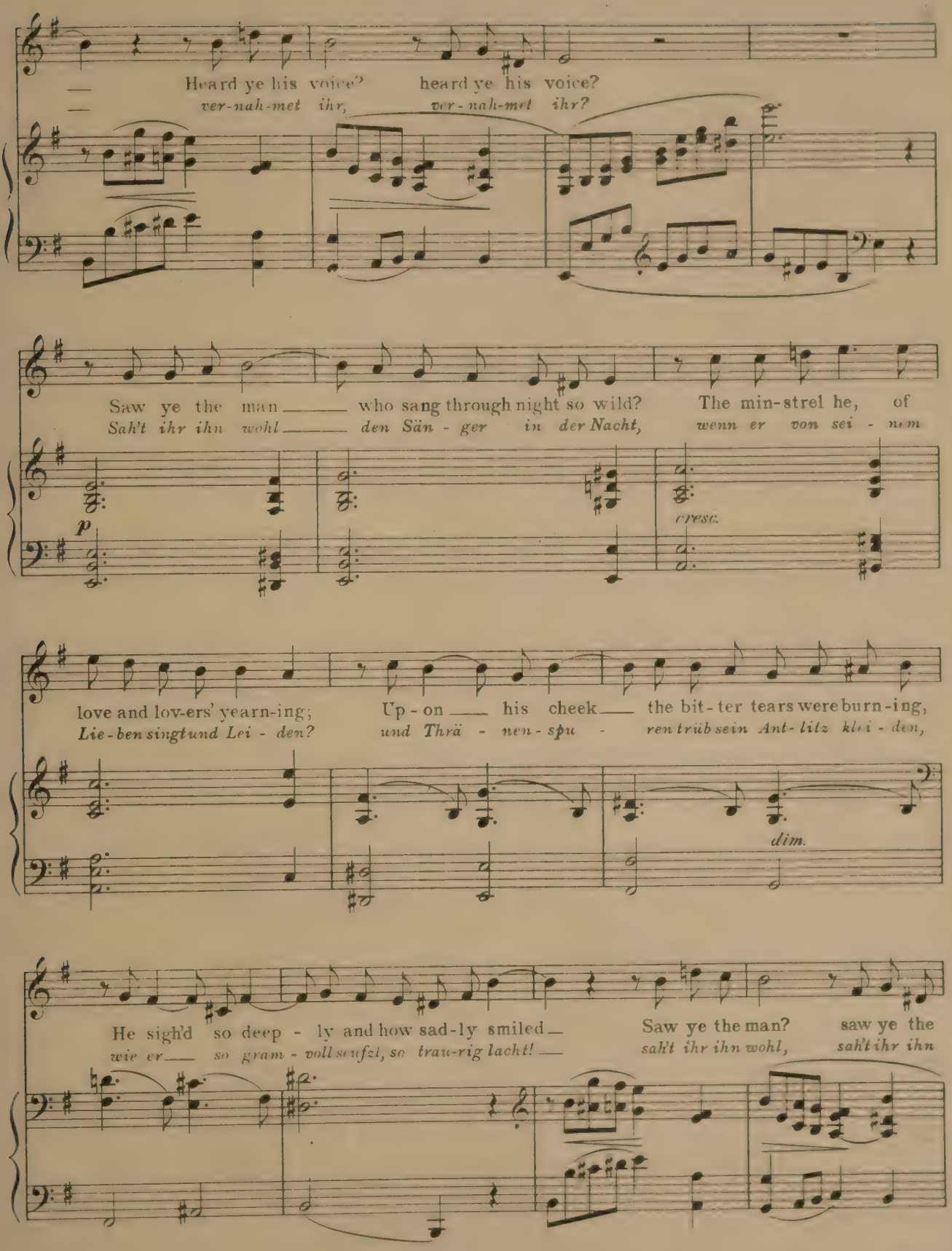
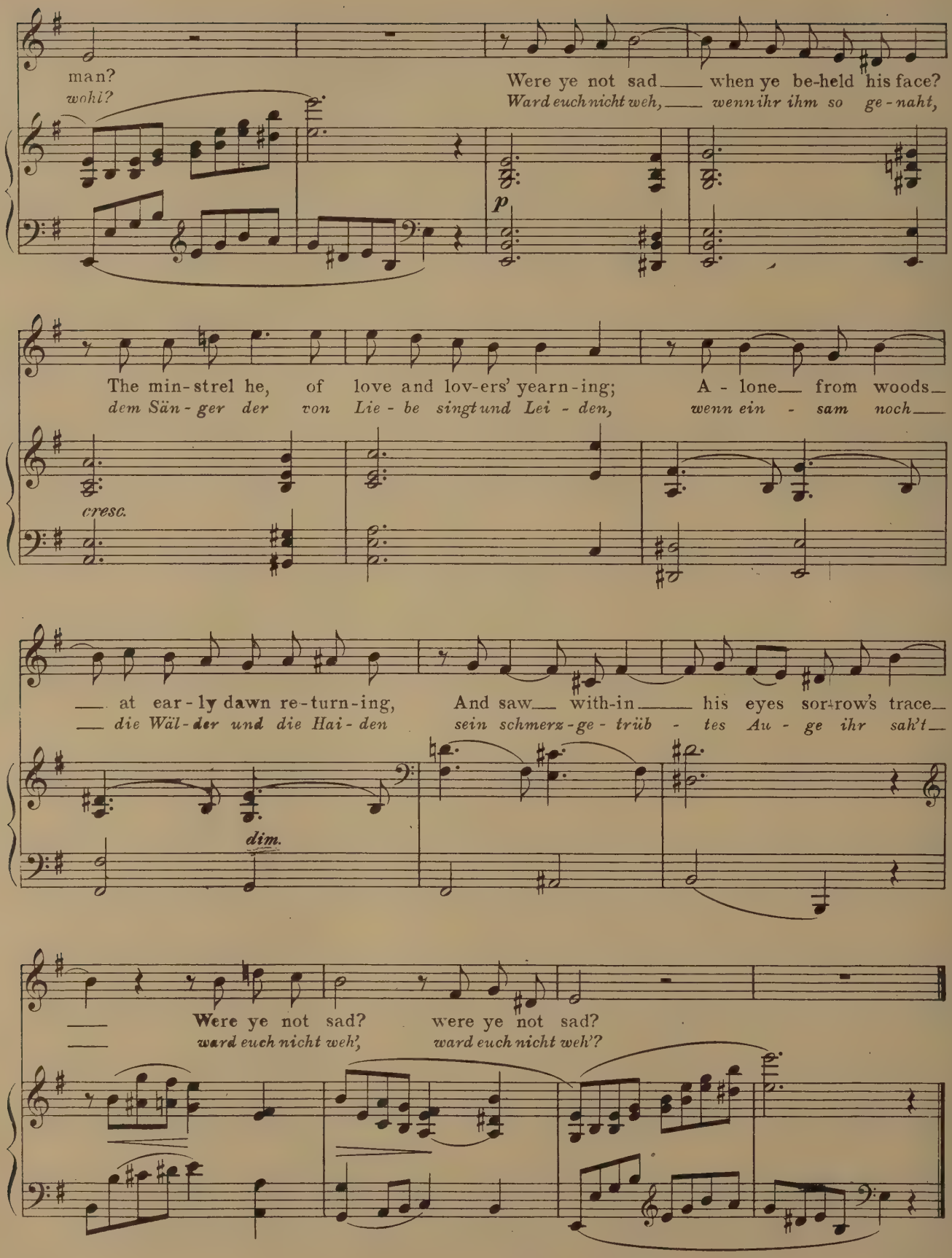

Heard ye his voice? heard ye his voice?
ver-nah-met ihr, ver-nah-met ihr?
Saw ye the man who sang through night so wild? The min-strel he, of
Sah't ihr ihn wohl den Sän - ger in der Nacht, wenn er von sei - nem
p
cresc.
love and lov-ers' yearn-ing; Up - on his cheek the bit - ter tears were burn-ing,
Lie - ben singt und Lei - den? und Thrä - nen - spu - ren trüb sein Ant - litz klei - den,
dim.
He sigh'd so deep - ly and how sad-ly smiled Saw ye the man? saw ye the
wie er so gram - voll seufzt, so trau-rig lacht! sah't ihr ihn wohl, sah't ihr ihn

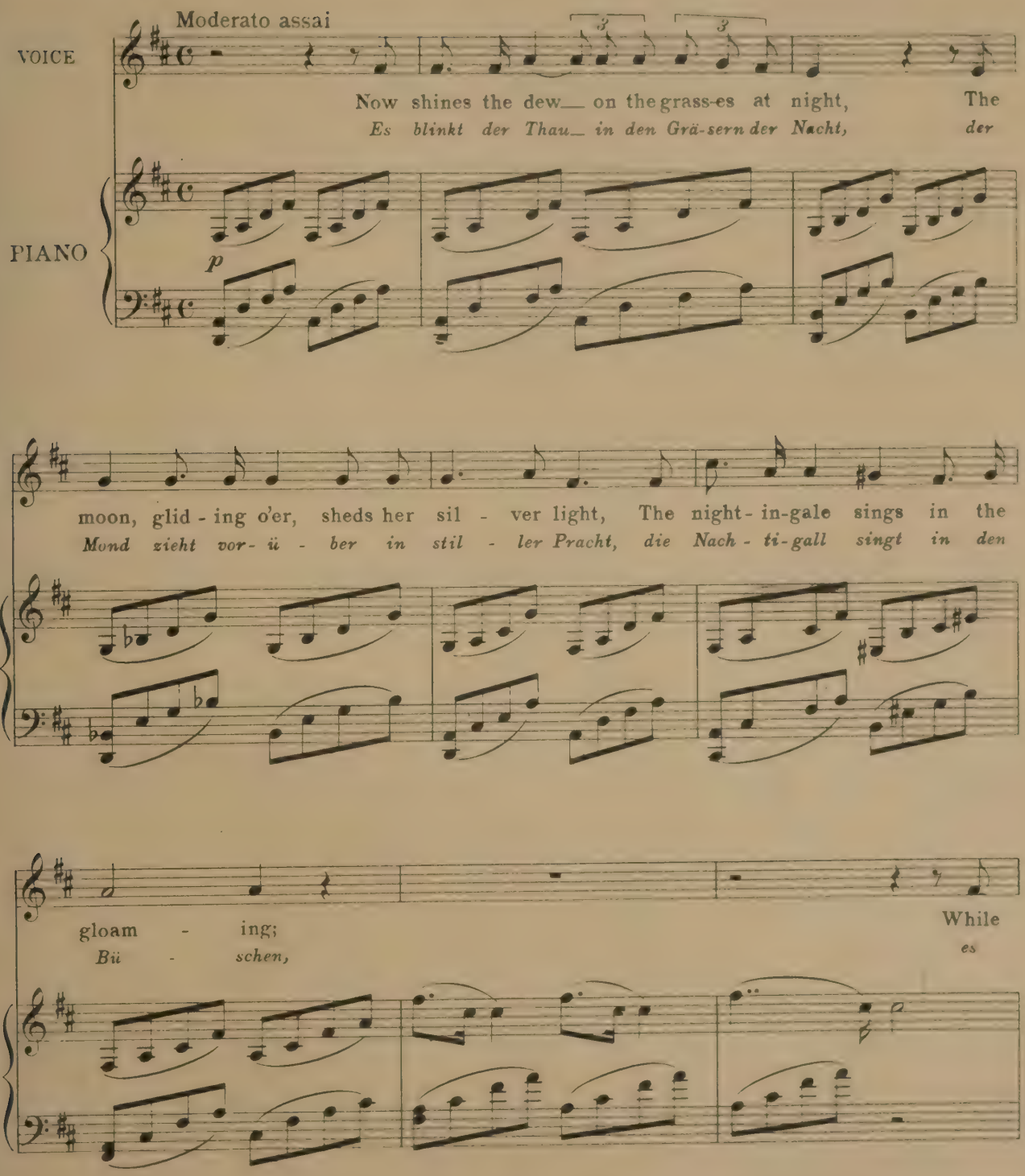

man?
wohl?
Were ye not sad when ye be-held his face?
Ward euch nicht weh, wenn ihr ihm so ge-naht,
p
The min-strel he, of love and lov-ers' yearn-ing;
dem Sän-ger der von Lie-be singt und Lei-den,
A-lone from woods
wenn ein-sam noch
cresc.
at ear-ly dawn re-turn-ing,
die Wäl-der und die Hai-den
And saw with-in his eyes sor-row's trace
sein schmerz-ge-trüb-tes Au-ge ihr sah't
dim.
Were ye not sad? were ye not sad?
ward euch nicht weh'? ward euch nicht weh'?

NOW SHINES THE DEW

(ES BLINKT DER THAU)

G. von BODDIEN
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 72, N° 1


Moderato assai
VOICE
PIANO
p
Now shines the dew on the grass-es at night, The
Es blinkt der Thau in den Grä-sern der Nacht, der
moon, glid - ing o'er, sheds her sil - ver light, The night - in-gale sings in the
Mond zieht vor- ü - ber in stil - ler Pracht, die Nach - ti-gall singt in den
gloam - ing;
Bü - schen,
While
es

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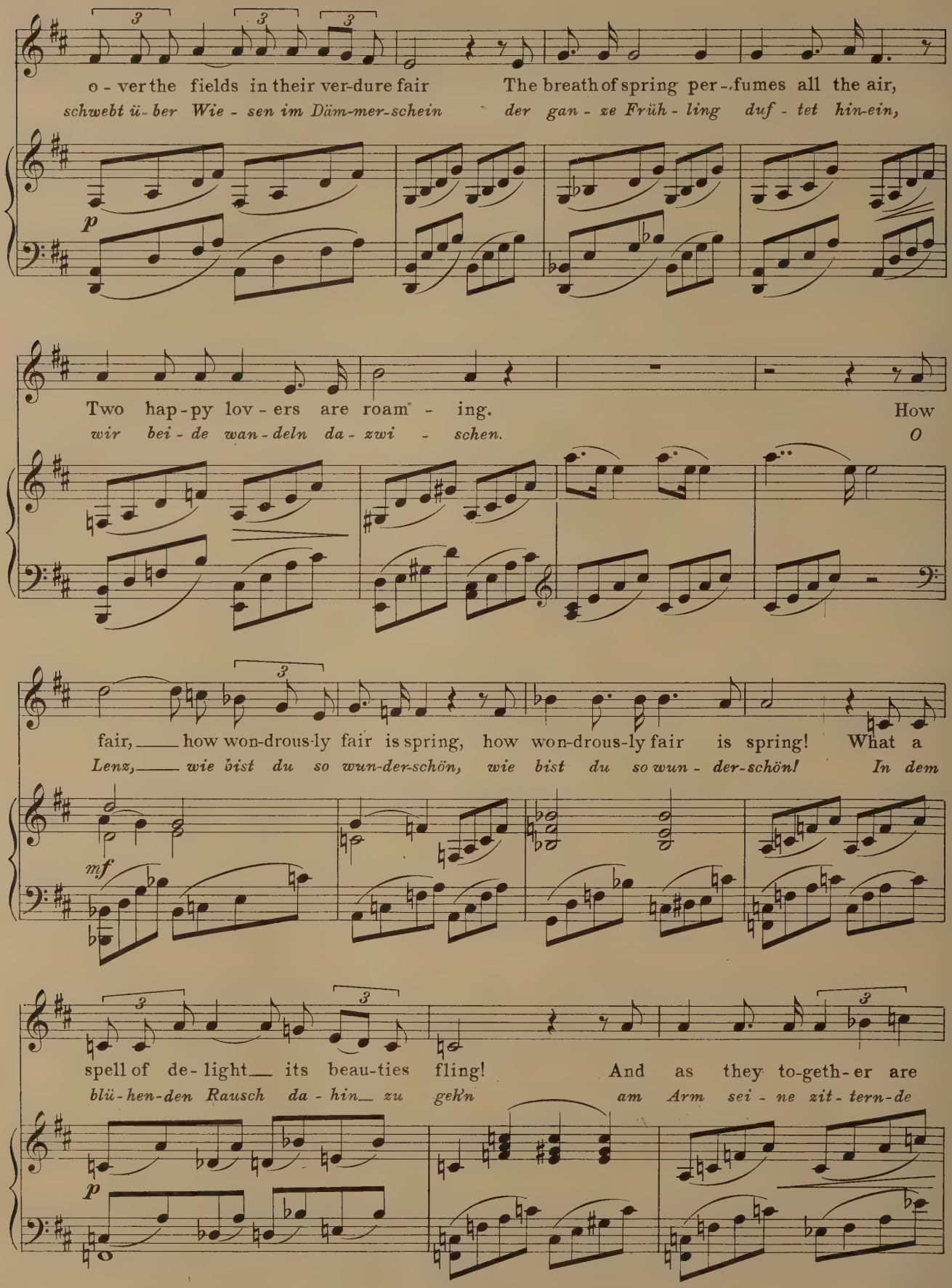
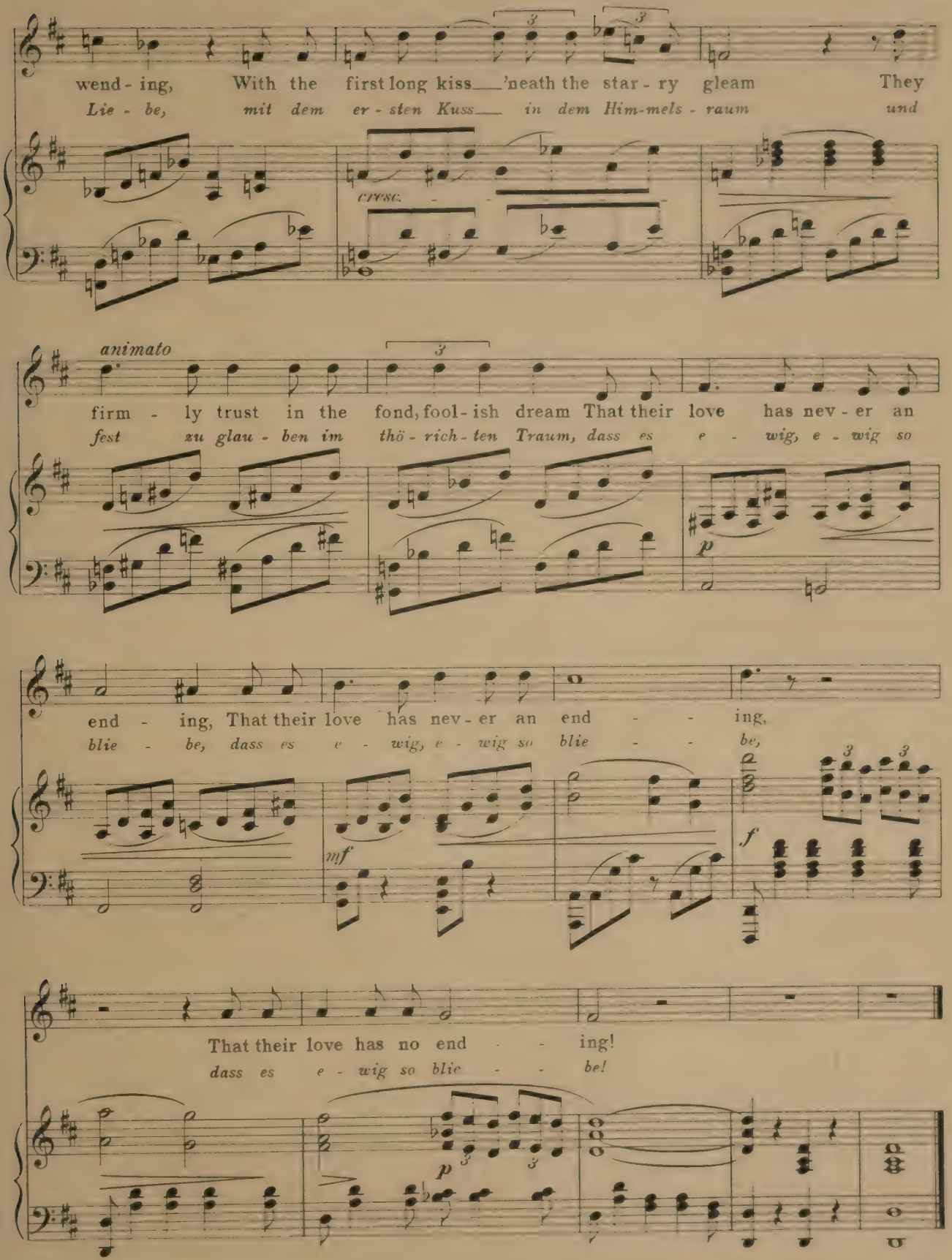

o - ver the fields in their ver-dure fair
The breath of spring per - fumes all the air,
schwebt ü - ber Wie - sen im Däm-mer-schein
der gan - ze Früh - ling duf - tet hin-ein,
p
Two hap-py lov - ers are roam - ing.
How
wir bei - de wan-deln da - zwi - schen.
O
fair, how won-drous-ly fair is spring, how won-drous-ly fair is spring! What a
Lenz, wie bist du so wun-der-schön, wie bist du so wun - der-schön! In dem
mf
spell of de-light its beau-ties fling!
And as they to-geth-er are
blü-hen-den Rausch da - hin zu geh'n
am Arm sei - ne zit - tern-de
p

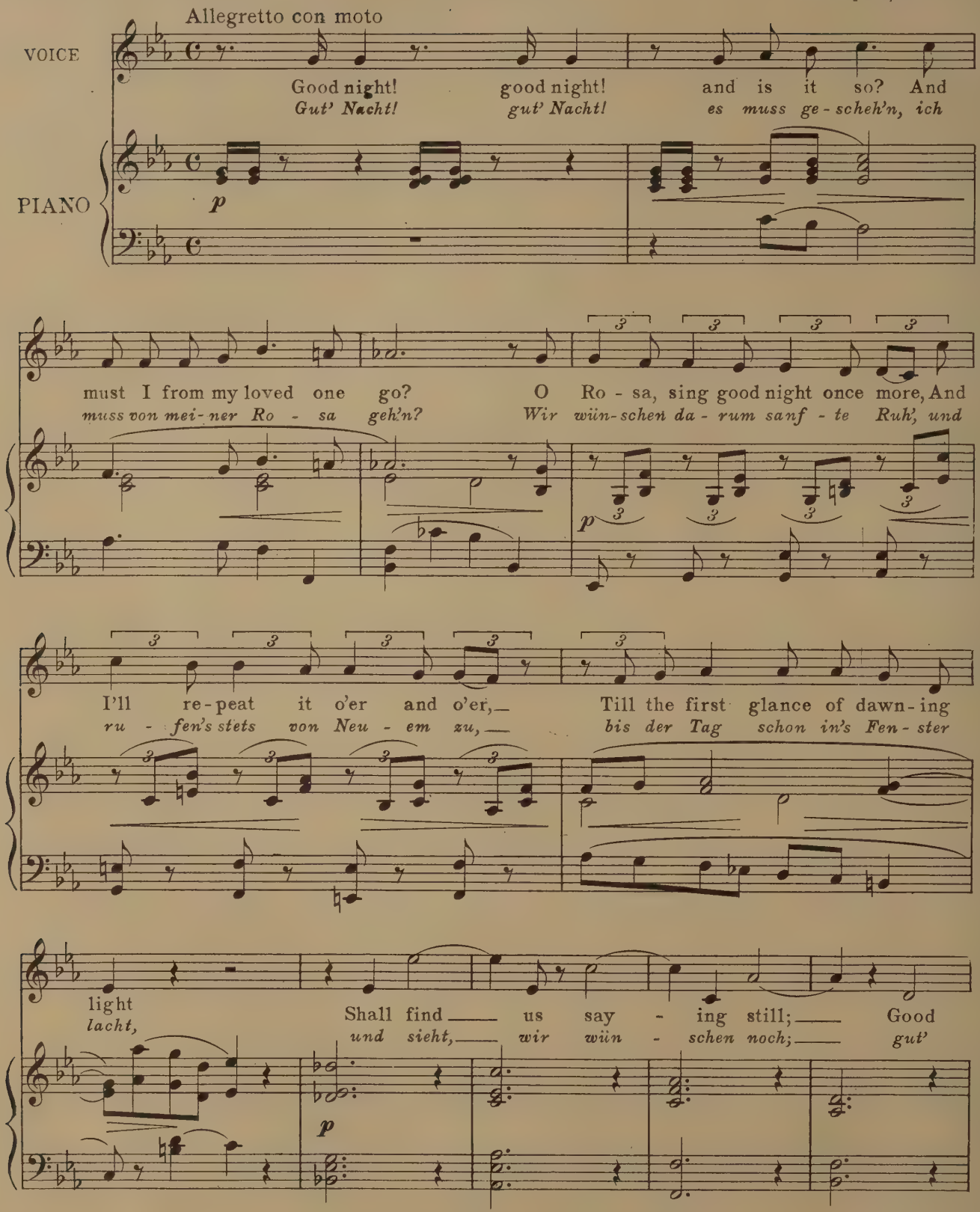

wend - ing, With the first long kiss 'neath the star - ry gleam They
Lie - be, mit dem er - sten Kuss in dem Him-mels - raum und
cresc.
animato
firm - ly trust in the fond, fool - ish dream That their love has nev - er an
fest zu glau - ben im thö - rich - ten Traum, dass es e - wig, e - wig so
p
end - ing, That their love has nev - er an end - ing,
blie - be, dass es e - wig, e - wig so blie - be,
mf
f
That their love has no end - ing!
dass es e - wig so blie - be!
p

GOOD NIGHT
(GUT' NACHT!)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

(Original Key)

ANTON RUBINSTEIN
Op. 83, №9


Allegretto con moto
VOICE
PIANO
Good night! good night! and is it so? And
Gut' Nacht! gut' Nacht! es muss ge-scheh'n, ich
must I from my loved one go? O Ro-sa, sing good night once more, And
muss von mei-ner Ro-sa geh'n? Wir wün-schen da-rum sanf-te Ruh', und
I'll re-peat it o'er and o'er, Till the first glance of dawn-ing
ru-fen's stets von Neu-em zu, bis der Tag schon in's Fen-ster
light Shall find us say-ing still; Good
lacht, und sieht, wir wün-schen noch; gut'

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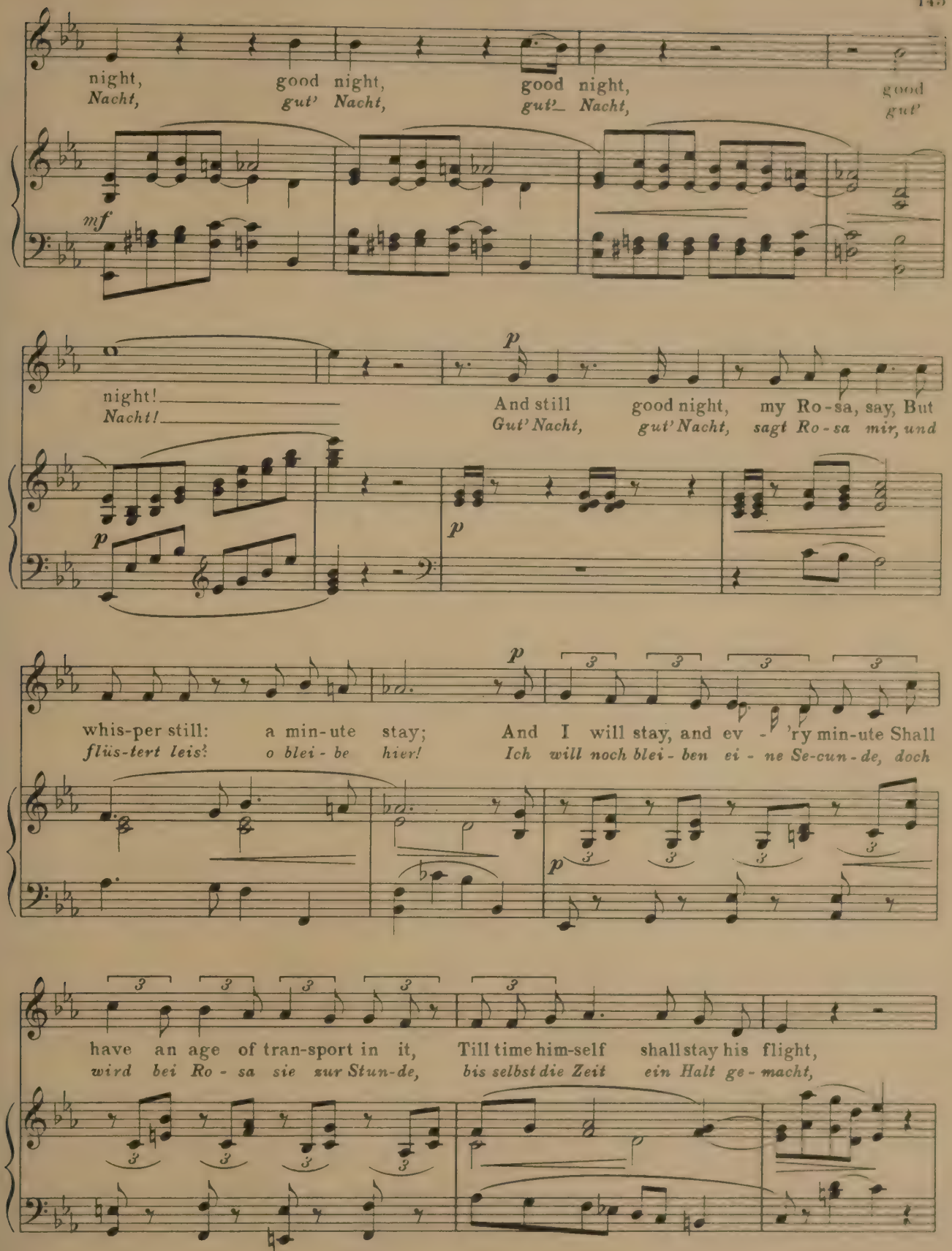
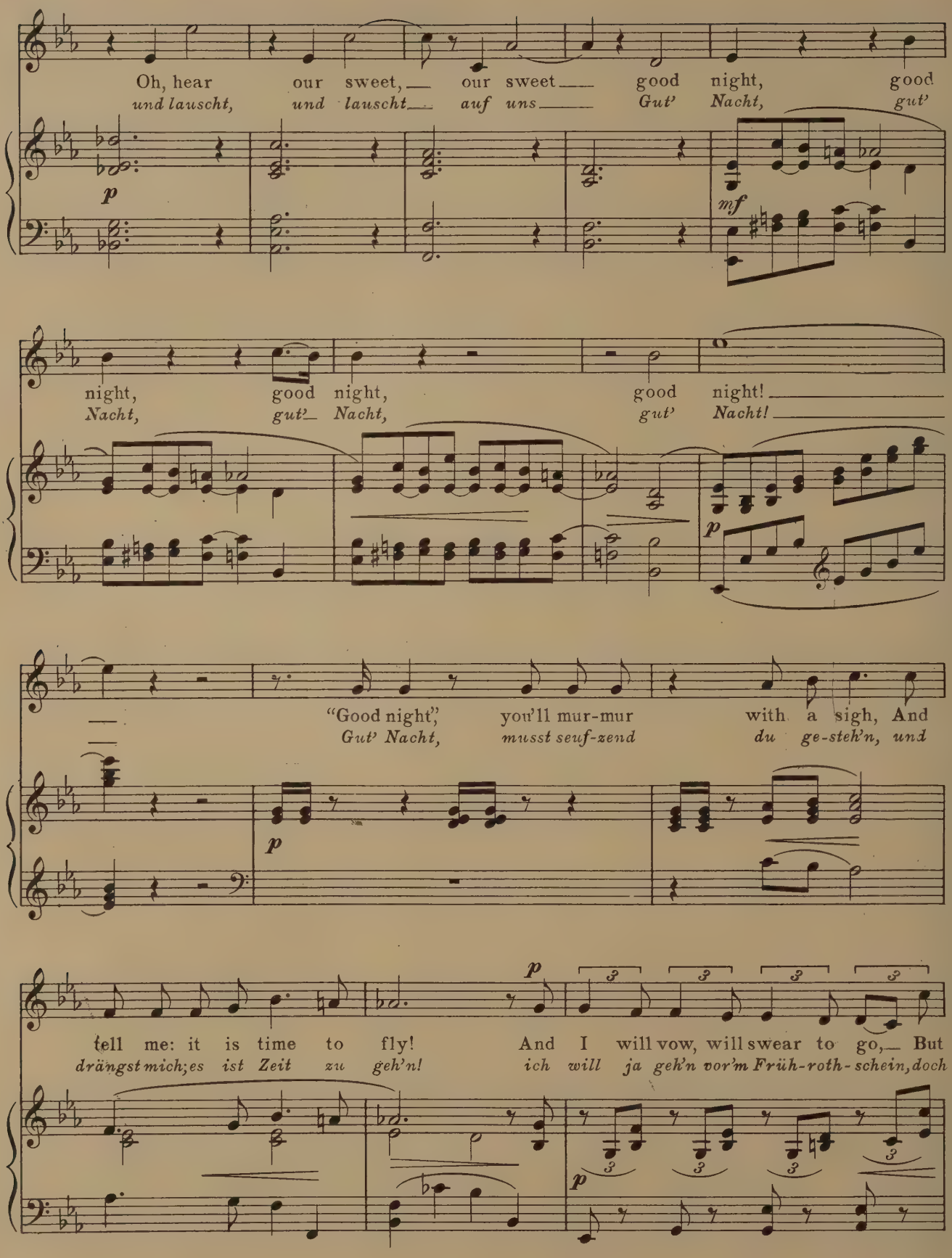
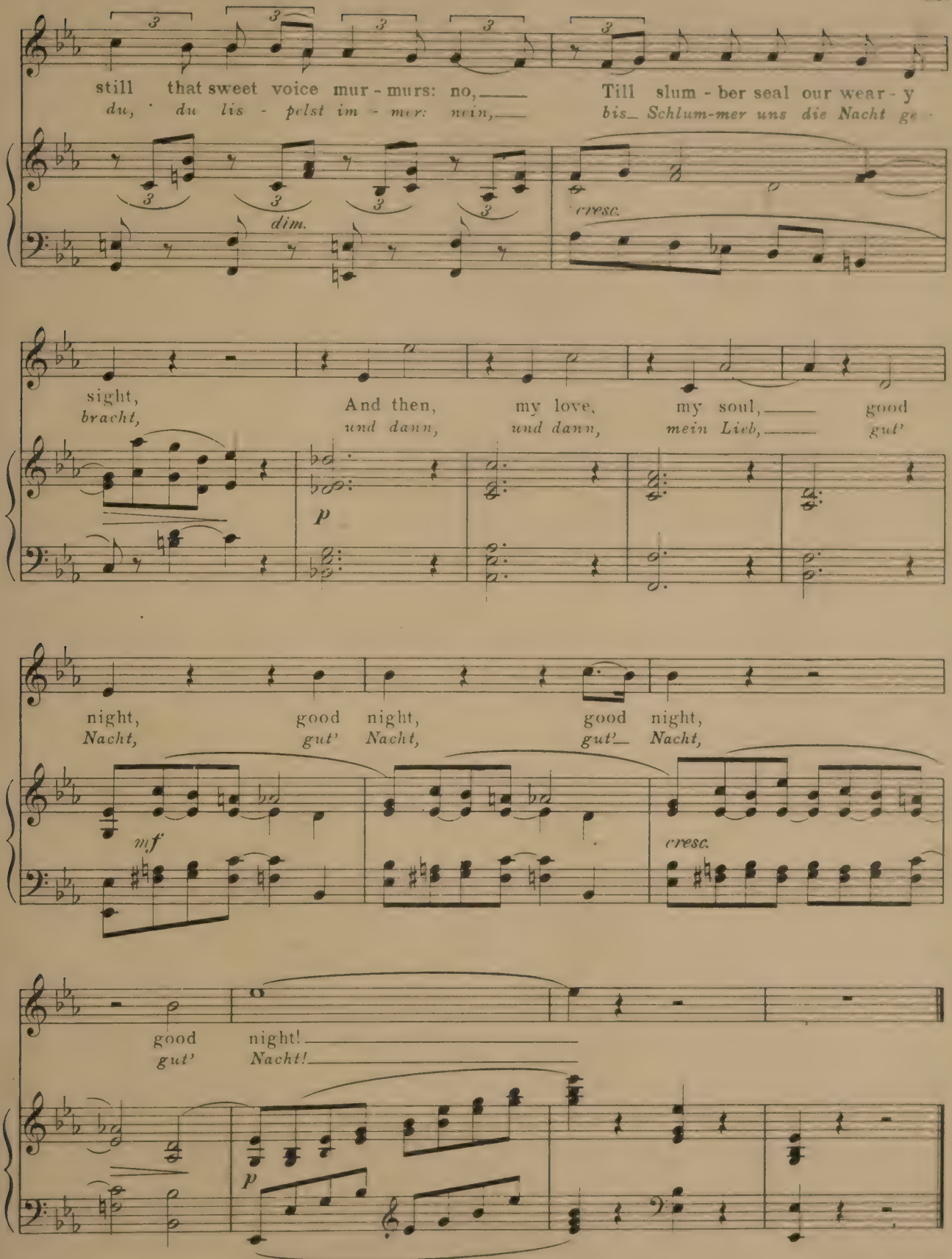

night,
Nacht,
good night,
gut' Nacht,
good night,
gut' Nacht,
good
gut'
mf
night!
Nacht!
p
And still good night, my Ro-sa, say, But
Gut' Nacht, gut' Nacht, sagt Ro-sa mir, und
p
p
whis-per still: a min-ute stay;
flüs-tert leis: o blei-be hier!
And I will stay, and ev - 'ry min-ute Shall
Ich will noch blei-ben ei-ne Se-cun-de, doch
p
have an age of tran-sport in it,
wird bei Ro-sa sie zur Stun-de,
Till time him-self shall stay his flight,
bis selbst die Zeit ein Halt ge-macht,


Oh, hear our sweet, our sweet good night, good
und lauscht, und lauscht auf uns Gut' Nacht, gut'
p
mf
night, good night, good night!
Nacht, gut' Nacht, gut' Nacht!
p
"Good night," you'll mur-mur with a sigh, And
Gut' Nacht, musst seuf-zend du ge-steh'n, und
p
p
tell me: it is time to fly! And I will vow, will swear to go, But
drängst mich; es ist Zeit zu geh'n! ich will ja geh'n vor'm Früh-roth-schein, doch
p


still that sweet voice mur - murs: no,
du, du lis - pelst im - mer: nein,
Till slum - ber seal our wear - y
bis Schlum-mer uns die Nacht ge -
dim.
cresc.
sight,
bracht,
And then, my love, my soul, good
und dann, und dann, mein Lieb, gut'
p
night, good night, good night,
Nacht, gut' Nacht, gut' Nacht,
mf
cresc.
good night!
gut' Nacht!
p

PRESS THY CHEEK AGAINST MINE OWN

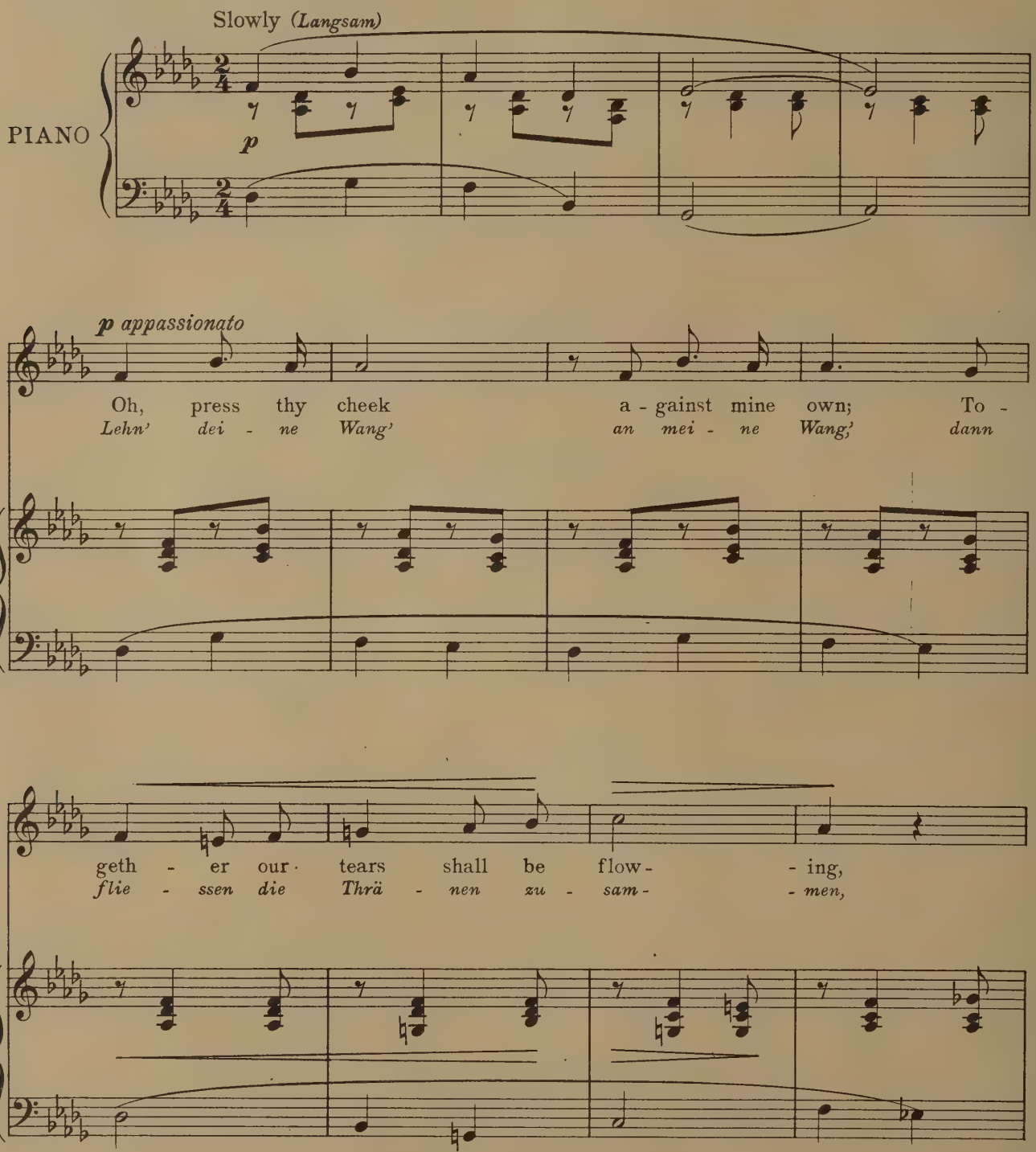
(LEHN' DEINE WANG' AN MEINE WANG')

(Composed in 1856)

(Original Key, E♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Louis C. Elson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 1, № 1



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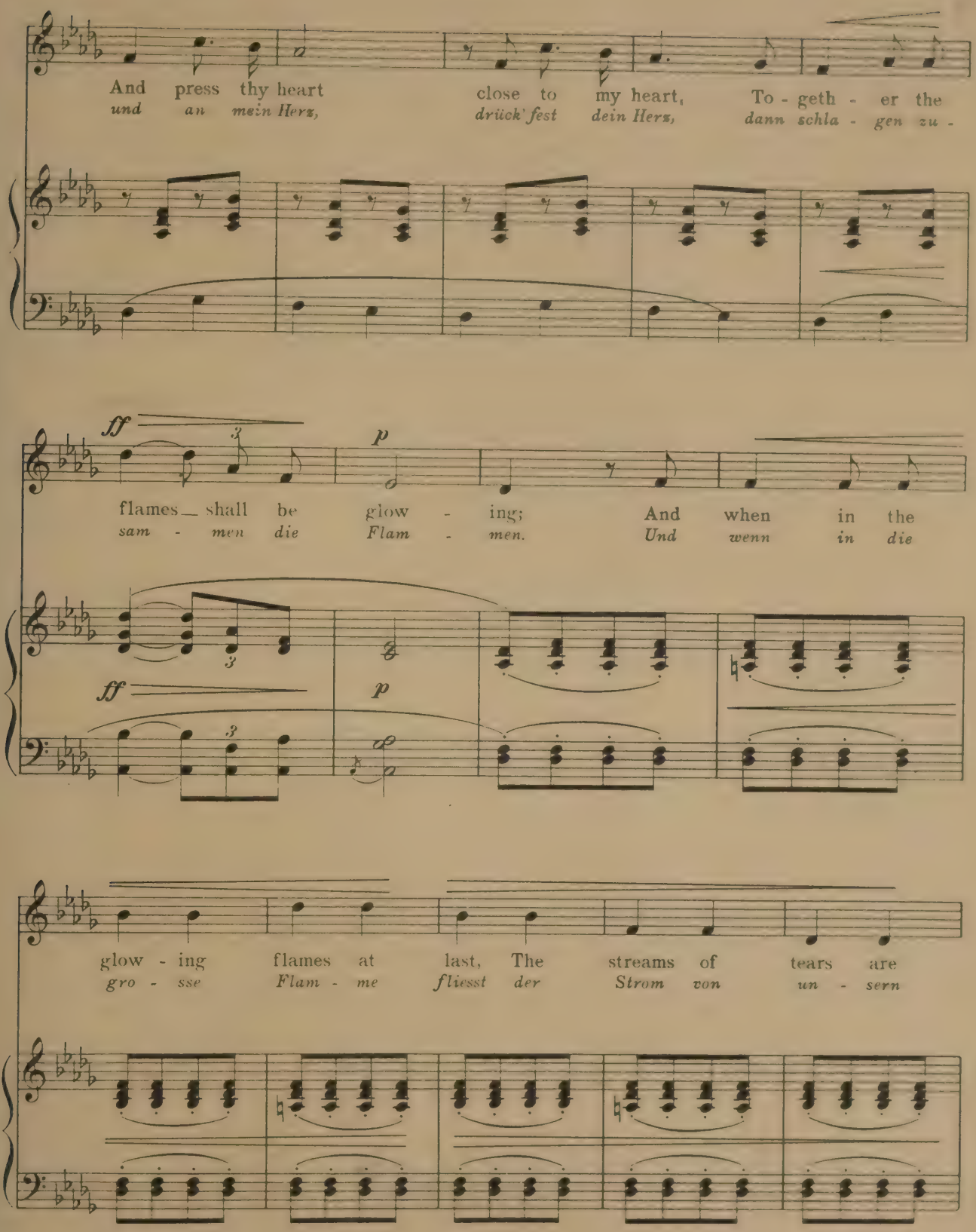
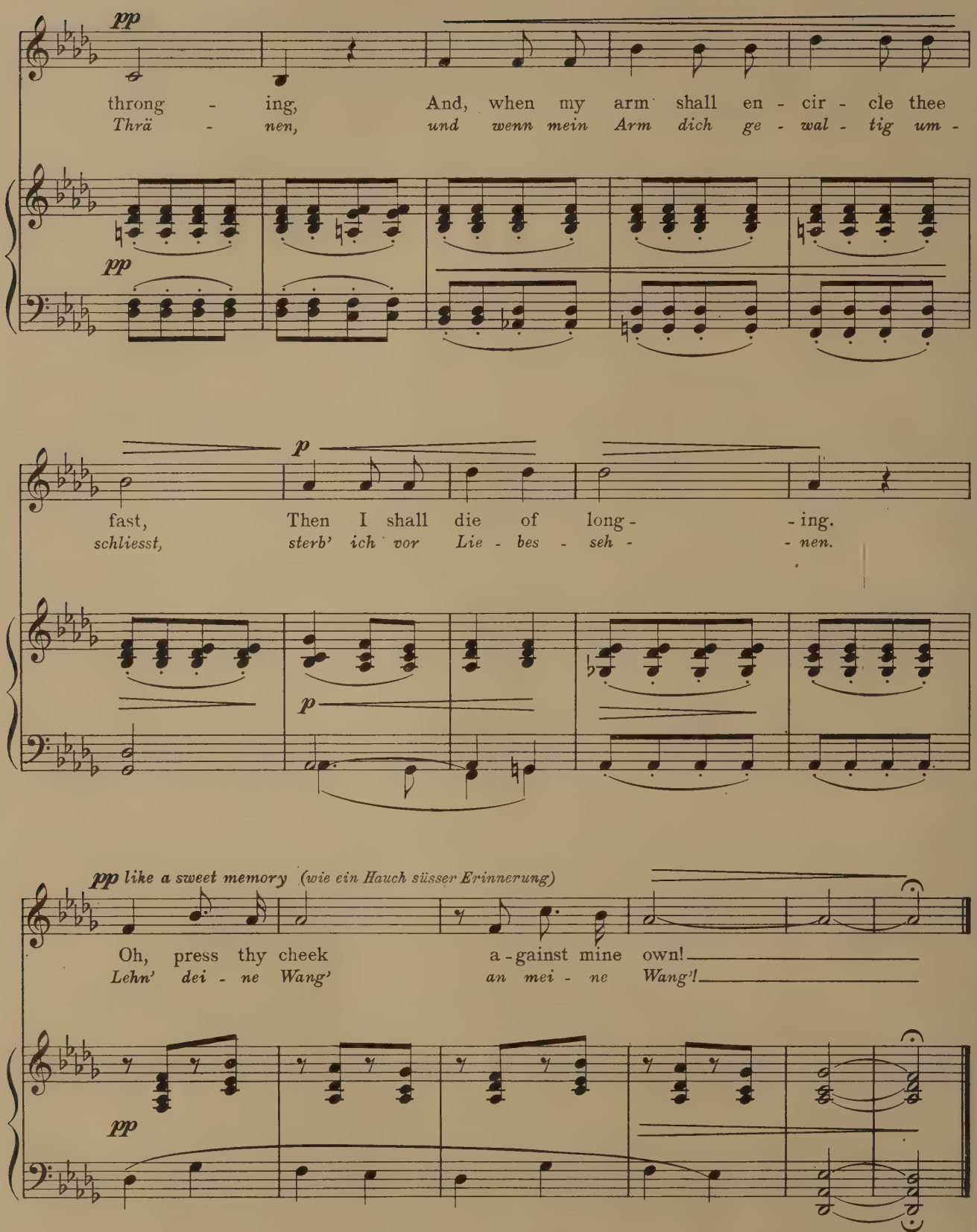

And press thy heart close to my heart, To - geth - er the
und an mein Herz, drück' fest dein Herz, dann schla - gen zu -
ff p
flames shall be glow - ing; And when in the
sam - men die Flam - men. Und wenn in die
ff p
glow - ing flames at last, The streams of tears are
gro - sse Flam - me fliesst der Strom von un - sern


pp
throng - ing, And, when my arm shall en - cir - cle thee
Thrä - nen, und wenn mein Arm dich ge - wal - tig um -
pp
p
fast, Then I shall die of long - - ing.
schliesst, sterb' ich vor Lie - bes - seh - - nen.
p
pp like a sweet memory (wie ein Hauch süsser Erinnerung)
Oh, press thy cheek a - gainst mine own!
Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang'!
pp

A BREATH OF SPRING
(WIE LENZESHAUCH)

(Composed in 1860-66)

ALBERT TRAEGER
Translated by Frederick H. Martens

(Original Key, Ab)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 9, № 1

In moderate time, with much feeling
(Mässig bewegt, sehr innig)

VOICE

PIANO

mf

A breath of spring, o'er me you've quick-'ning stray'd, When
Wie Len - zes - hauch hast Du mich stets er - quickt, was

p *mf*

rage, and grief my ver - y soul were rend - ing; I touch'd your
wild und schmerz - lich mir die Brust be - weg - te, wenn Dei - nes

gar-ment's hem, the storm was laid, As tho' be - fore your gen - tle pow - er
Klei - des Saum ich nur er - blickt, war mir es schon, als ob der Sturm sich

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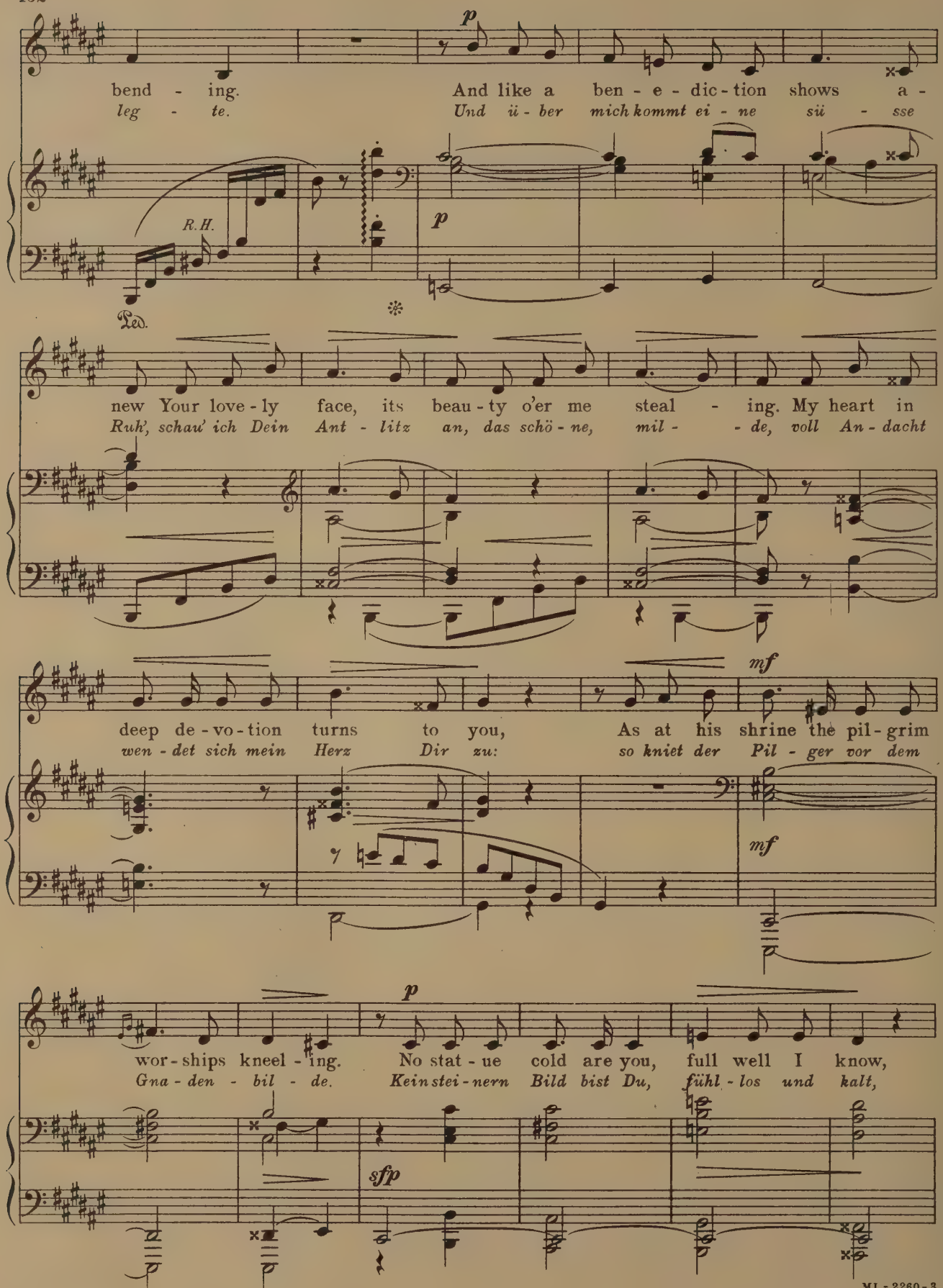
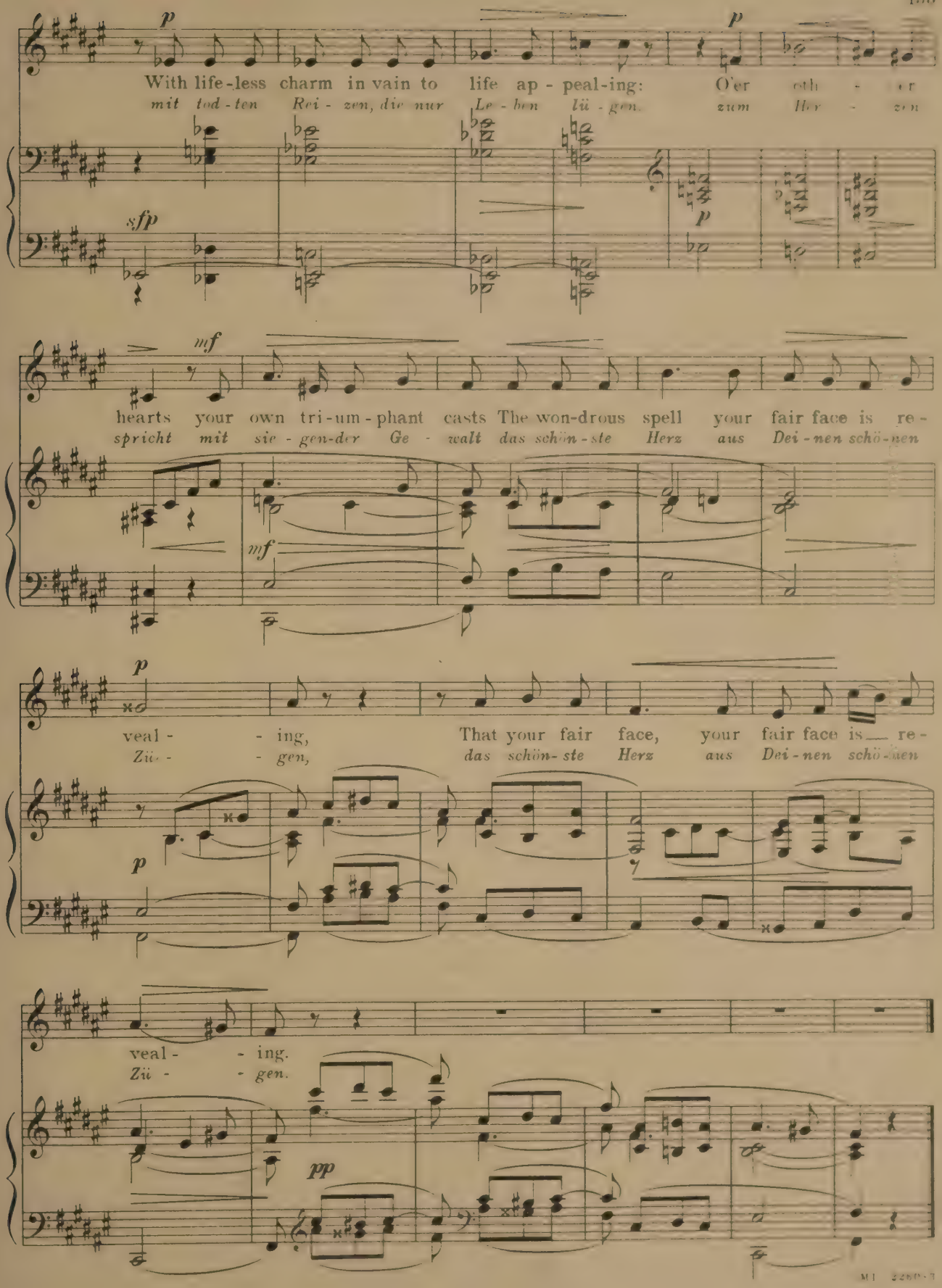

p
bend - ing.
leg - te.
And like a ben - e - dic - tion shows a -
Und ü - ber mich kommt ei - ne sü - sse
R.H.
Ped.
new Your love - ly face, its beau - ty o'er me steal - ing. My heart in
Ruh', schau' ich Dein Ant - litz an, das schö - ne, mil - - de, voll An - dacht
mf
deep de - vo - tion turns to you, As at his shrine the pil - grim
wen - det sich mein Herz Dir zu: so kniet der Pil - ger vor dem
mf
p
wor - ships kneel - ing. No stat - ue cold are you, full well I know,
Gna - den - bil - de. Kein stei - nern Bild bist Du, fühl - los und kalt,
sfp


p
With life-less charm in vain to life ap - peal-ing: O'er oth - er
mit tod-ten Rei - zen, die nur Le - ben lü - gen. zum Her - zen
sfp
p
mf
hearts your own tri-um-phant casts The won-drous spell your fair face is re -
spricht mit sie - gen-der Ge - walt das schön-ste Herz aus Dei-nen schö-nen
mf
p
veal - - ing, That your fair face, your fair face is re -
Zü - - gen, das schön-ste Herz aus Dei-nen schö-nen
p
veal - - ing.
Zü - - gen.
pp

FROM SLUMBER AWAKEN

(UND SCHLÄFST DU, MEIN MÄDCHEN)

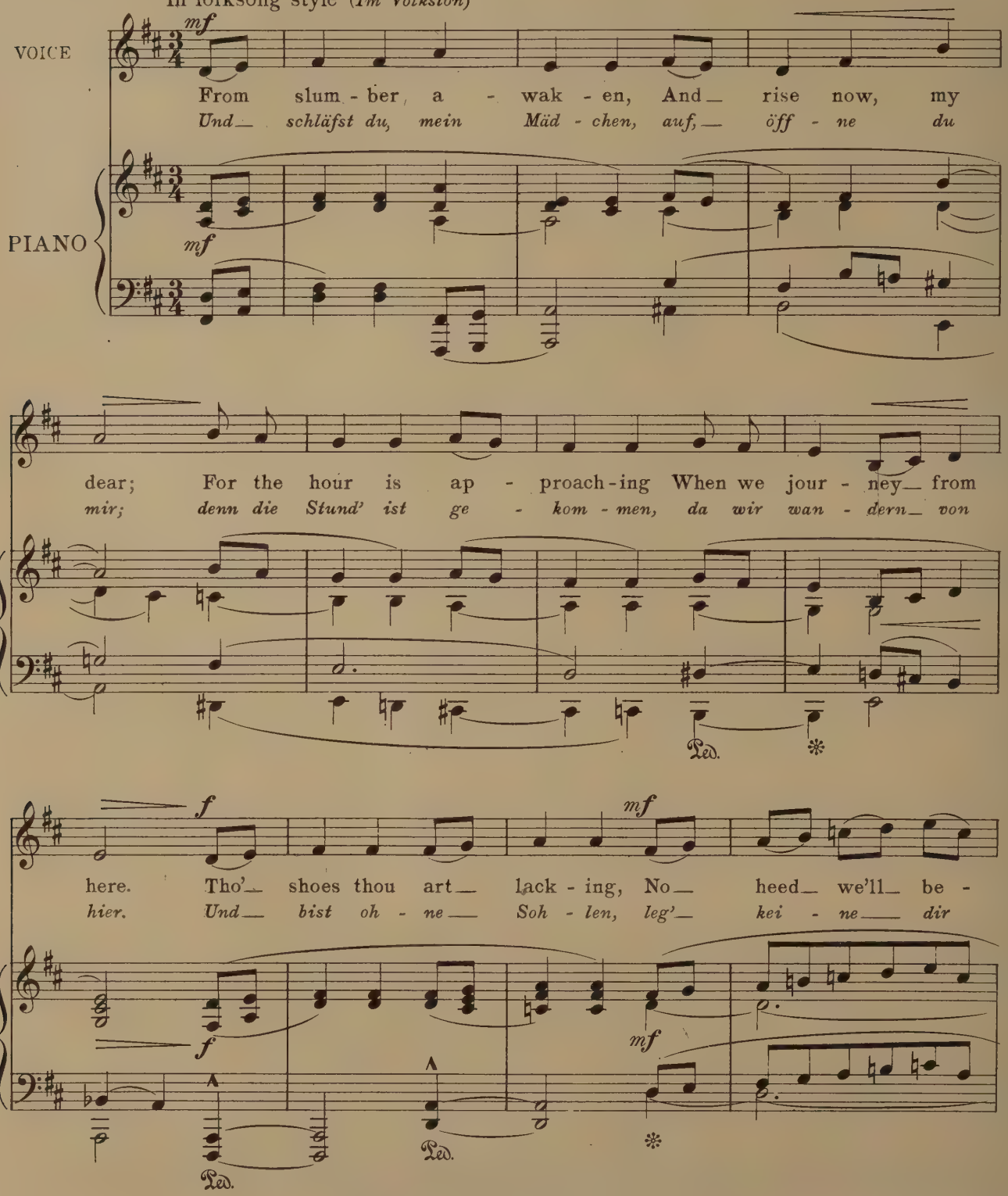
(Composed in 1860-66)

Translated from the Spanish of G. Vicente
by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, F)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, №3

In folksong style *(Im Volkston)*


VOICE
PIANO
mf
From slum - ber a - wak - en, And rise now, my
Und schläfst du, mein Mäd - chen, auf, öff - ne du
dear; For the hour is ap - proach - ing When we jour - ney from
mir; denn die Stund' ist ge - kom - men, da wir wan - dern von
Ped.
f
mf
here. Tho' shoes thou art lack - ing, No heed we'll be -
hier. Und bist oh - ne Soh - len, leg' kei - ne dir
Ped.
Ped.

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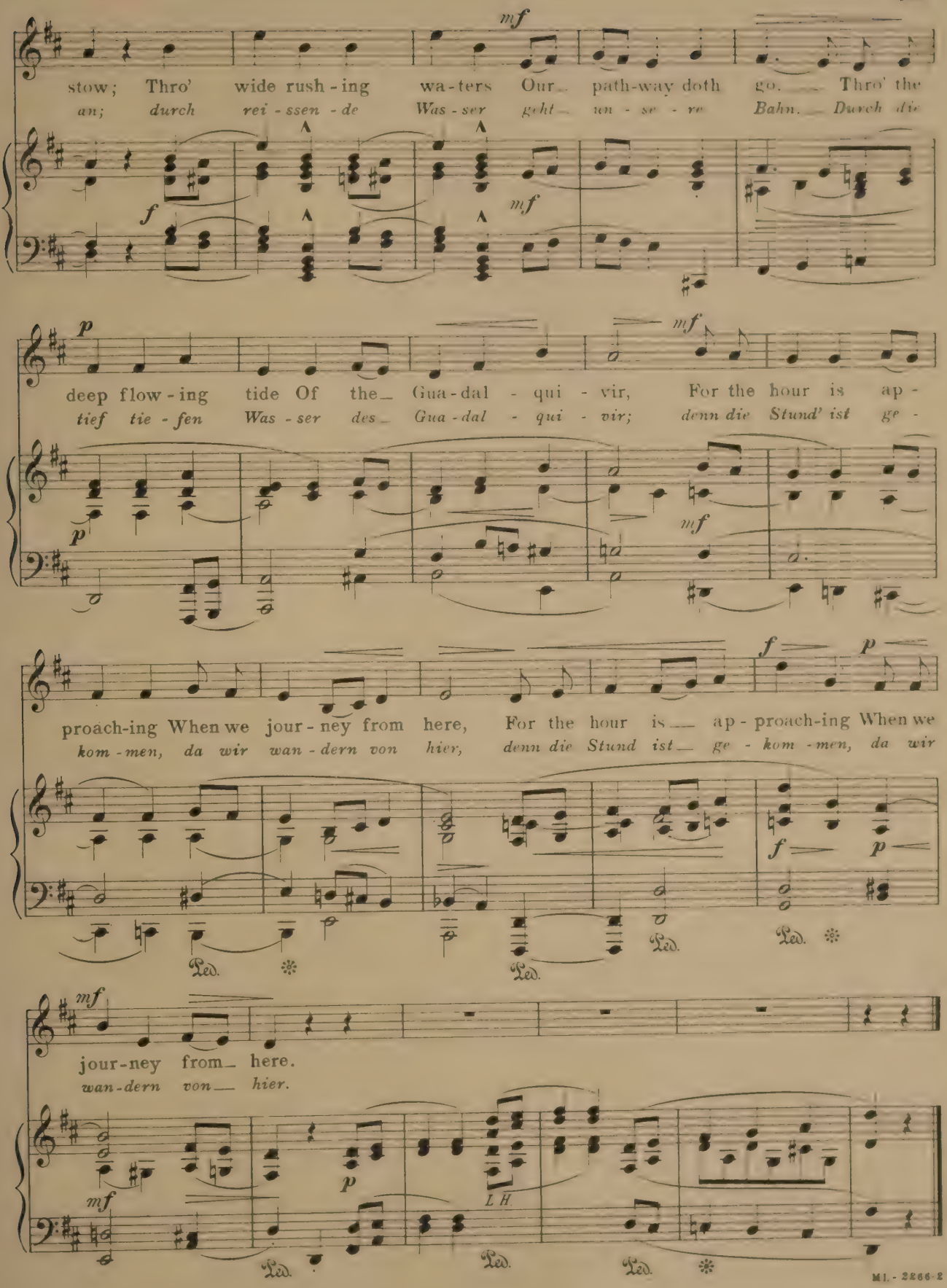

mf
stow; Thro' wide rush-ing wa-ters Our path-way doth go. Thro' the
an; durch rei-ssen-de Was-ser geht un-se-re Bahn. Durch die
f
mf
p
mf
deep flow-ing tide Of the Gua-dal-qui-vir, For the hour is ap-
tief tie-fen Was-ser des Gua-dal-qui-vir; denn die Stund' ist ge-
p
mf
proach-ing When we jour-ney from here, For the hour is ap-proach-ing When we
kom-men, da wir wan-dern von hier, denn die Stund ist ge-kom-men, da wir
f
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
f
p
mf
jour-ney from here.
wan-dern von hier.
mf
p
L H
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

MURMURING BREEZES

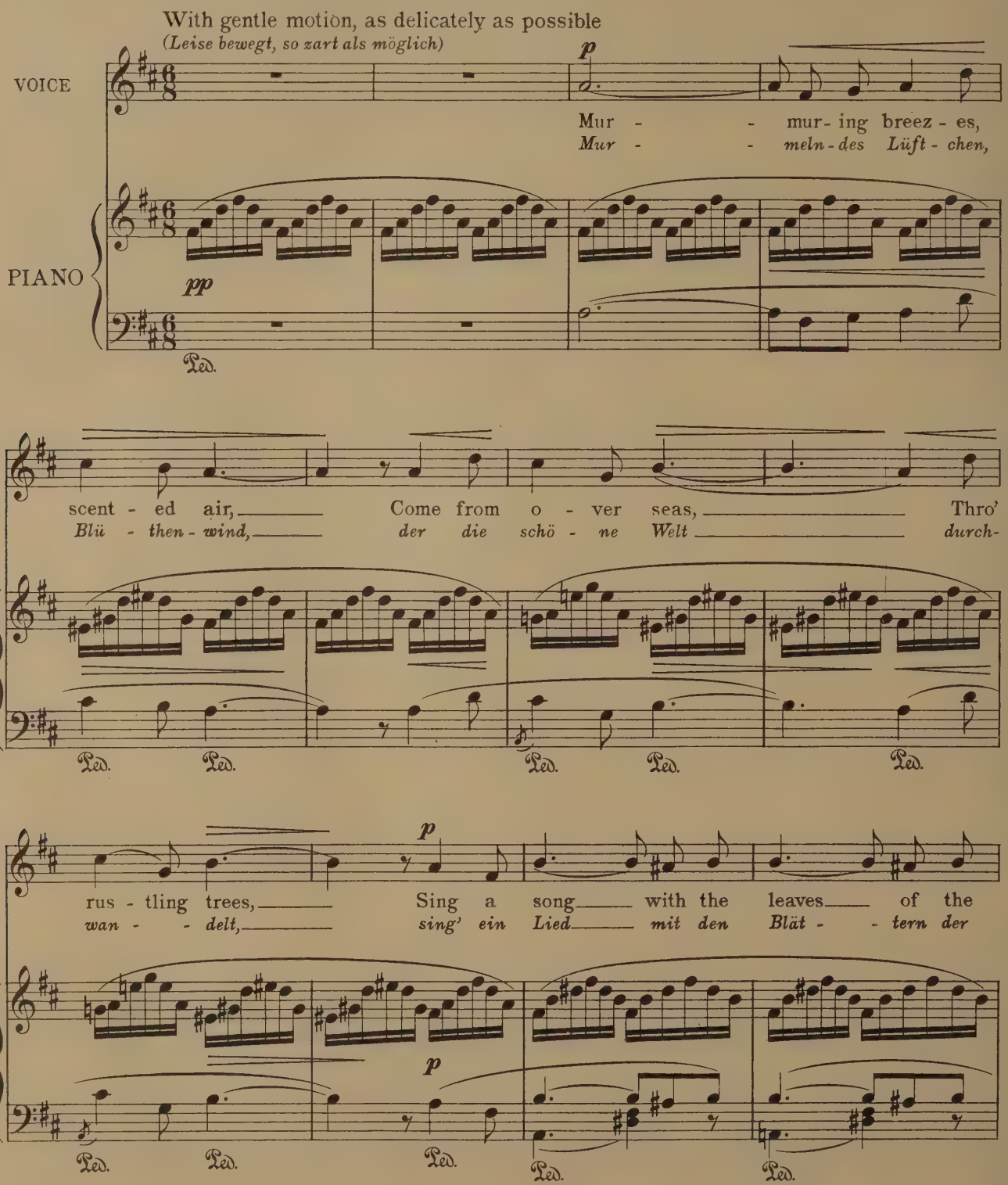
(MURMELNDES LÜFTCHEN)

(Composed in 1860-66)

Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, G♭)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, №4


With gentle motion, as delicately as possible
(Leise bewegt, so zart als möglich)
VOICE
PIANO
p
pp
Mur - - mur- ing breez - es,
Mur - - meln - des Lüft - chen,
scent - ed air, Come from o - ver seas, Thro'
Blü - then - wind, der die schö - ne Welt durch-
rus - tling trees, Sing a song with the leaves of the
wan - - delt, sing' ein Lied mit den Blät - - tern der
Ped.

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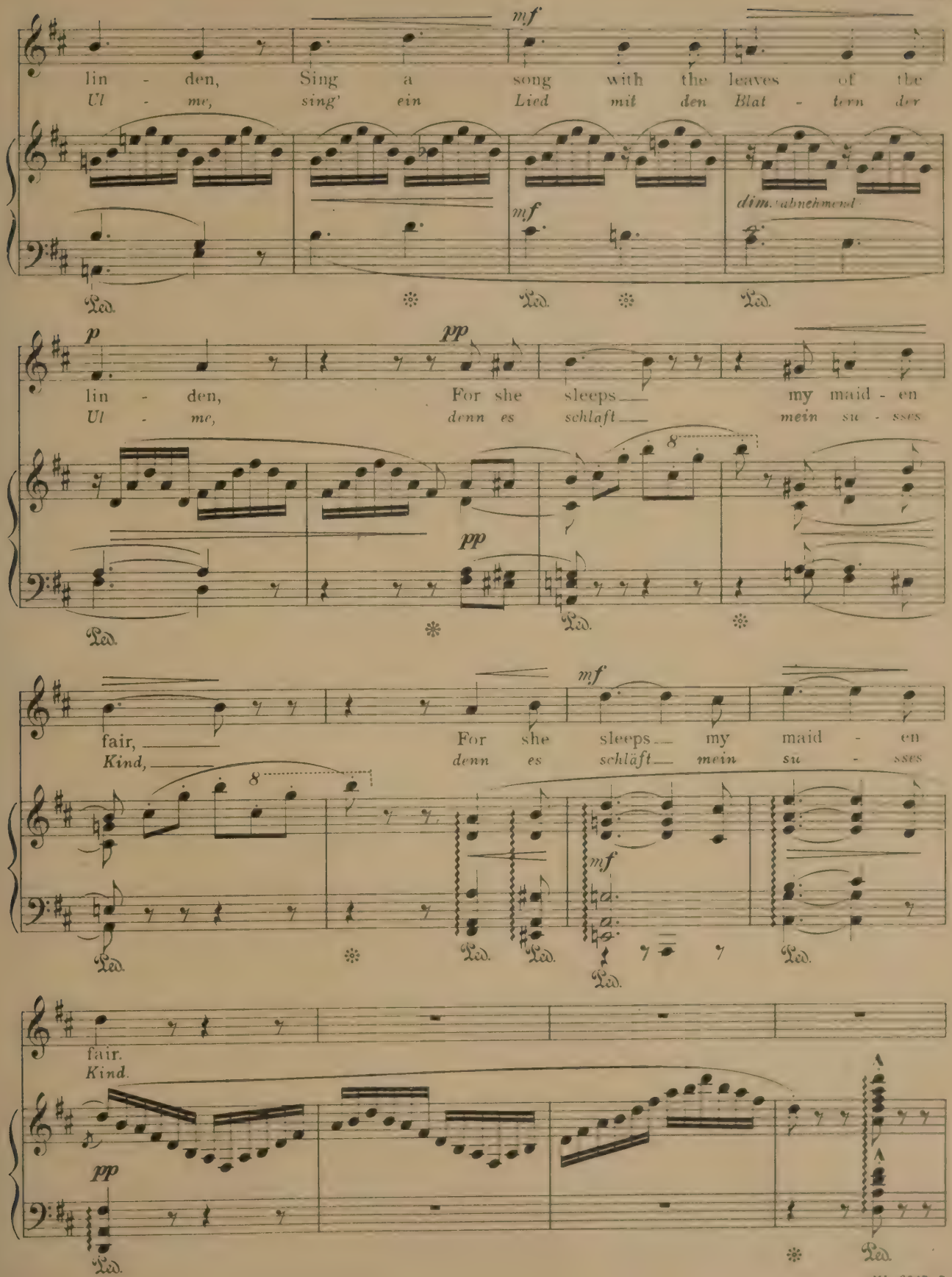
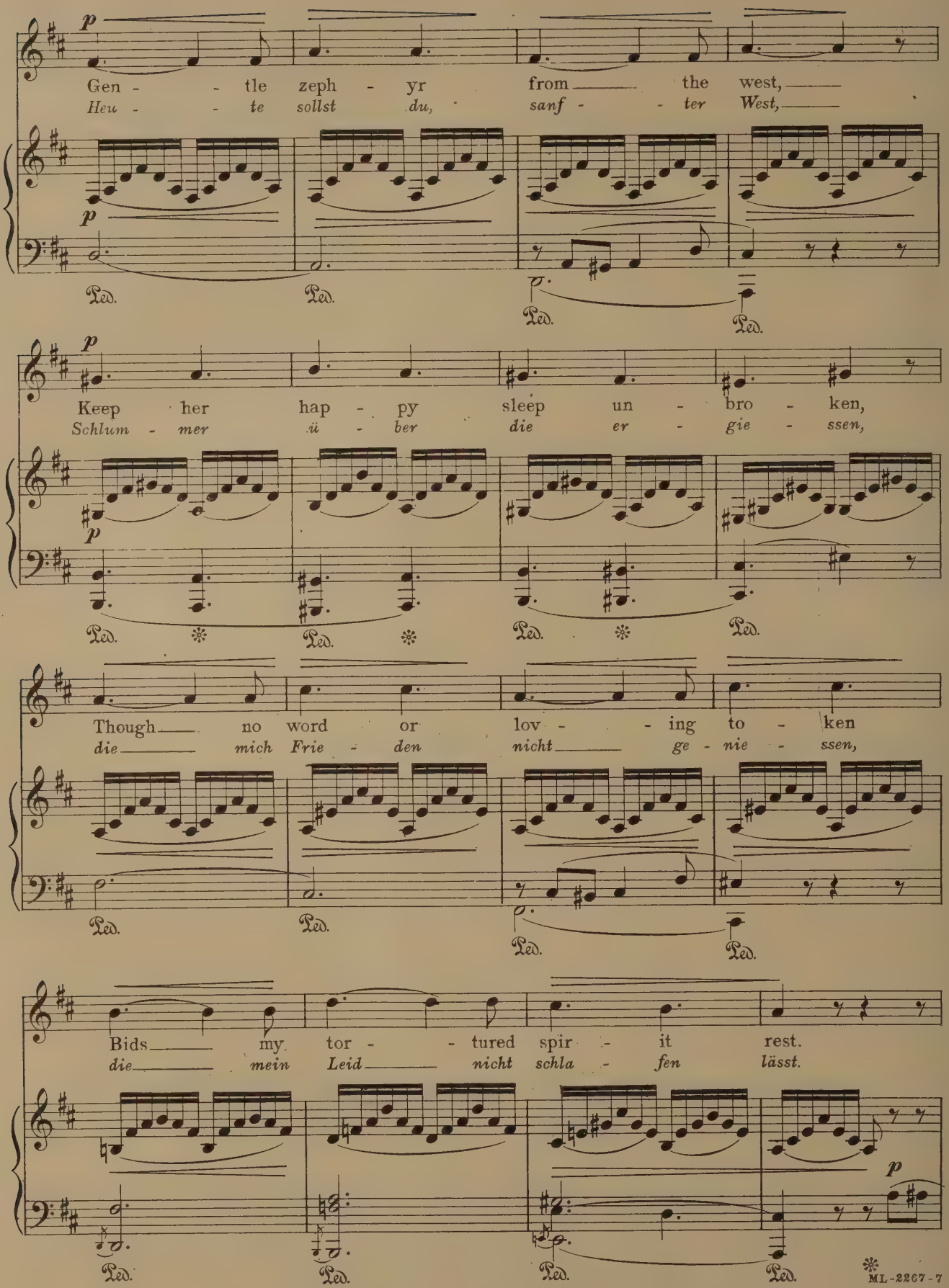
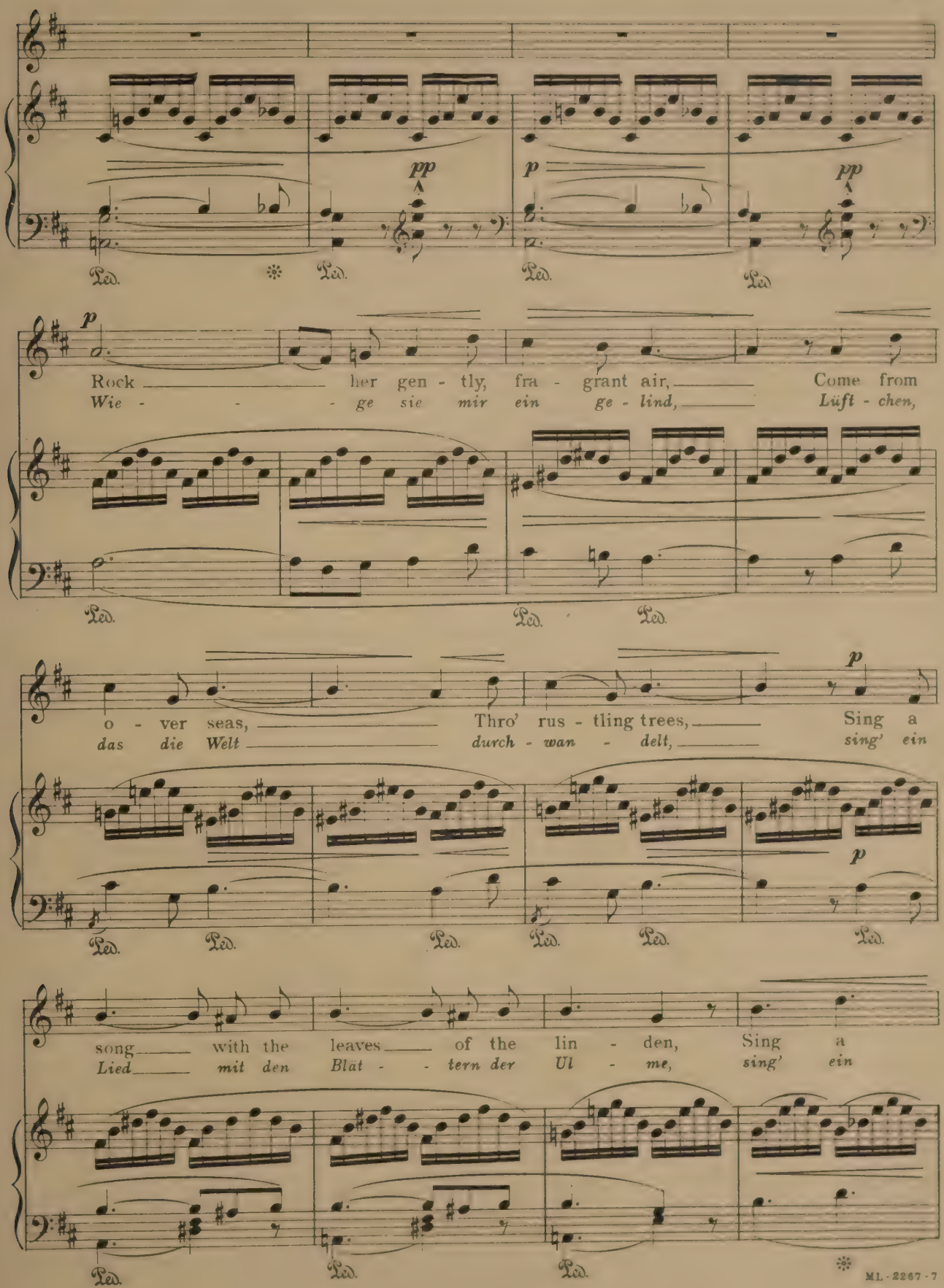
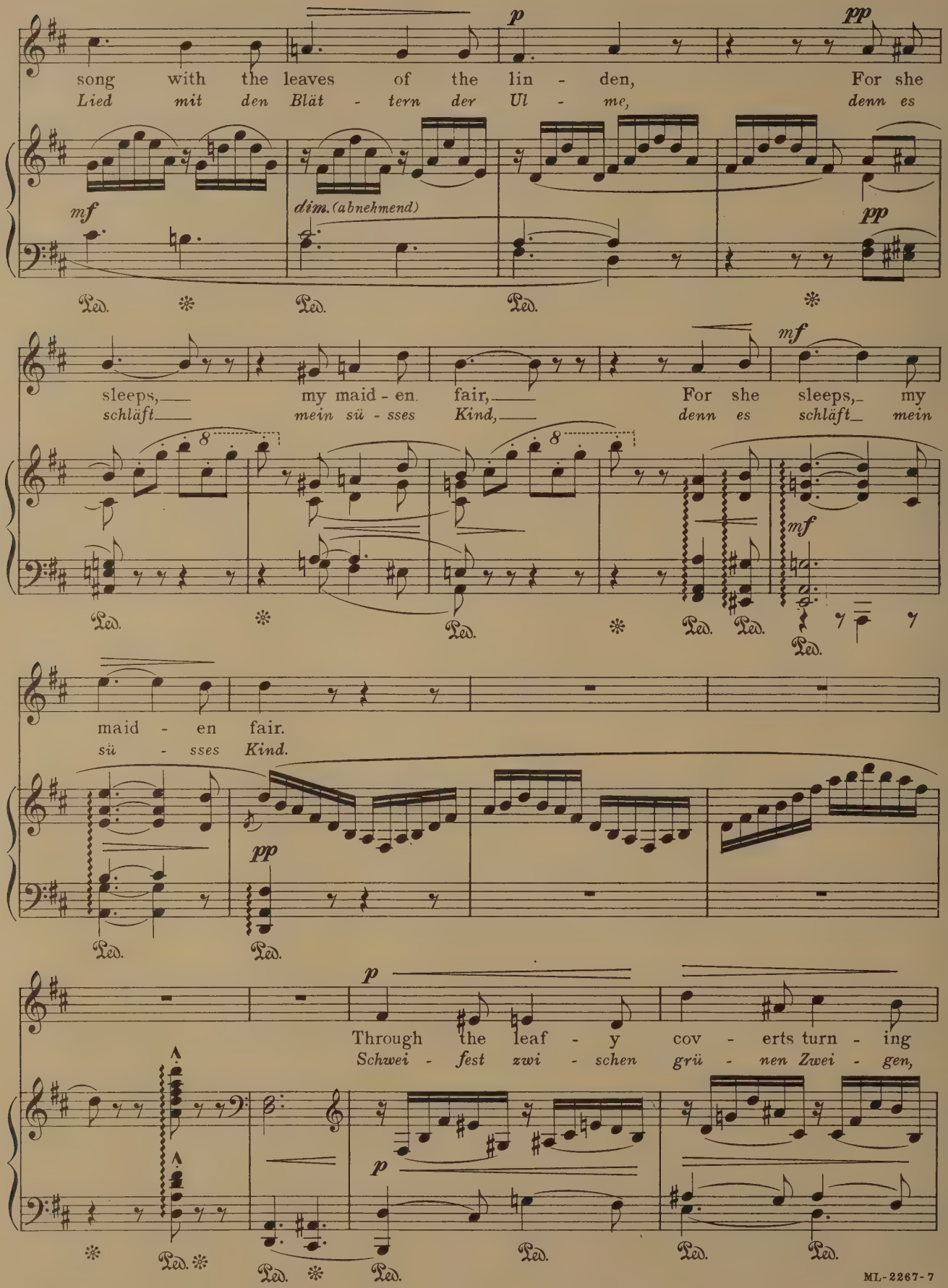
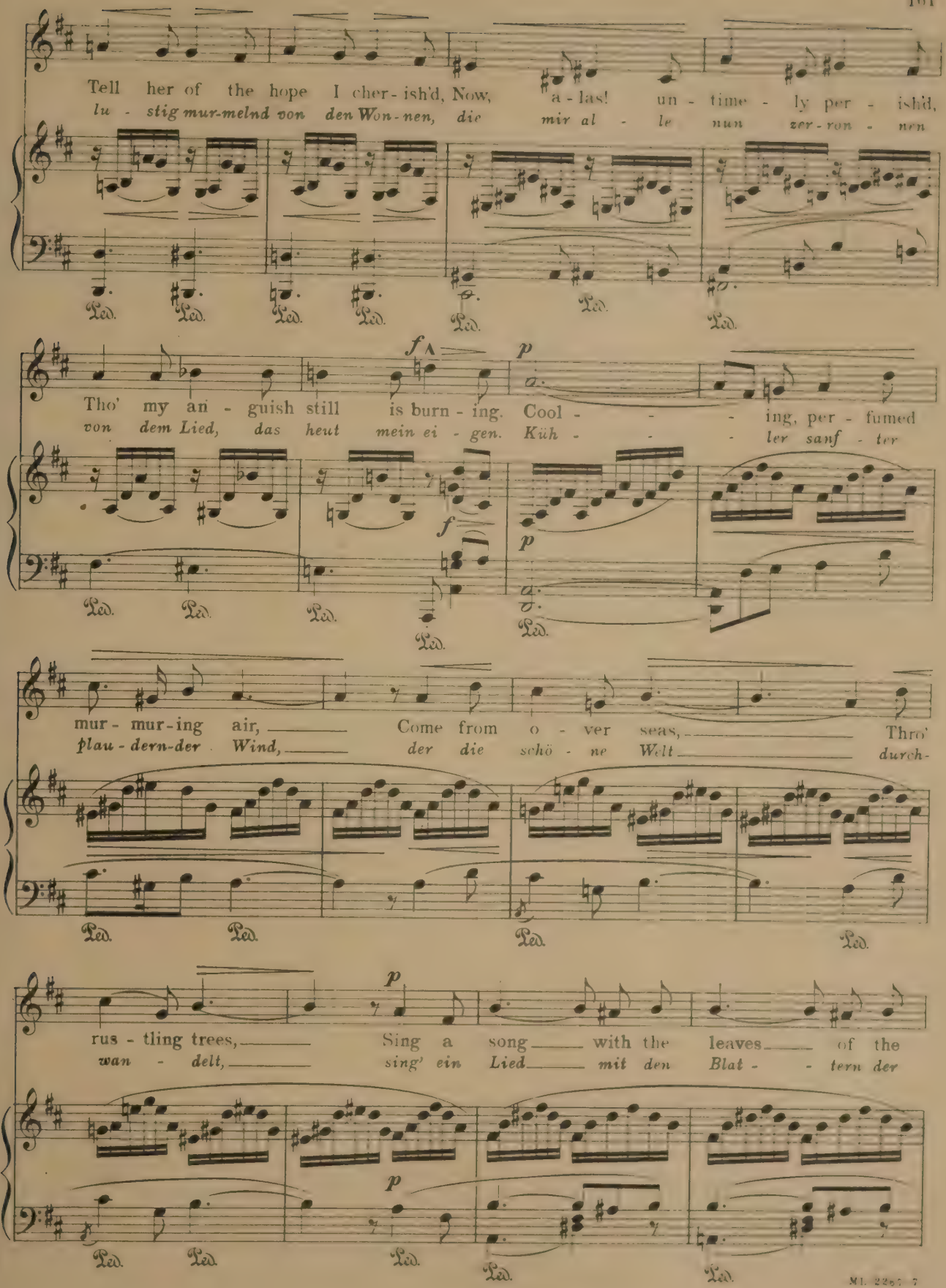
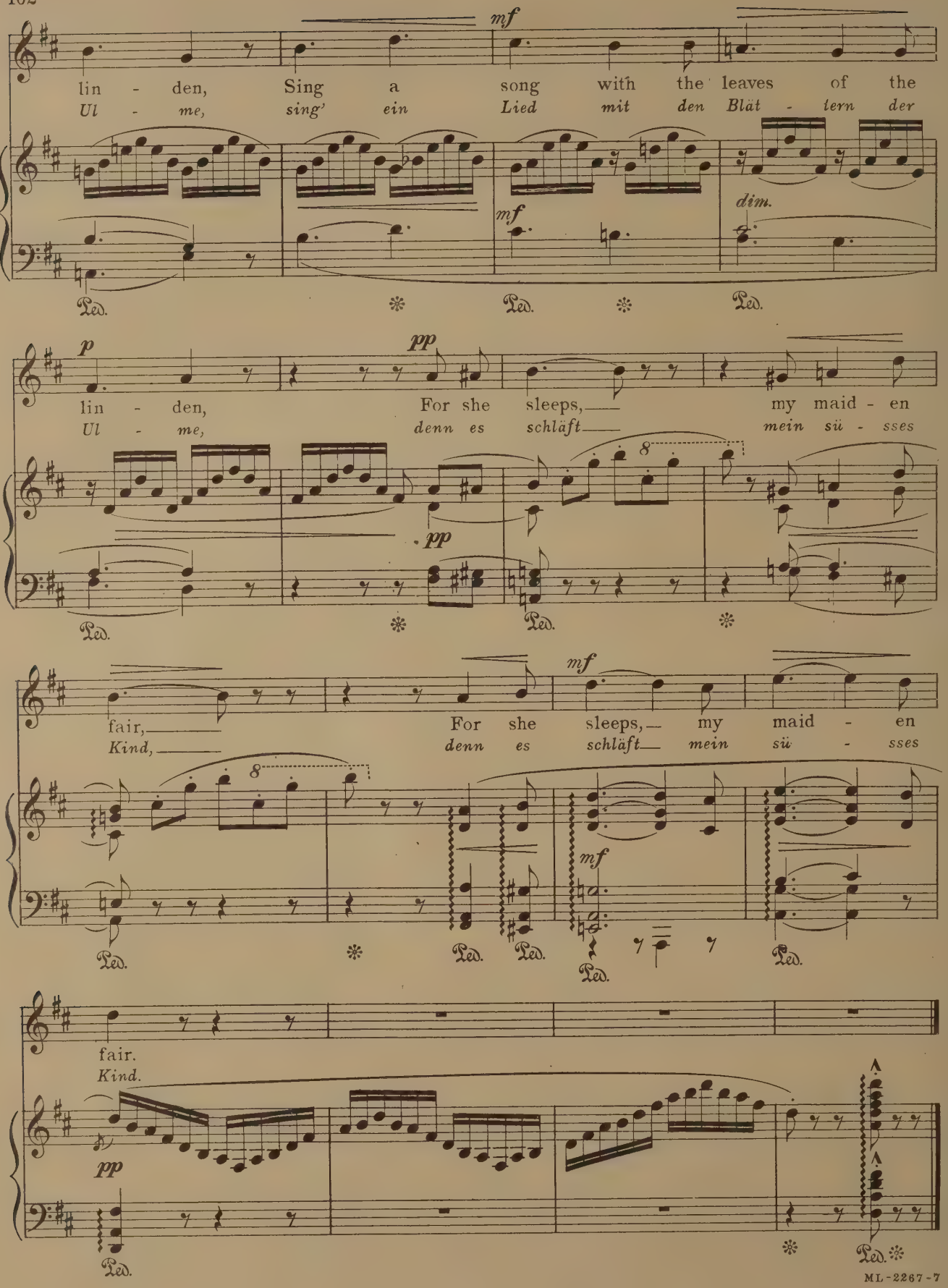

mf
lin - den, Sing a song with the leaves of the
Ul - me, sing' ein Lied mit den Blat - tern der
mf
dim. abnehmend
Led.
p
pp
lin - den, For she sleeps my maid - en
Ul - me, denn es schlaft mein su - sses
8
fair, For she sleeps my maid - en
Kind, denn es schläft mein su - sses
fair.
Kind.


p
Gen - - tle zeph - yr from the west,
Heu - - te sollst du, sanf - - ter West,
Ped.
Keep her hap - py sleep un - bro - ken,
Schlum - mer ü - ber die er - gie - ssen,
Though no word or lov - - ing to - ken
die mich Frie - den nicht ge - nie - ssen,
Bids my tor - - tured spir - it rest.
die mein Leid nicht schla - fen lässt.
ML-2267-7


pp
p
pp
Ped.
p
Rock her gen - tly, fra - grant air, Come from
Wie - - - ge sie mir ein ge - lind, Lüft - chen,
o - ver seas, Thro' rus - tling trees, Sing a
das die Welt durch - wan - delt, sing' ein
p
p
song with the leaves of the lin - den, Sing a
Lied mit den Blät - - tern der Ul - me, sing' ein


p
pp
song with the leaves of the lin - den, For she
Lied mit den Blät - tern der Ul - me, denn es
mf
dim. (abnehmend)
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.
mf
sleeps, my maid - en fair, For she sleeps, my
schläft mein sü - sses Kind, denn es schläft mein
8 8
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
maid - en fair.
sü - sses Kind.
pp
Ped. Ped.
p
Through the leaf - y cov - erts turn - ing
Schwei - fest zwi - schen grü - nen Zwei - gen,
p
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


Tell her of the hope I cher - ish'd, Now, a - las! un - time - ly per - ish'd,
lu - stig mur-melnd von den Won-nen, die mir al - le nun zer-ron - nen
Tho' my an - guish still is burn - ing. Cool - - - ing, per - fumed
von dem Lied, das heut mein ei - gen. Küh - - - ler sanf - ter
mur - mur-ing air, Come from o - ver seas, Thro'
plau - dern-der Wind, der die schö - ne Welt durch-
rus - tling trees, Sing a song with the leaves of the
wan - delt, sing' ein Lied mit den Blat - - tern der
Ped.
M. 2267 7


mf
lin - den, Sing a song with the leaves of the
Ul - me, sing' ein Lied mit den Blät - tern der
dim.
Ped.
p
pp
lin - den, For she sleeps, my maid - en
Ul - me, denn es schläft mein sü - sses
fair, For she sleeps, my maid - en
Kind, denn es schläft mein sü - sses
fair.
Kind.

WHERE FLOWS THE BRIGHT RIVER
(AM UFER DES FLUSSES, DES MANZANARES)

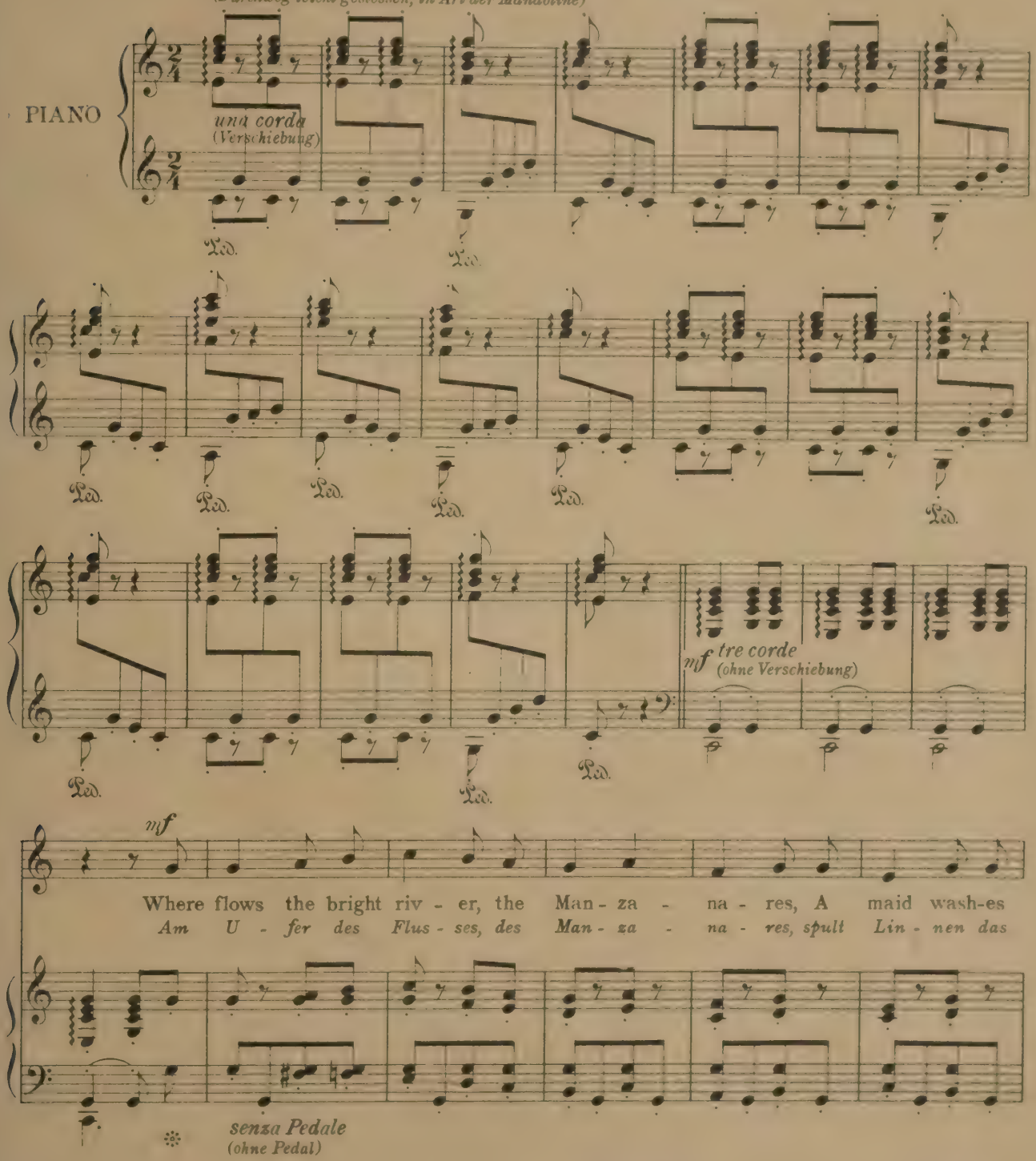
Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed in 1860-66)
(Original Key, D)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, № 6

Spirited, and with delicate expression
(Lebhaft, mit durchaus zartem, anmuthigem Vortrage)

In the style of a Mandolin
(Durchweg leicht gestossen, in Art der Mandoline)


PIANO
una corda
(Verschiebung)
Ped.
mf tre corde
(ohne Verschiebung)
mf
Where flows the bright riv - er, the Man - za - na - res, A maid wash-es
Am U - fer des Flus - ses, des Man - za - na - res, spult Lin - nen das
senza Pedale
(ohne Pedal)

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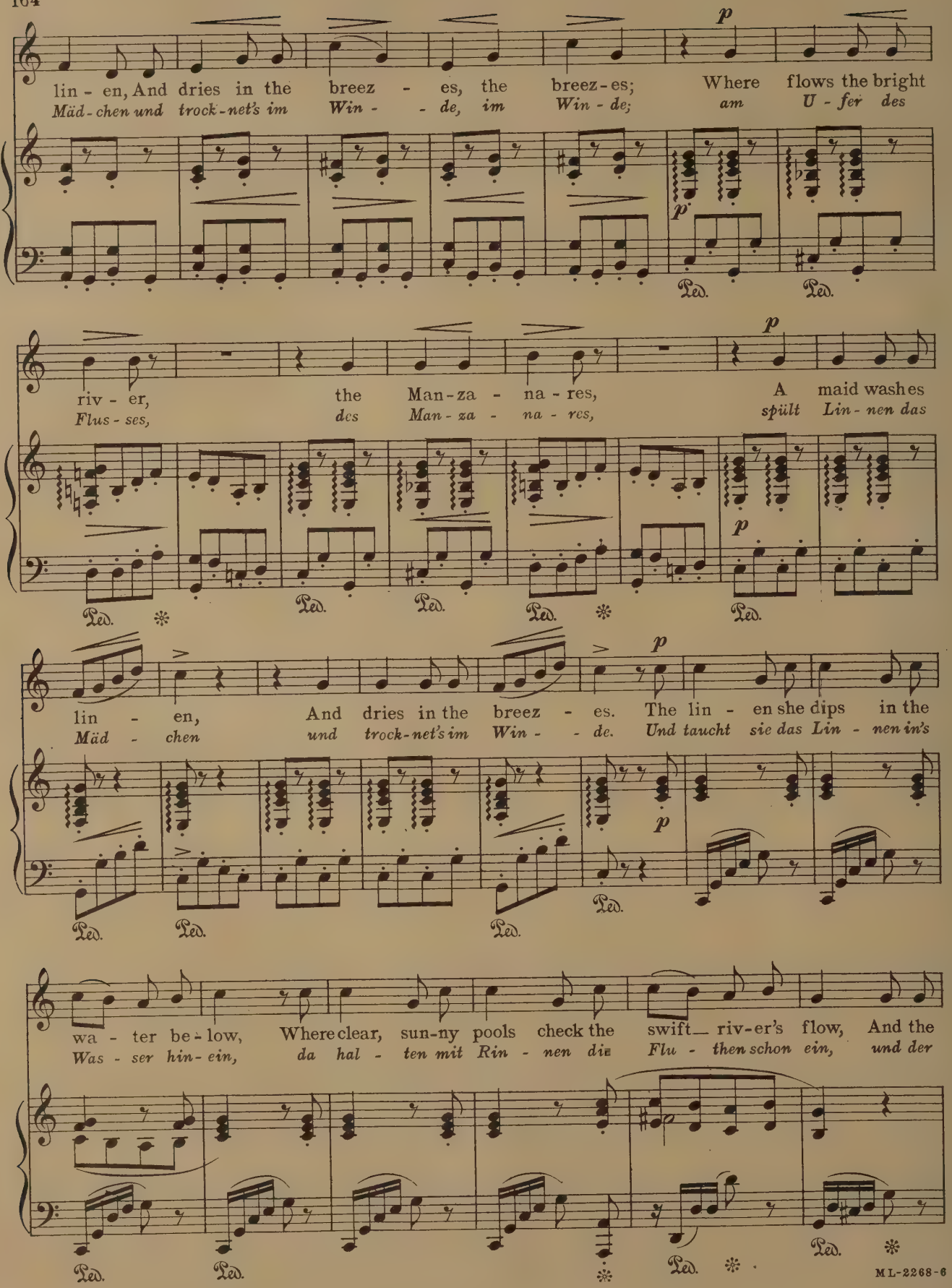
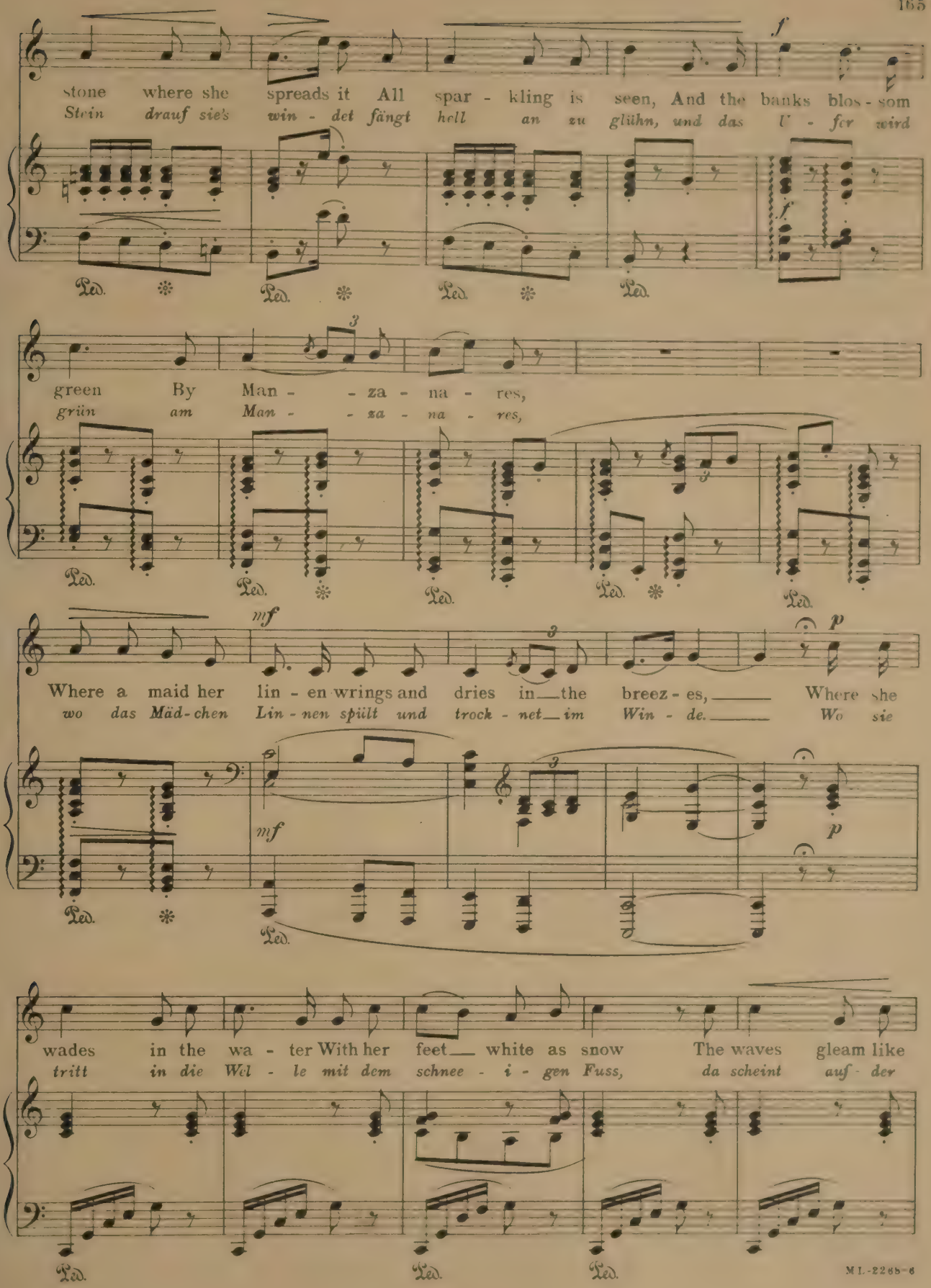
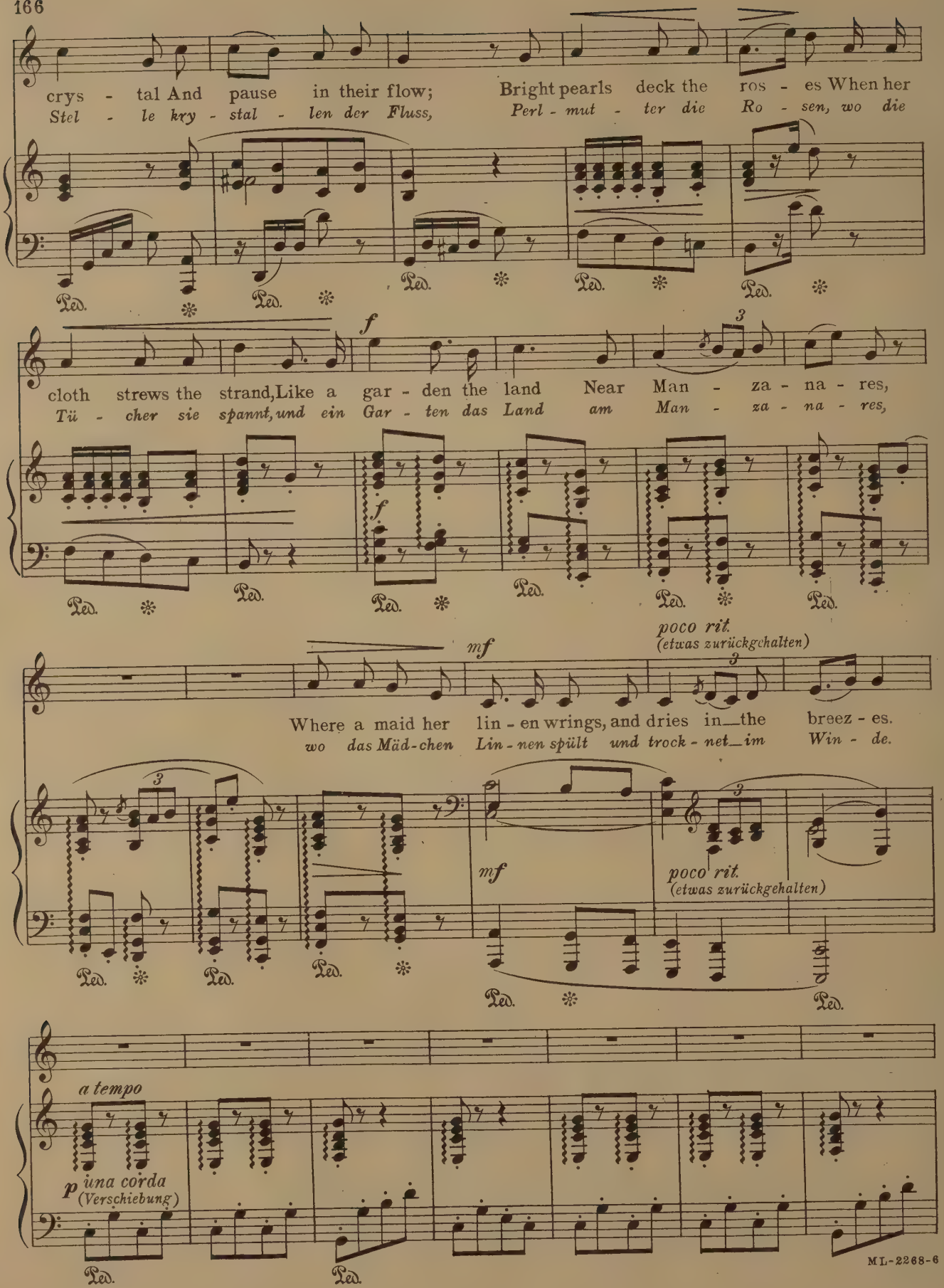
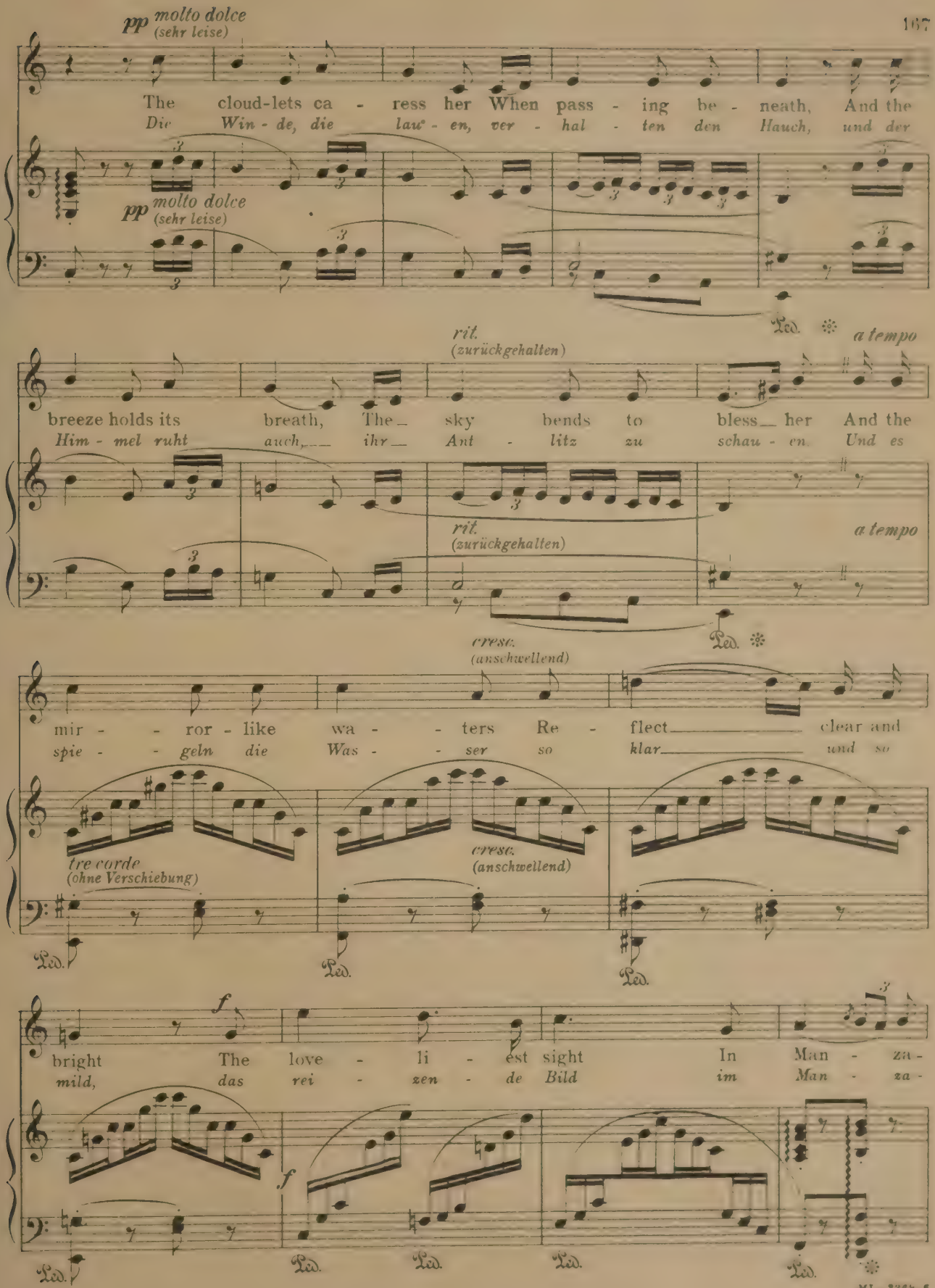
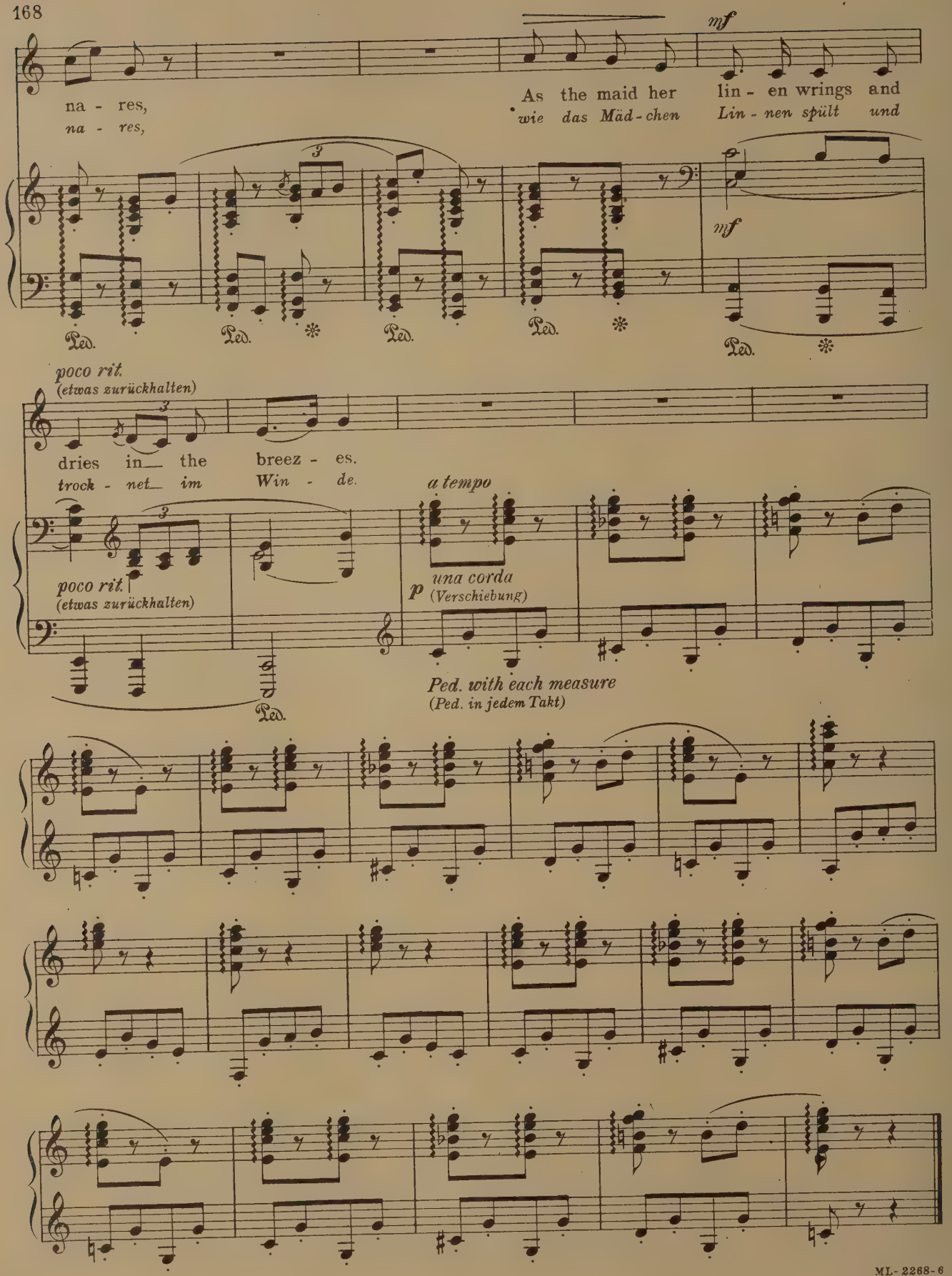

lin - en, And dries in the breez - es, the breez-es; Where flows the bright
Mäd-chen und trock-net's im Win - - de, im Win-de; am U - fer des
riv - er, the Man-za - na - res, A maid washes
Flus - ses, des Man - za - na - res, spült Lin - nen das
lin - en, And dries in the breez - es. The lin - en she dips in the
Mäd - chen und trock-net's im Win - - de. Und taucht sie das Lin - nen in's
wa - ter be - low, Where clear, sun-ny pools check the swift riv-er's flow, And the
Was - ser hin-ein, da hal - ten mit Rin - nen die Flu - then schon ein, und der
p
Ped.
ML-2268-6


stone where she spreads it All spar - kling is seen, And the banks blos - som
Stein drauf sie's win - det fängt hell an zu glühn, und das U - fer wird
green By Man - - za - na - res,
grün am Man - - za - na - res,
Where a maid her lin - en wrings and dries in the breez - es, Where she
wo das Mäd - chen Lin - nen spült und trock - net im Win - de. Wo sie
wades in the wa - ter With her feet white as snow The waves gleam like
tritt in die Wel - le mit dem schnee - i - gen Fuss, da scheint auf - der
Ped.
ML-2265-6


crys - tal And pause in their flow; Bright pearls deck the ros - es When her
Stel - le kry - stal - len der Fluss, Perl - mut - ter die Ro - sen, wo die
cloth strews the strand, Like a gar - den the land Near Man - za - na - res,
Tü - cher sie spannt, und ein Gar - ten das Land am Man - za - na - res,
Where a maid her lin - en wrings, and dries in the breez - es.
wo das Mäd - chen Lin - nen spült und trock - net im Win - de.
f
mf
poco rit.
(etwas zurückgehalten)
a tempo
p una corda
(Verschiebung)
Ped.


pp molto dolce
(sehr leise)
The cloud-lets ca - ress her When pass - ing be - neath, And the
Die Win - de, die lau - en, ver - hal - ten den Hauch, und der
pp molto dolce
(sehr leise)
rit.
(zurückgehalten)
a tempo
breeze holds its breath, The sky bends to bless her And the
Him - mel ruht auch, ihr Ant - litz zu schau - en Und es
rit.
(zurückgehalten)
a tempo
cresc.
(anschwellend)
mir - ror - like wa - ters Re - flect clear and
spie - geln die Was - ser so klar und so
tre corde
(ohne Verschiebung)
cresc.
(anschwellend)
Ped.
f
bright The love - li - est sight In Man - za -
mild, das rei - zen - de Bild im Man - za -
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


mf
na - res,
na - res,
As the maid her lin - en wrings and
wie das Mäd - chen Lin - nen spült und
Ped.
mf
poco rit.
(etwas zurückhalten)
dries in the breez - es.
trock - net im Win - de.
a tempo
poco rit.
(etwas zurückhalten)
p una corda
(Verschiebung)
Ped. with each measure
(Ped. in jedem Takt)

O STAY THY PASSING, GOLDEN MOMENTS

(O LASS DICH HALTEN, GOLD'NE STUNDE)

(Composed in 1866-69)

(*Original Key, E*)

OTTO ROQUETTE
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 35, №3

Very quietly and with great expression
(*Sehr ruhig und ausdrucksvoll*)

VOICE

PIANO

O stay thy pass-ing, gold - en mo-ments That ne'er will come so
O lass dich hal - ten, gold' - ne Stun - de, die nie so schon sich

fair a - gain! See where the moon - - light with its ra - diance
wie - der beut! Schau, wie die Mond - - nacht in die Run - de

Strews pal-lid ros - es o'er the plain. The sounds of day a - far have
all ih - re wei - ssen Ro - - sen streut. Des Ta - ges Stim-men fern ver -

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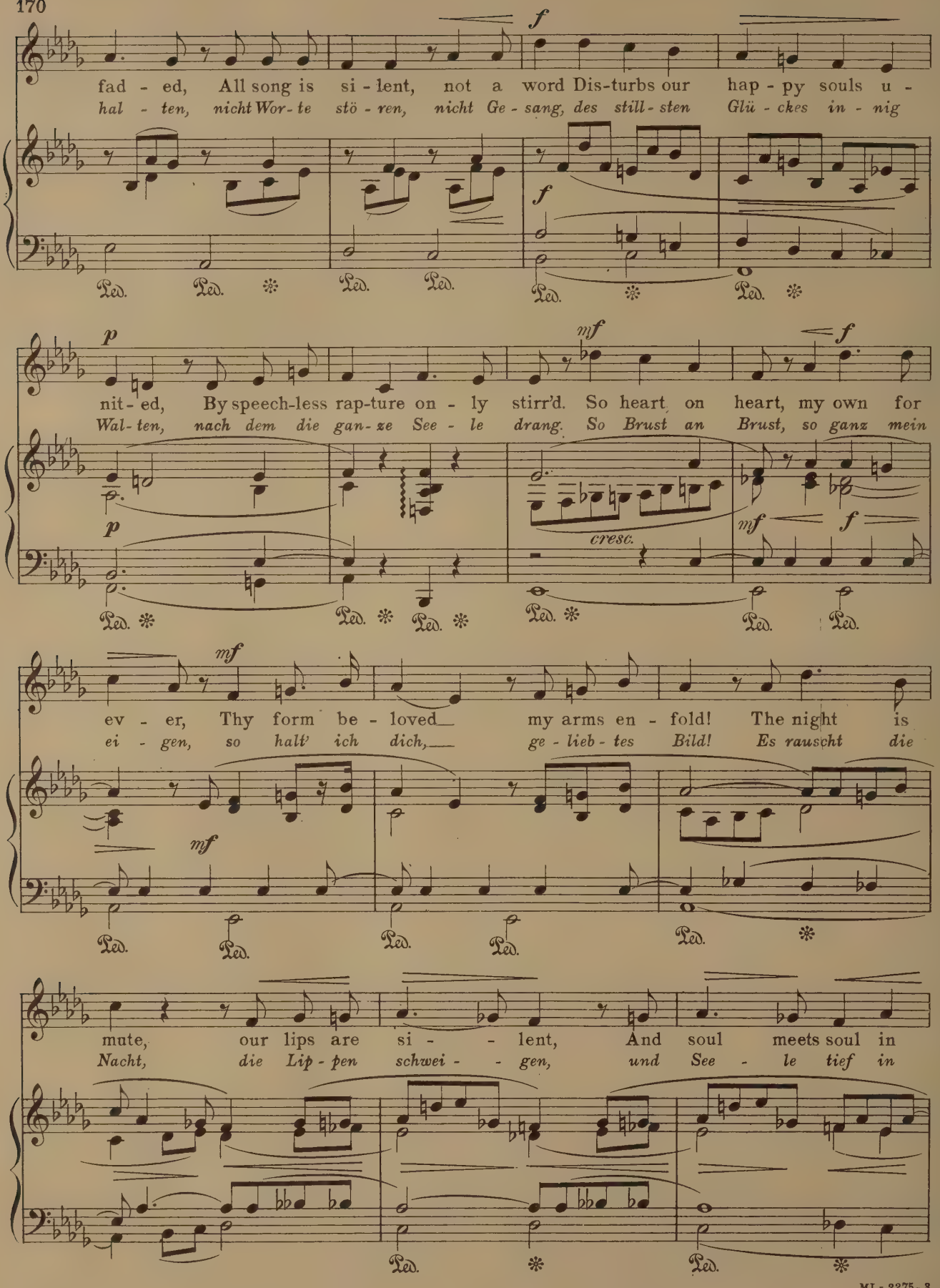
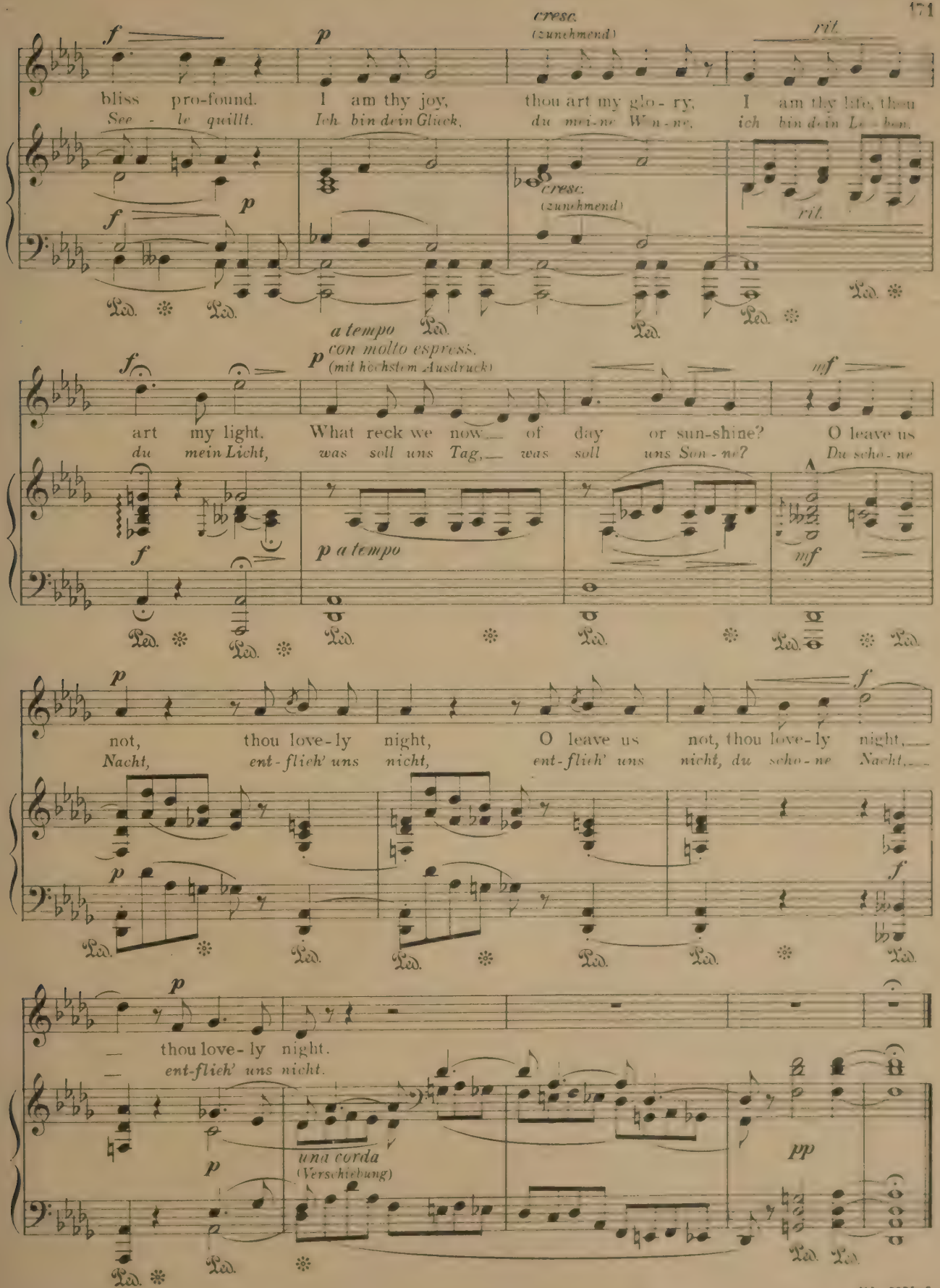

fad - ed, All song is si - lent, not a word Dis-turbs our hap - py souls u -
hal - ten, nicht Wor - te stö - ren, nicht Ge - sang, des still - sten Glü - ckes in - nig
nit - ed, By speech-less rap-ture on - ly stirr'd. So heart on heart, my own for
Wal - ten, nach dem die gan - ze See - le drang. So Brust an Brust, so ganz mein
cresc.
ev - er, Thy form be - loved my arms en - fold! The night is
ei - gen, so halt' ich dich, ge - lieb - tes Bild! Es rauscht die
mute, our lips are si - - lent, And soul meets soul in
Nacht, die Lip - pen schwei - - gen, und See - le tief in


f
p
cresc.
(zunehmend)
rit.
bliss pro-found. I am thy joy, thou art my glo-ry, I am thy life, thou
See - le quillt. Ich bin dein Glück, du mei-ne Wo-ne, ich bin dein Le-ben,
cresc.
(zunehmend)
rit.
Ped.
a tempo
con molto espress.
(mit höchstem Ausdruck)
mf
art my light. What reck we now of day or sun-shine? O leave us
du mein Licht, was soll uns Tag, was soll uns Son-ne? Du scho-ne
p a tempo
not, thou love-ly night, O leave us not, thou love-ly night,
Nacht, ent-flieh' uns nicht, ent-flieh' uns nicht, du scho-ne Nacht,
— thou love-ly night.
— ent-flieh' uns nicht.
una corda
(Verschiebung)
pp

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

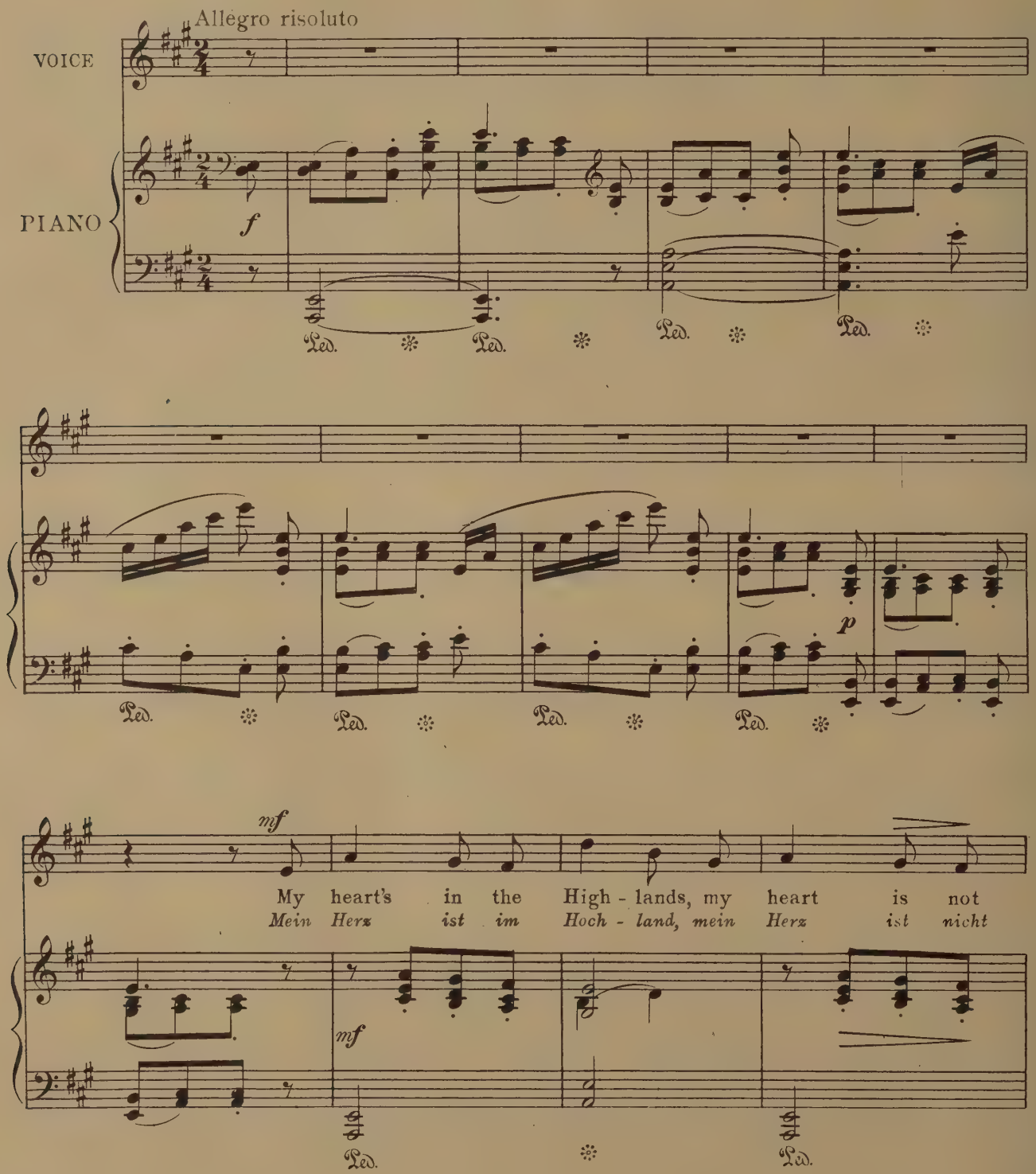
(MEIN HERZ IST IM HOCHLAND)

(Original Key)

ROBERT BURNS

German version by Ferd. Freiligrath

ADOLPH JENSEN, Op. 49, No. 1



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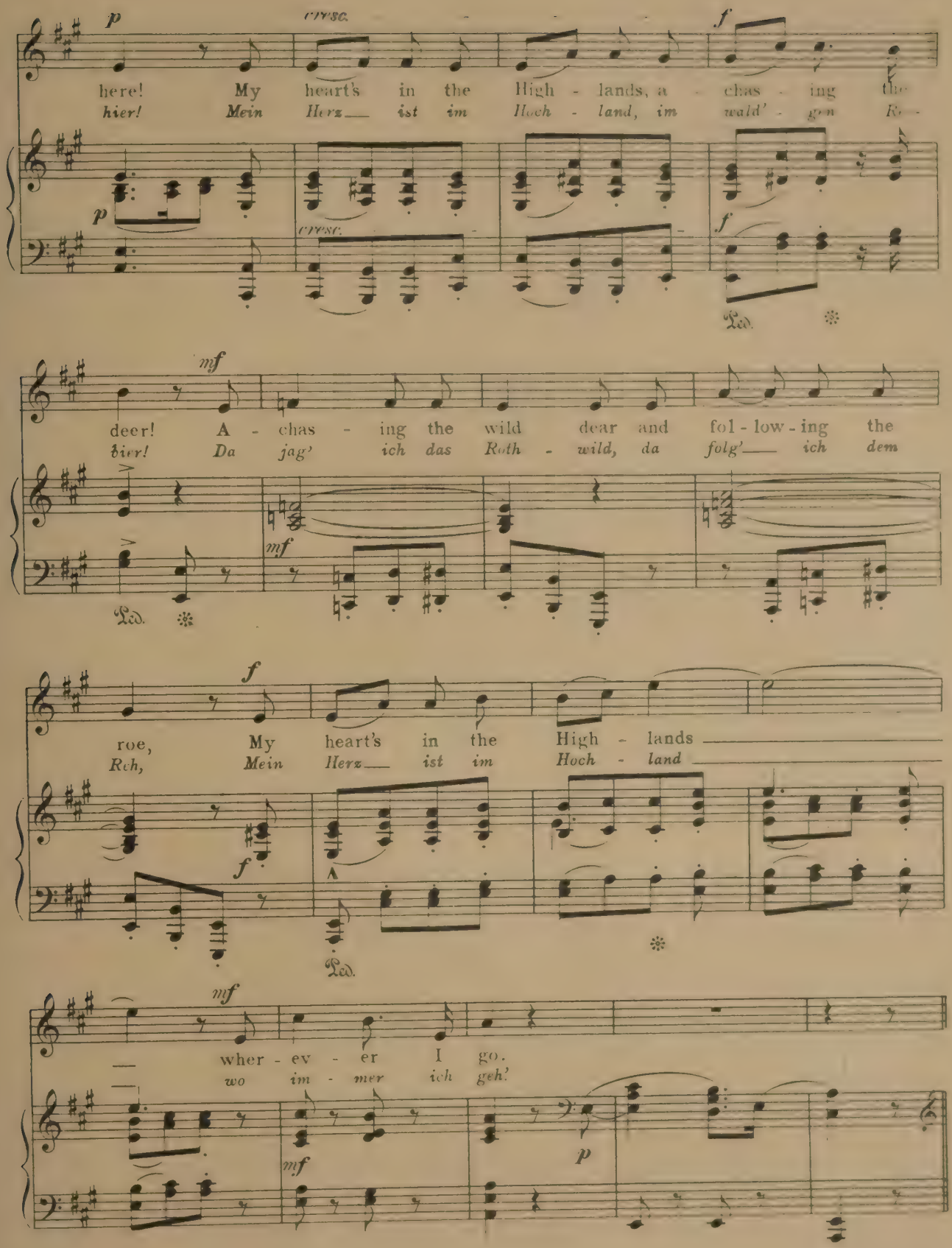
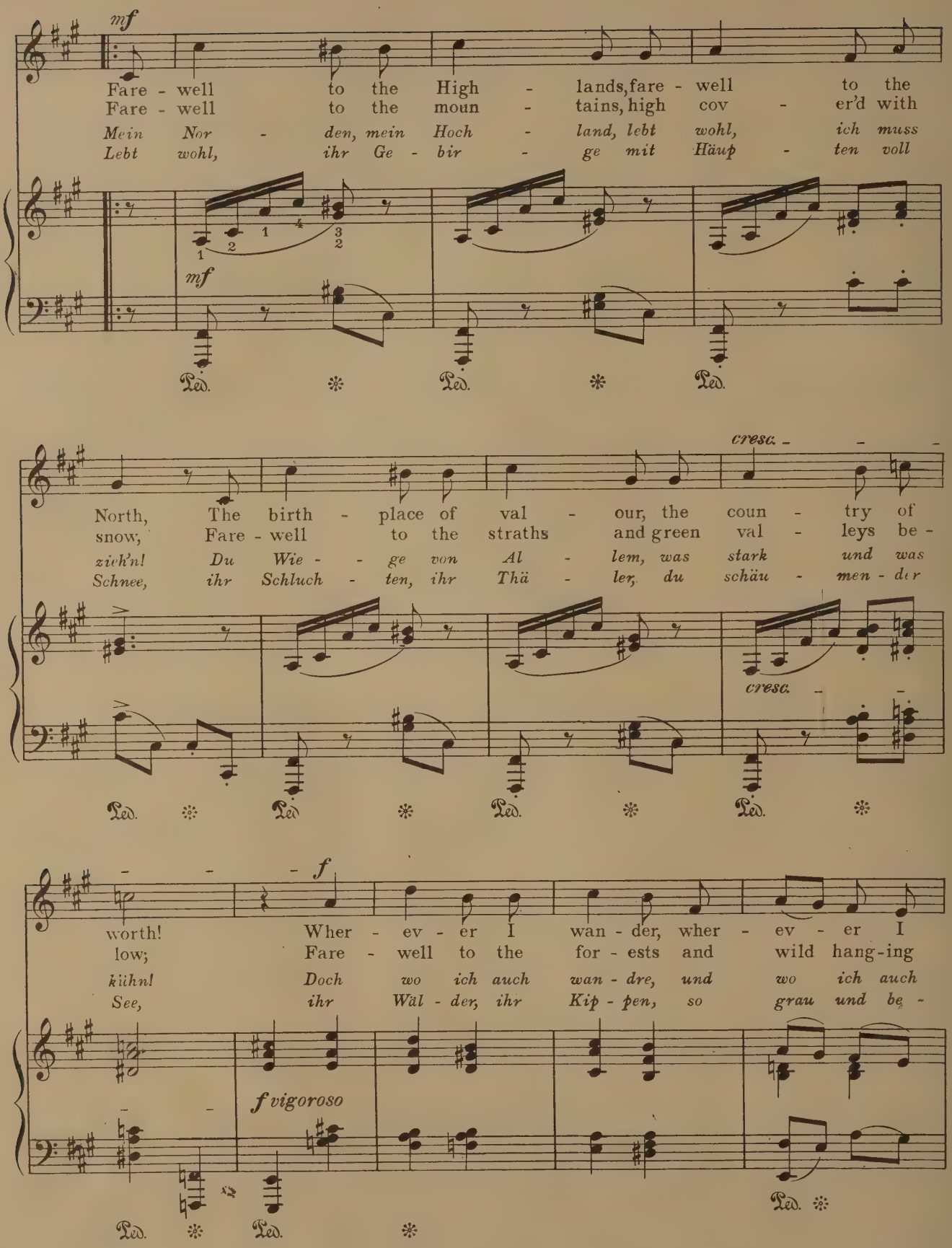
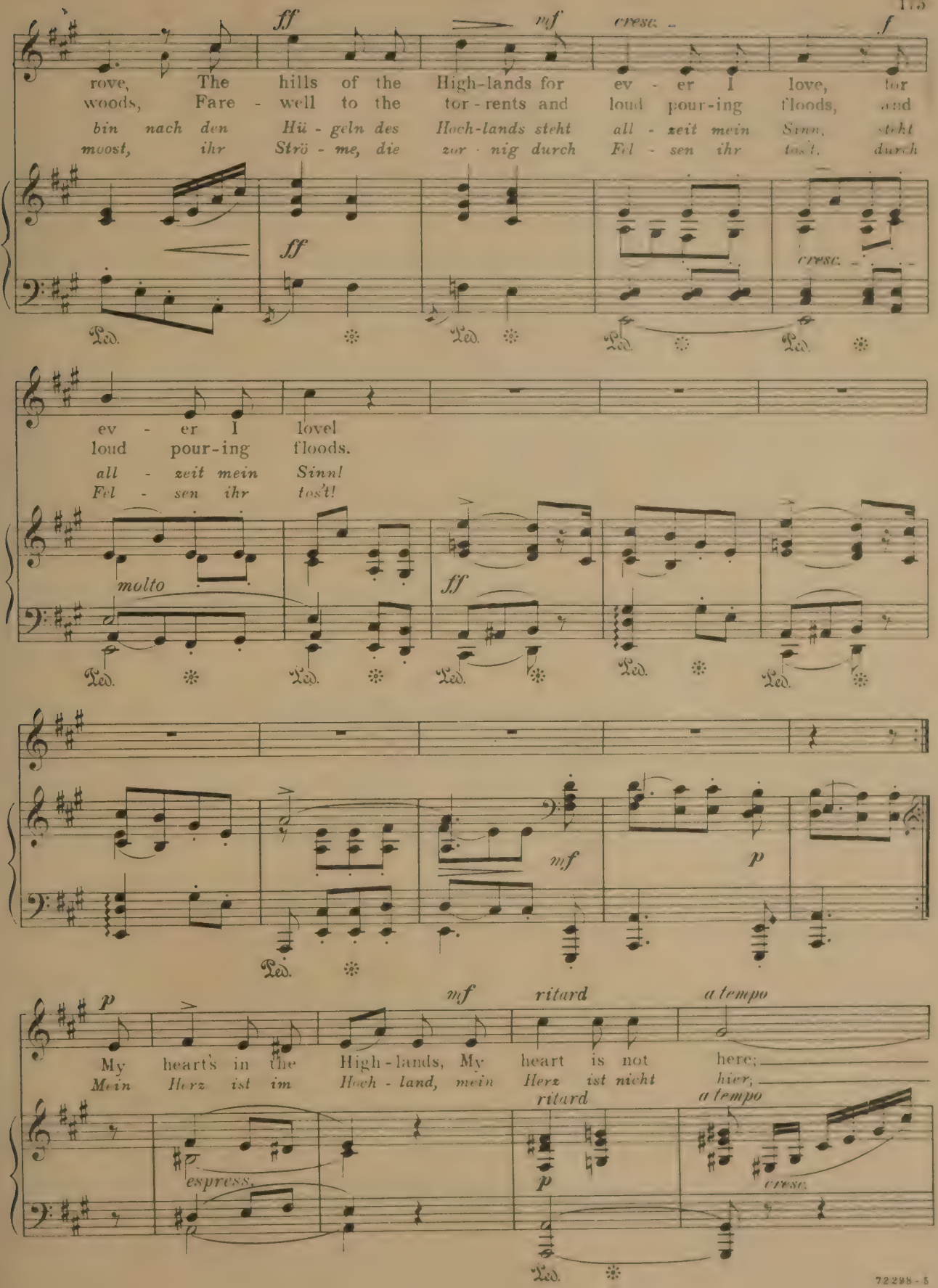
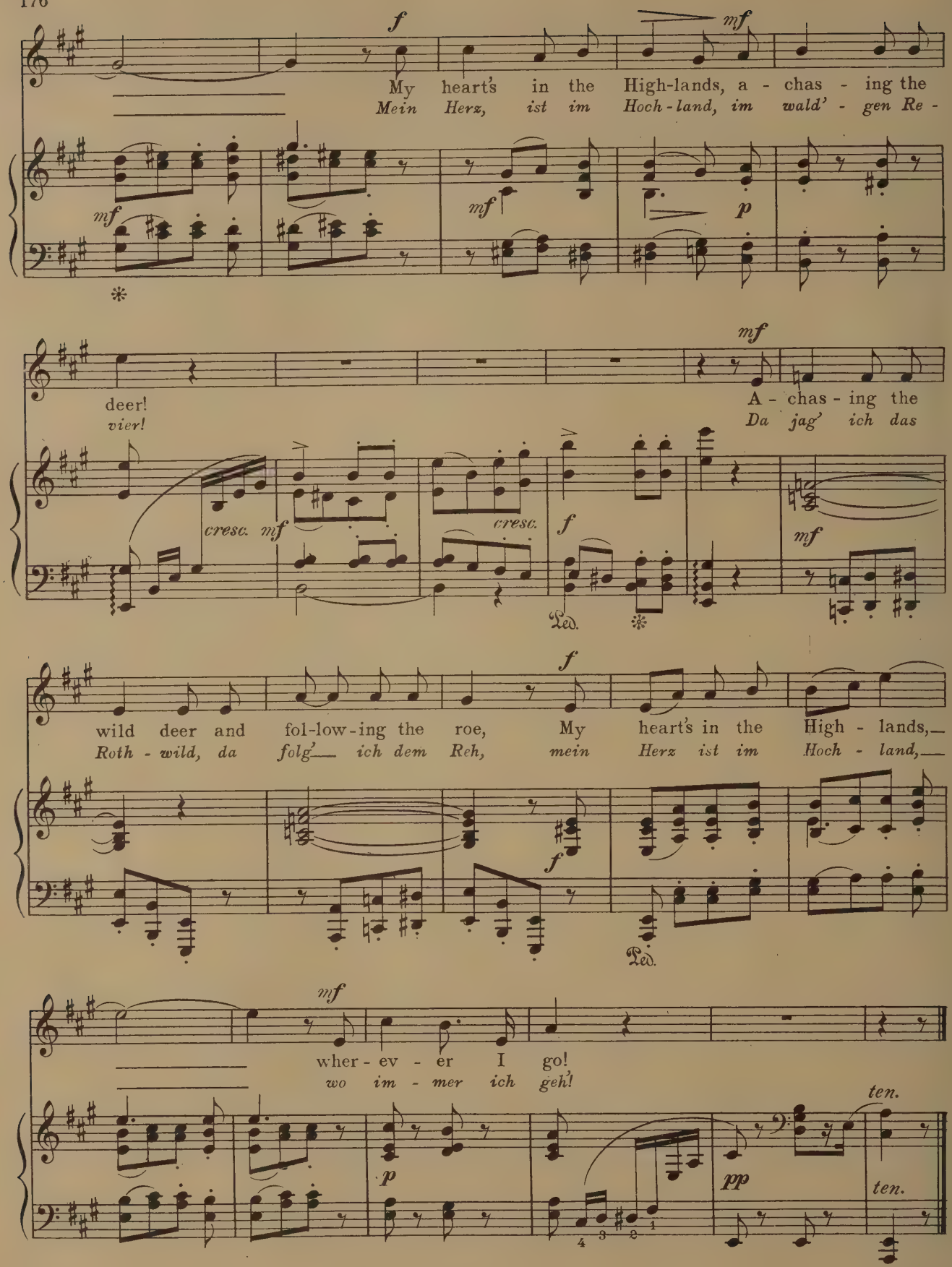

here! My heart's in the High - lands, a - chas - ing the
hier! Mein Herz ist im Hoch - land, im wald' - gen Re -
deer! A - chas - ing the wild dear and fol - low - ing the
hier! Da jag' ich das Roth - wild, da folg' ich dem
roe, My heart's in the High - lands
Reh, Mein Herz ist im Hoch - land
wher - ev - er I go.
wo im - mer ich geh'
cresc.
Ped.


mf
Fare - well to the High - lands, fare - well to the
Fare - well to the moun - tains, high cov - er'd with
Mein Nor - den, mein Hoch - land, lebt wohl, ich muss
Lebt wohl, ihr Ge - bir - ge mit Häup - ten voll
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
cresc.
North, The birth - place of val - our, the coun - try of
snow; Fare - well to the straths and green val - leys be -
zieh'n! Du Wie - ge von Al - lem, was stark und was
Schnee, ihr Schluch - ten, ihr Thä - ler, du schäu - men - der
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
worth! Wher - ev - er I wan - der, wher - ev - er I
low; Fare - well to the for - ests and wild hang-ing
kühn! Doch wo ich auch wan - dre, und wo ich auch
See, ihr Wäl - der, ihr Kip - pen, so grau und be -
f vigoroso
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


rove, The hills of the High-lands for ev - er I love, for
woods, Fare - well to the tor - rents and loud pour-ing floods, and
bin nach den Hü - geln des Hoch-lands steht all - zeit mein Sinn, steht
moost, ihr Strö - me, die zor - nig durch Fel - sen ihr tos't, durch
ff
mf
cresc.
f
Ped.
ev - er I lovel
loud pour-ing floods.
all - zeit mein Sinn!
Fel - sen ihr tos't!
molto
My heart's in the High-lands, My heart is not here;
Mein Herz ist im Hoch - land, mein Herz ist nicht hier;
p
ritard
a tempo
espress.


f
mf
My heart's in the High-lands, a - chas - ing the
Mein Herz, ist im Hoch-land, im wald' - gen Re -
mf
mf
p
deer!
vier!
mf
A - chas - ing the
Da jag' ich das
cresc. mf
cresc.
f
mf
Ped.
f
wild deer and fol-low-ing the roe, My heart's in the High - lands,
Roth - wild, da folg' ich dem Reh, mein Herz ist im Hoch - land,
f
f
Ped.
mf
wher - ev - er I go!
wo im - mer ich geh!
ten.
p
pp
ten.
4 3 2 1

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA

(WENN DURCH DIE PIAZZETTA)

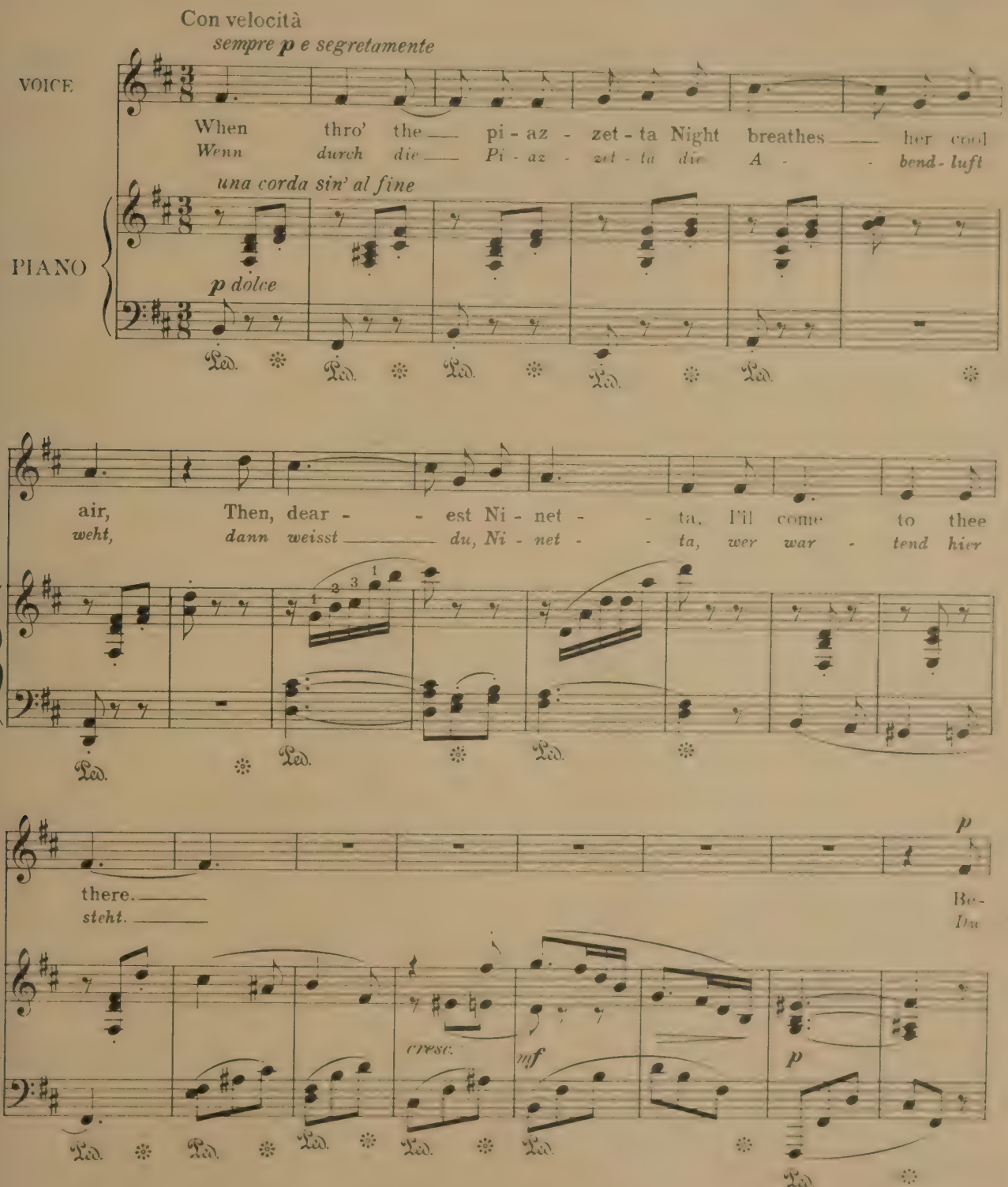
(Composed in 1874)

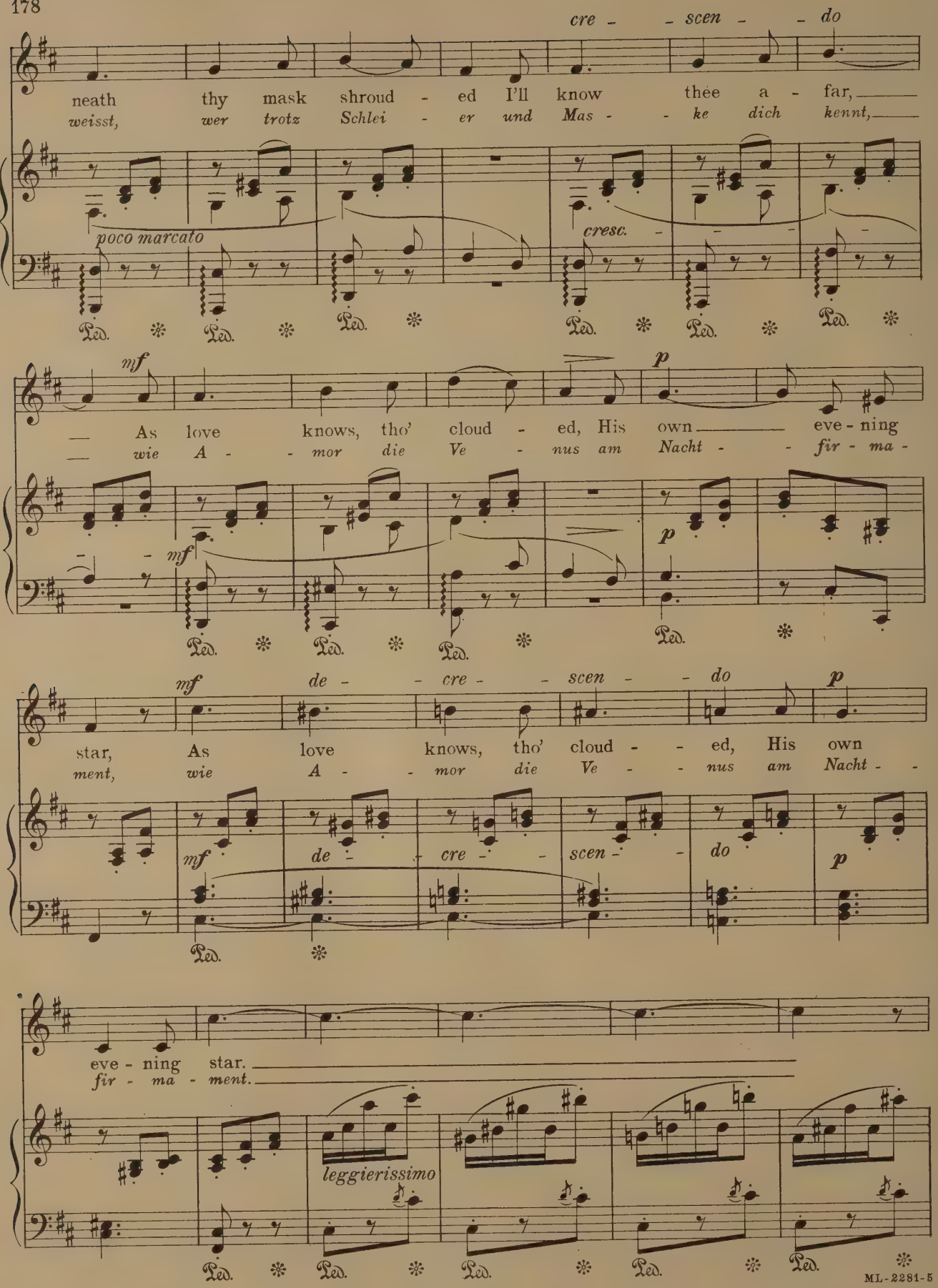
(Original Key)

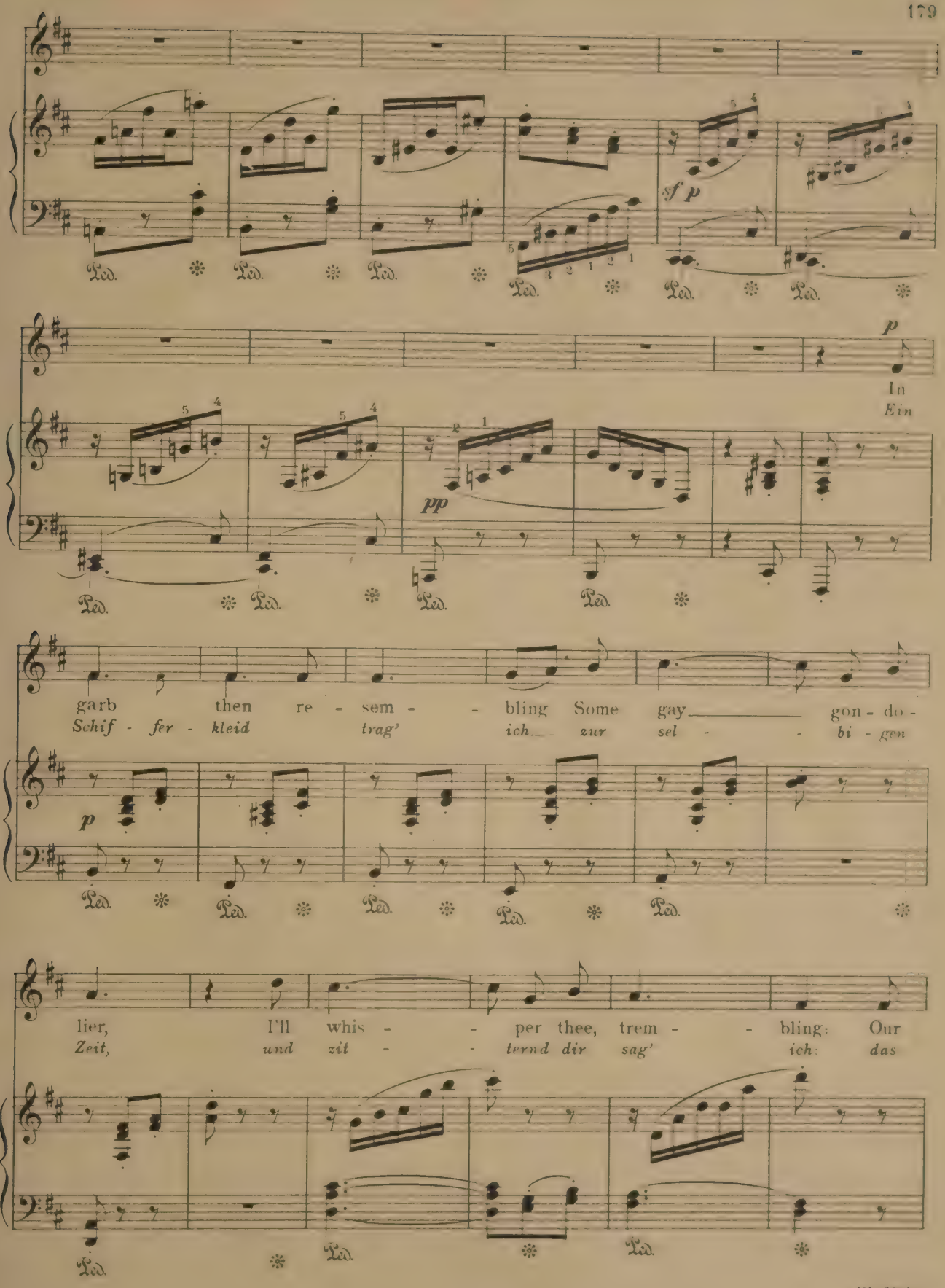
THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

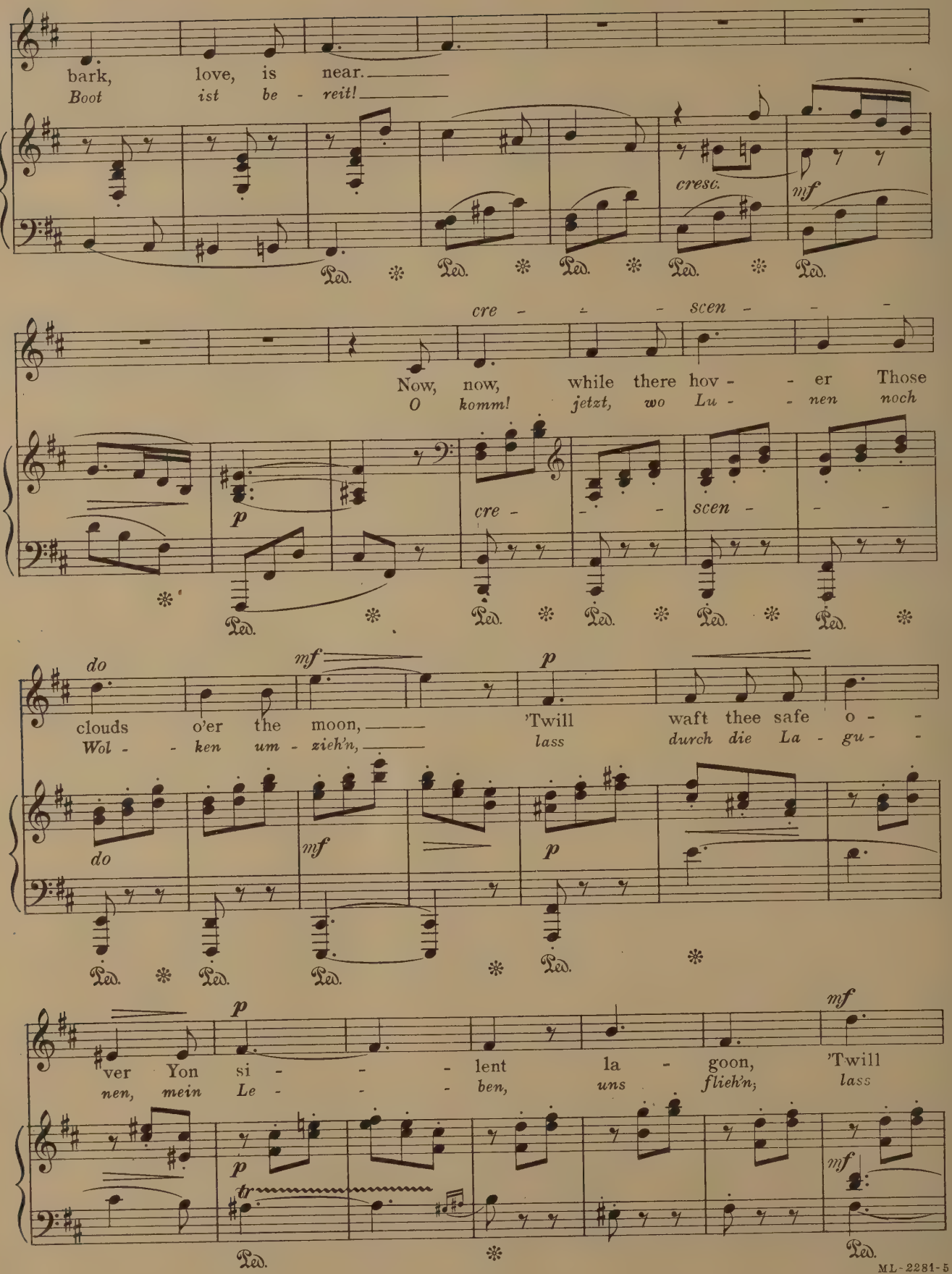
German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

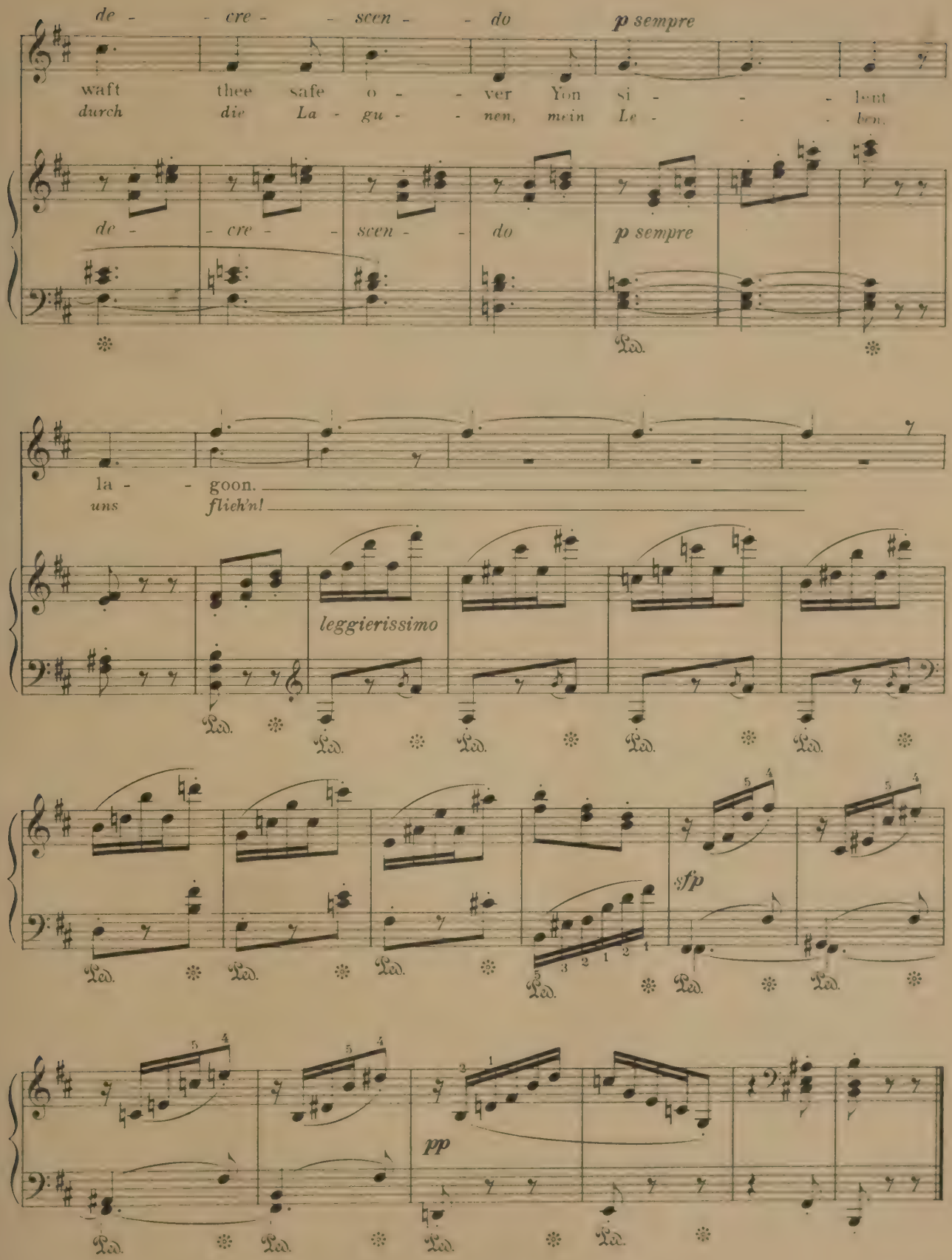
ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, No. 3


Con velocità
sempre p e segretamente
VOICE
When thro' the pi - az - zet - ta Night breathes her cool
Wenn durch die Pi - az - zet - ta die A - bend - luft
una corda sin' al fine
PIANO
p dolce
Ped.
air, Then, dear - est Ni - net - ta, I'il come to thee
weht, dann weisst du, Ni - net - ta, wer war - tend hier
there.
steht.
p
Be-
Du
cresc.
mf
p


cre - scen - do
neath thy mask shroud - ed I'll know thee a - far,
weisst, wer trotz Schlei - er und Mas - ke dich kennt,
poco marcato
cresc.
mf
p
As love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own eve - ning
wie A - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht - fir - ma -
mf de - cre - scen - do
p
star, As love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own
ment, wie A - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht -
mf de - cre - scen - do
p
eve - ning star.
fir - ma - ment.
leggierissimo
Ped.


sf p
p
In
Ein
pp
garb then re - sem - - bling Some gay gon - do -
Schif - fer - kleid trag' ich zur sel - - bi - gen
p
lier, I'll whis - - per thee, trem - - bling: Our
Zeit, und zit - - ternd dir sag' ich: das


bark, love, is near.
Boot ist be - reit!
cresc.
mf
cre - - - scen - - -
Now, now, while there hov - - er Those
O komm! jetzt, wo Lu - - nen noch
p
cre - - - scen - - -
do
clouds o'er the moon,
Wol - - ken um - zieh'n,
mf
p
'Twill waft thee safe o - -
lass durch die La - gu - -
do
mf
p
p
ver Yon si - - - - lent la - goon, 'Twill
nen, mein Le - - - - ben, uns flieh'n; lass
mf
p
tr
mf


de - - cre - - scen - - do
p sempre
waft thee safe o - - ver Yon si - - - lent
durch die La - gu - - nen, mein Le - - - ben,
de - - cre - - scen - - do
p sempre
la - - goon.
uns flieh'n!
leggierissimo
sfp
pp

ROW GENTLY HERE, MY GONDOLIER!

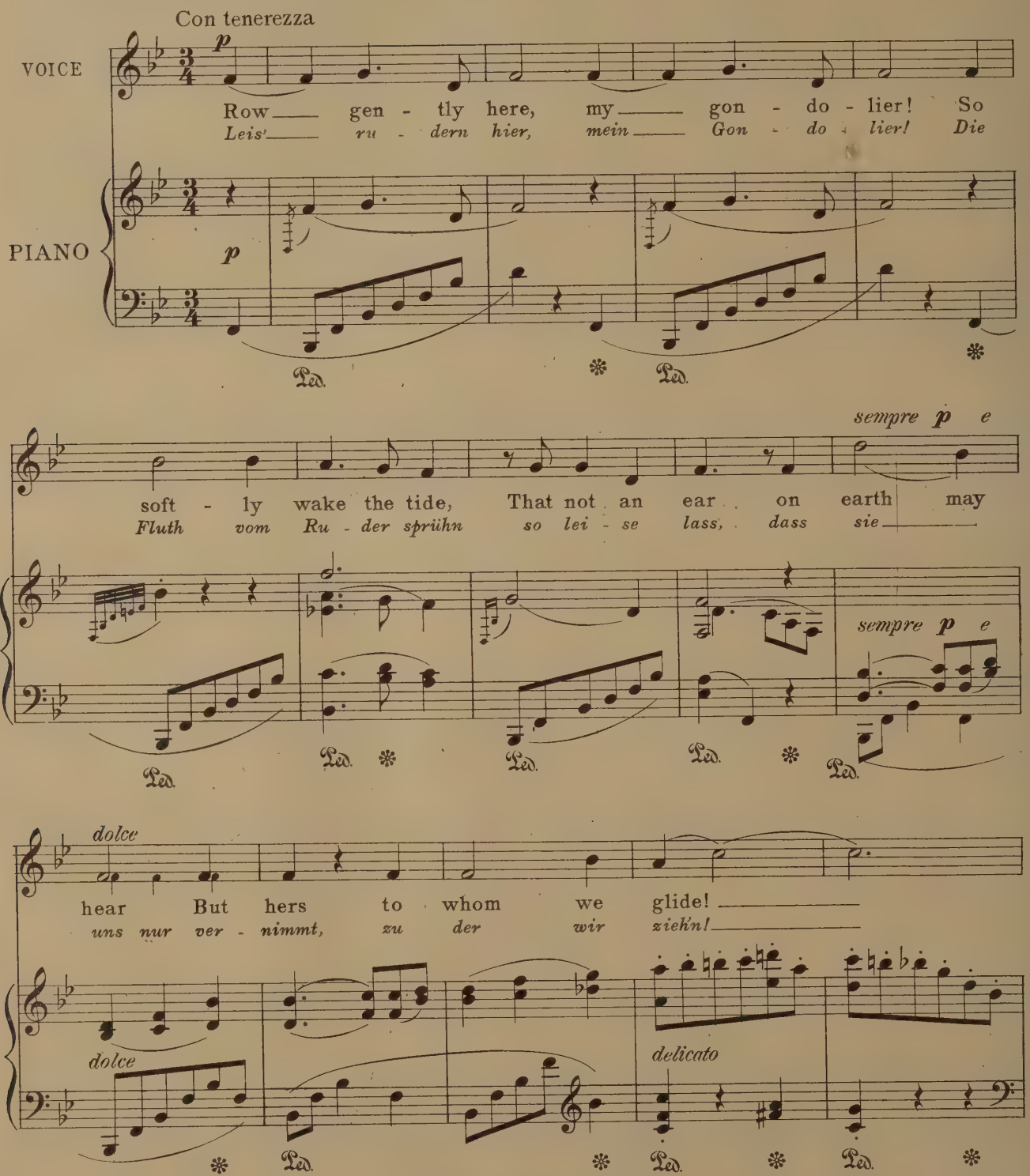
(LEIS' RUDERN HIER, MEIN GONDOLIER!)

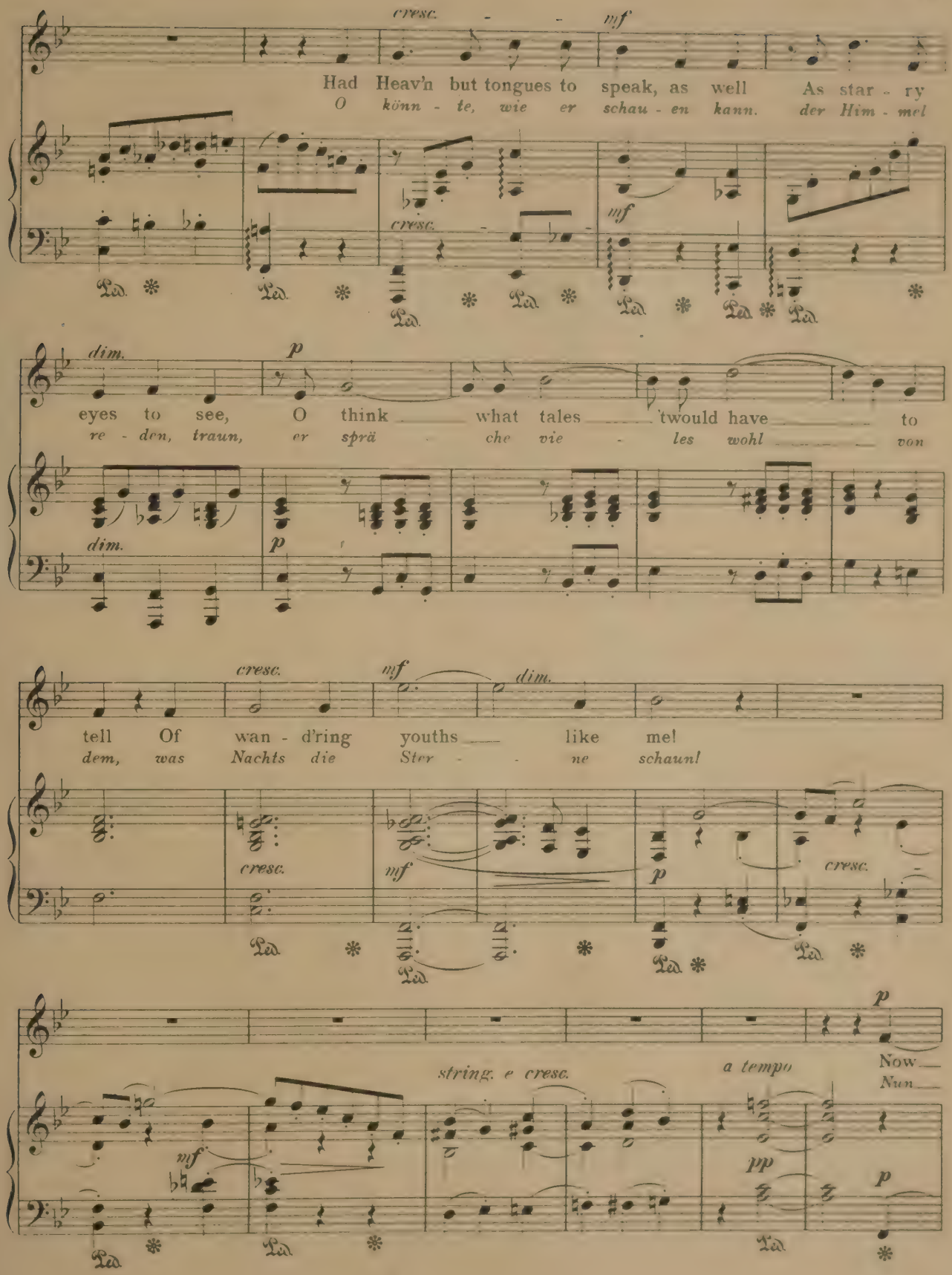
(Composed in 1874)

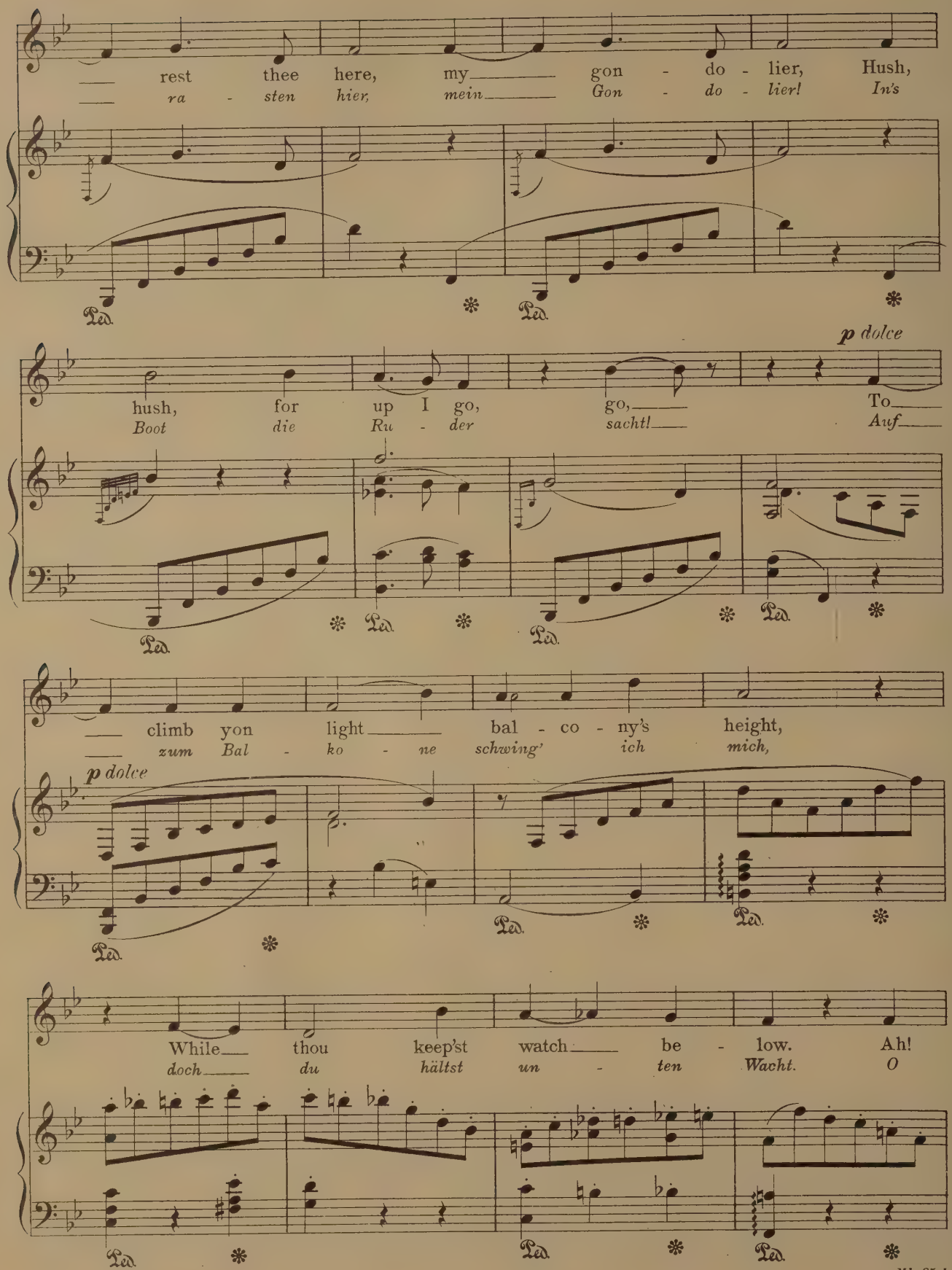
(Original Key, D)

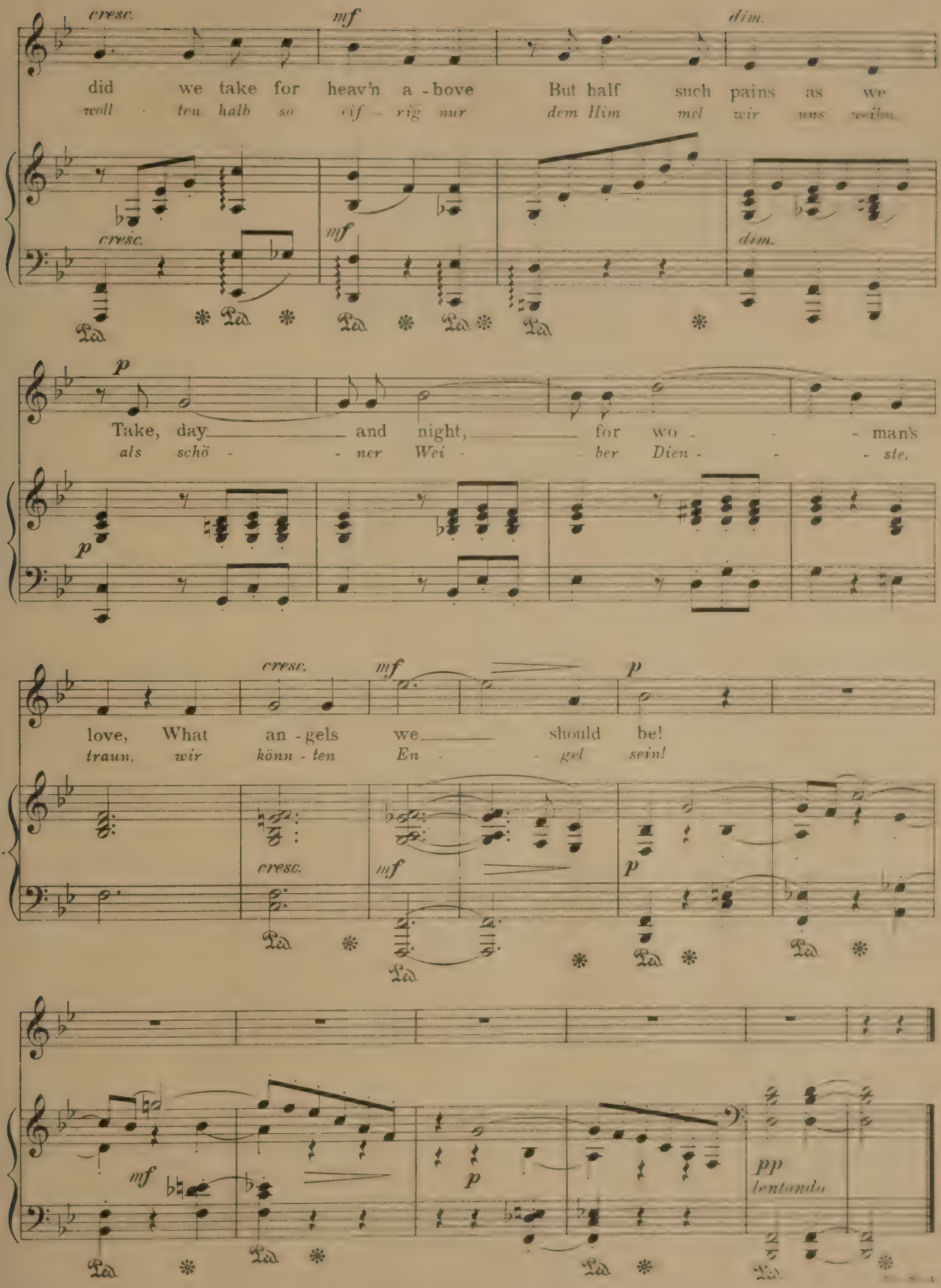
THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)
German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, No 4.
(1837-1889)


Con tenerezza
VOICE
PIANO
p
Row gen - tly here, my gon - do - lier! So
Leis' ru - dern hier, mein Gon - do - lier! Die
sempre p e
soft - ly wake the tide, That not an ear on earth may
Fluth vom Ru - der sprühn so lei - se lass, dass sie
dolce
hear But hers to whom we glide!
uns nur ver - nimmt, zu der wir zieh'n!
delicato
Ped.


cresc.
mf
Had Heav'n but tongues to speak, as well As star - ry
O könn - te, wie er schau - en kann. der Him - mel
dim.
p
eyes to see, O think what tales twould have to
re - den, traun, er sprä - che vie - les wohl von
cresc.
mf
dim.
tell Of wan - d'ring youths like me!
dem, was Nachts die Ster - ne schaun!
cresc.
mf
p
cresc.
p
string. e cresc.
a tempo
Now
Nun
mf
pp
p


rest thee here, my gon - do - lier, Hush,
ra - sten hier, mein Gon - do - lier! In's
p dolce
hush, for up I go, go, To
Boot die Ru - der sacht! Auf
climb yon light bal - co - ny's height,
zum Bal - ko - ne schwing' ich mich,
p dolce
While thou keep'st watch be - low. Ah!
doch du hältst un - ten Wacht. O


cresc.
mf
dim.
did we take for heav'n a - bove But half such pains as we
woll - ten halb so rif - rig nur dem Him mel wir uns
cresc.
mf
dim.
p
Take, day and night, for wo - man's
als schö - ner Wei - ber Dien - ste,
p
cresc.
mf
p
love, What an - gels we should be!
traun, wir könn - ten En - gel sein!
cresc.
mf
p
mf
p
pp
lentando

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

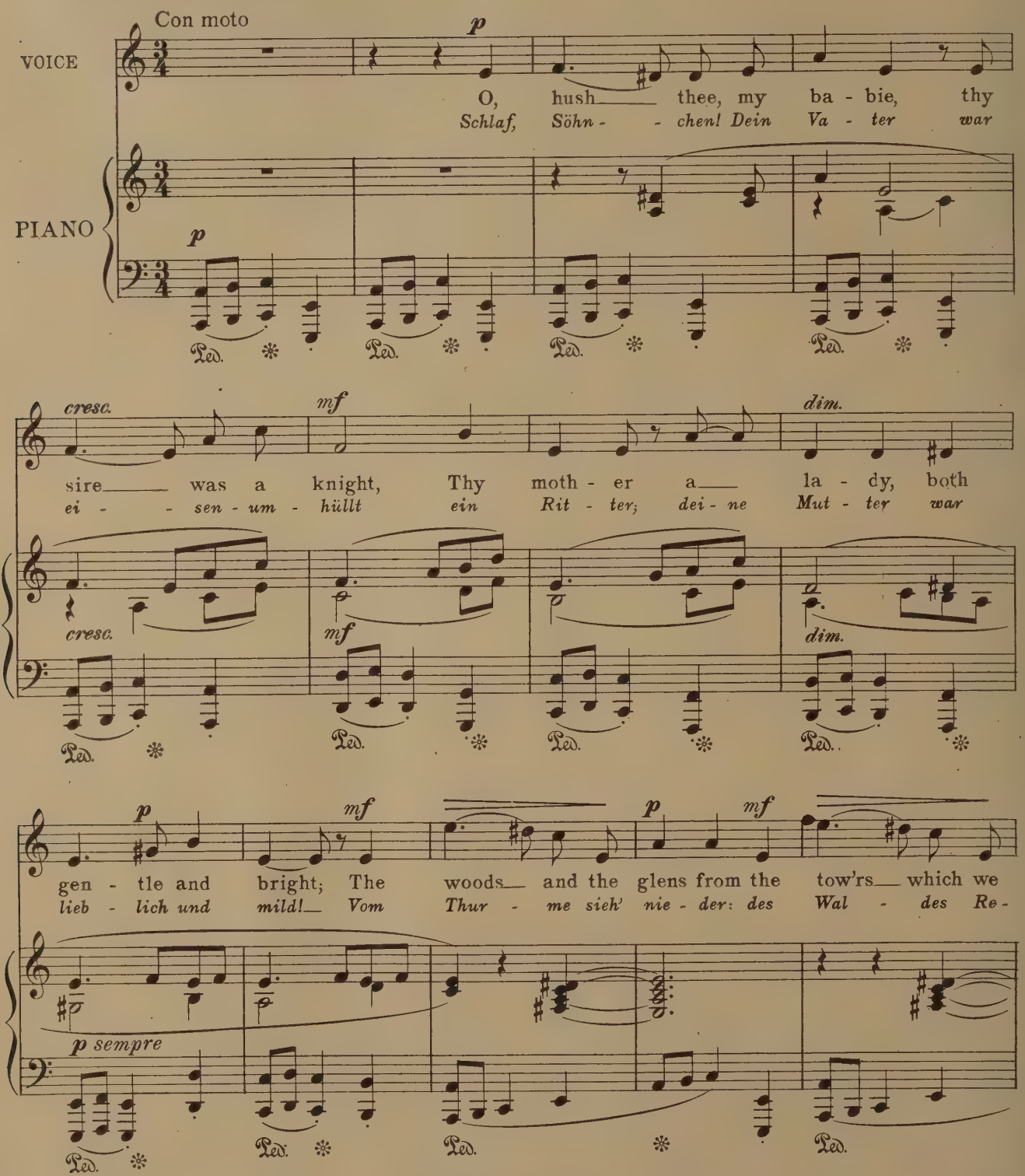
(WIEGENLIED)

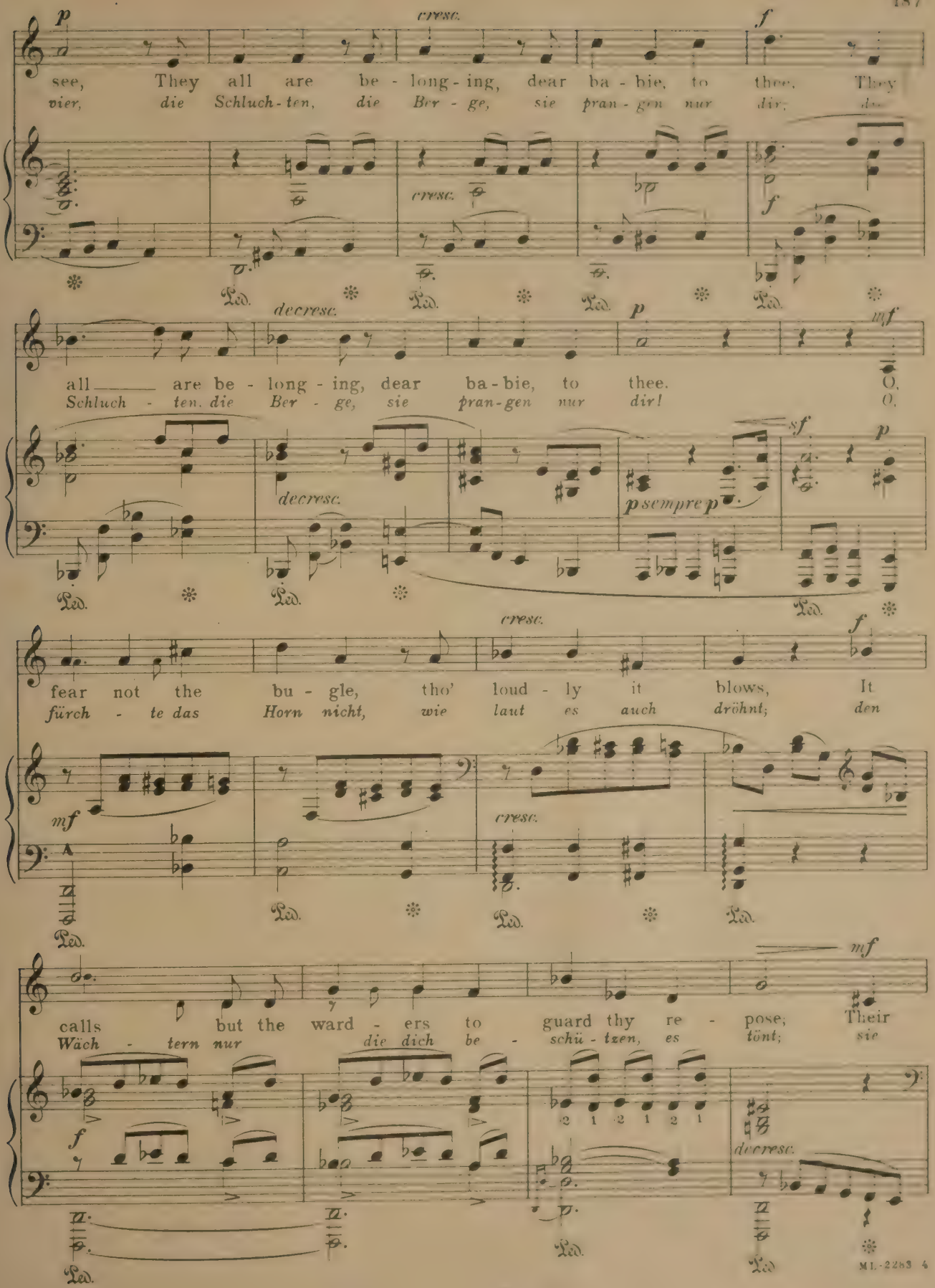
(Composed in 1873-75)

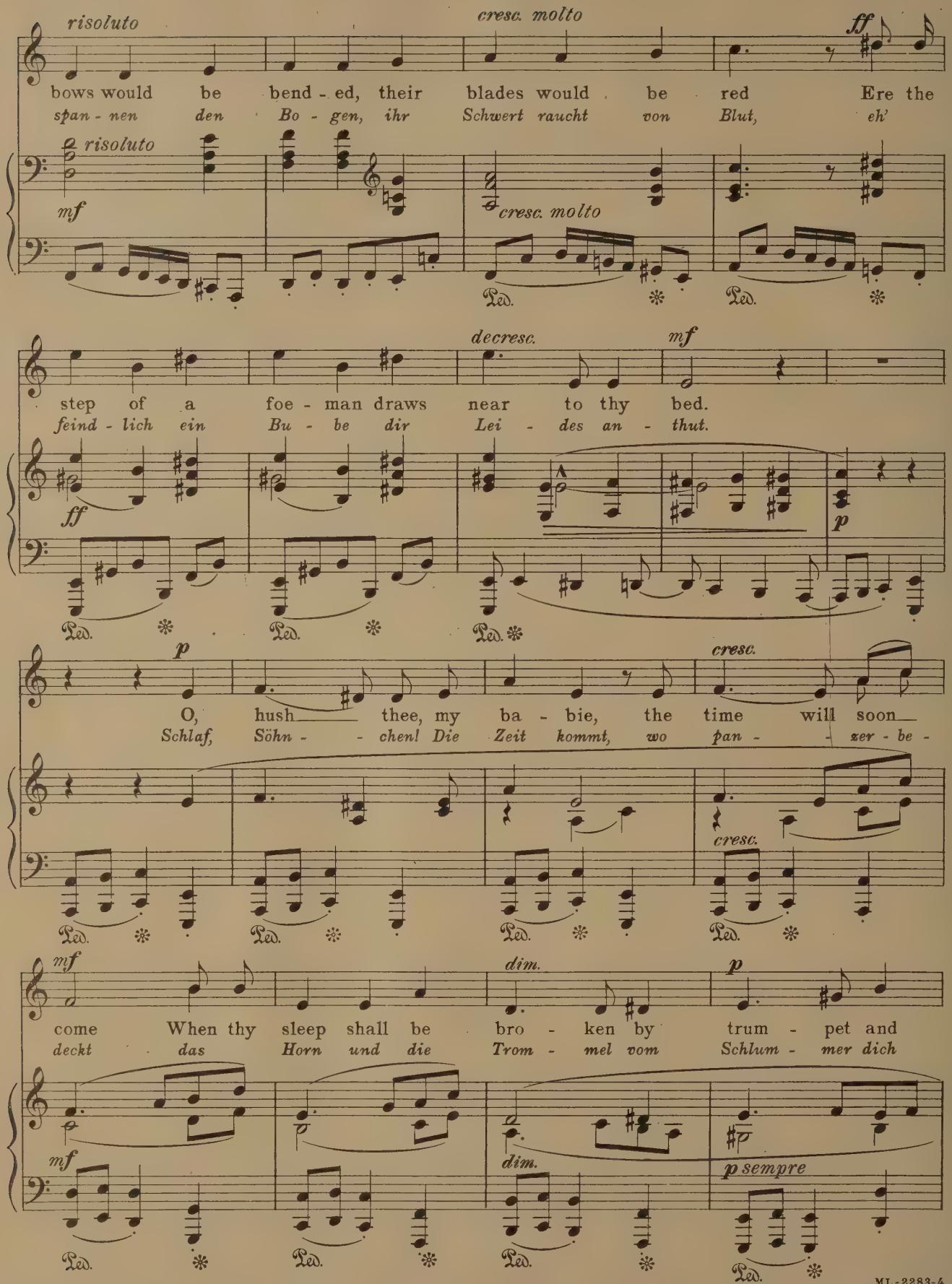
(Original Key, C minor)

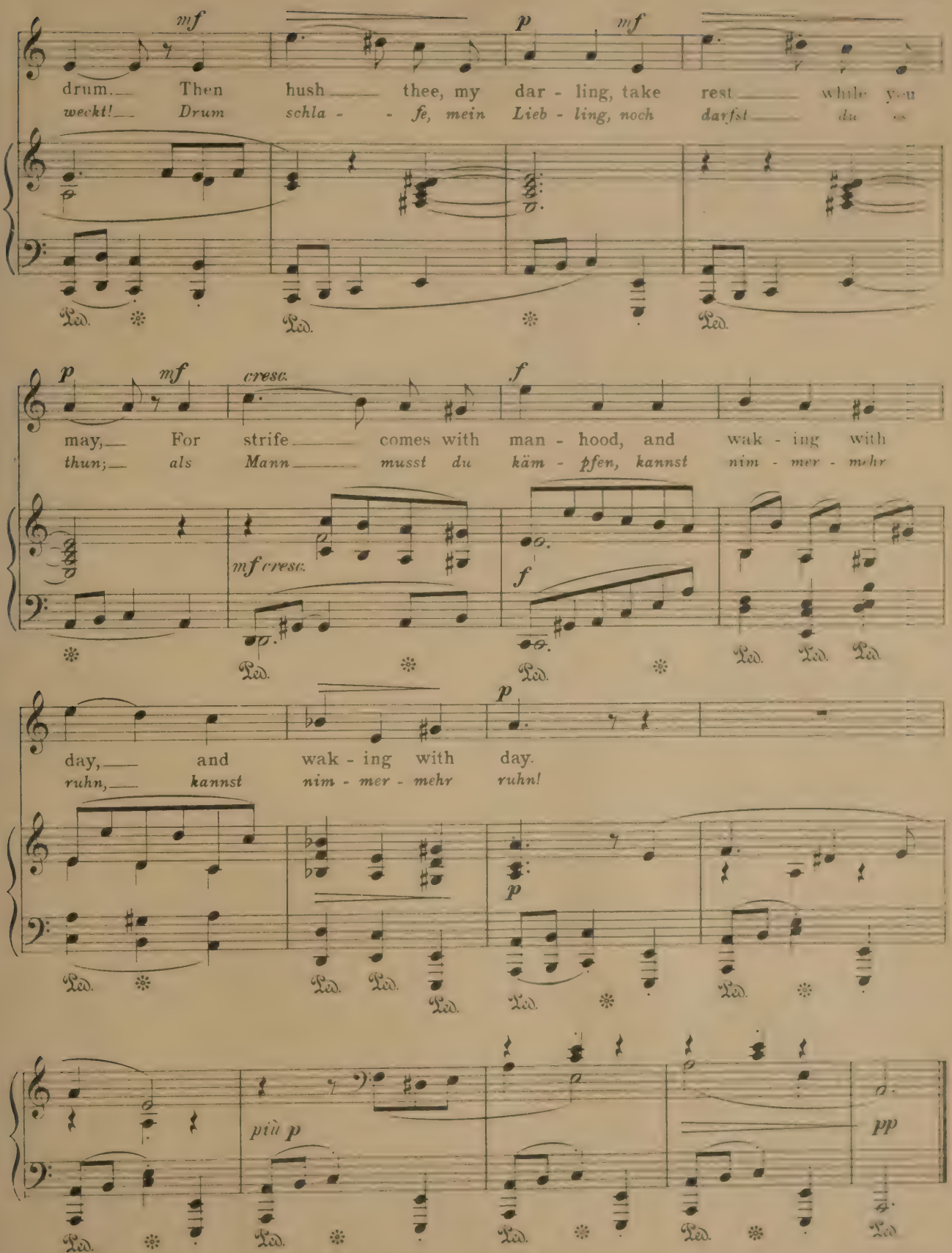
Sir WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)
German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 52, №2


Con moto
VOICE
PIANO
p
O, hush thee, my ba - bie, thy
Schlaf, Söhn - - chen! Dein Va - ter war
cresc.
mf
dim.
sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, both
ei - - sen - um - hüllt ein Rit - ter; dei - ne Mut - ter war
gen - tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we
lieb - lich und mild! Vom Thur - me sieh' nie - der: des Wal - des Re -
p sempre
Ped.


p
cresc.
f
see, They all are be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. They
vier, die Schluch - ten, die Ber - ge, sie pran - gen nur dir; die
cresc.
f
decresc.
p
mf
all are be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee. O,
Schluch - ten, die Ber - ge, sie pran - gen nur dir! O,
sf
p
decresc.
p sempre p
cresc.
f
fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It
fürch - te das Horn nicht, wie laut es auch dröhnt; den
mf
cresc.
mf
calls but the ward - ers to guard thy re - pose; Their
Wäch - tern nur die dich be - schü - tzen, es tönt; sie
f
2 1 2 1 2 1
p
decresc.
Ped.
ML-2263 4


risoluto
cresc. molto
ff
bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red Ere the
span - nen den Bo - gen, ihr Schwert raucht von Blut, eh'
risoluto
mf
cresc. molto
Ped.
Ped.
decresc.
mf
step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed.
feind - lich ein Bu - be dir Lei - des an - thut.
ff
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
p
cresc.
O, hush thee, my ba - bie, the time will soon
Schlaf, Söhn - - chen! Die Zeit kommt, wo pan - - zer - be -
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mf
dim.
p
come When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trum - pet and
deckt das Horn und die Trom - mel vom Schlum - mer dich
mf
dim.
p sempre
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


mf
p
mf
drum. Then hush thee, my dar - ling, take rest while you
weckt! Drum schla - fe, mein Lieb - ling, noch darfst du
Ped.
p
mf
cresc.
f
may, For strife comes with man - hood, and wak - ing with
thun; als Mann musst du käm - pfen, kannst nim - mer - mehr
mf cresc.
f
day, and wak - ing with day.
ruhn, kannst nim - mer - mehr ruhn!
più p
pp

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